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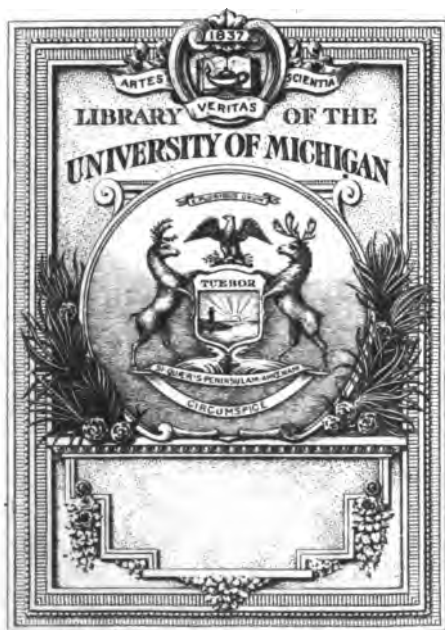
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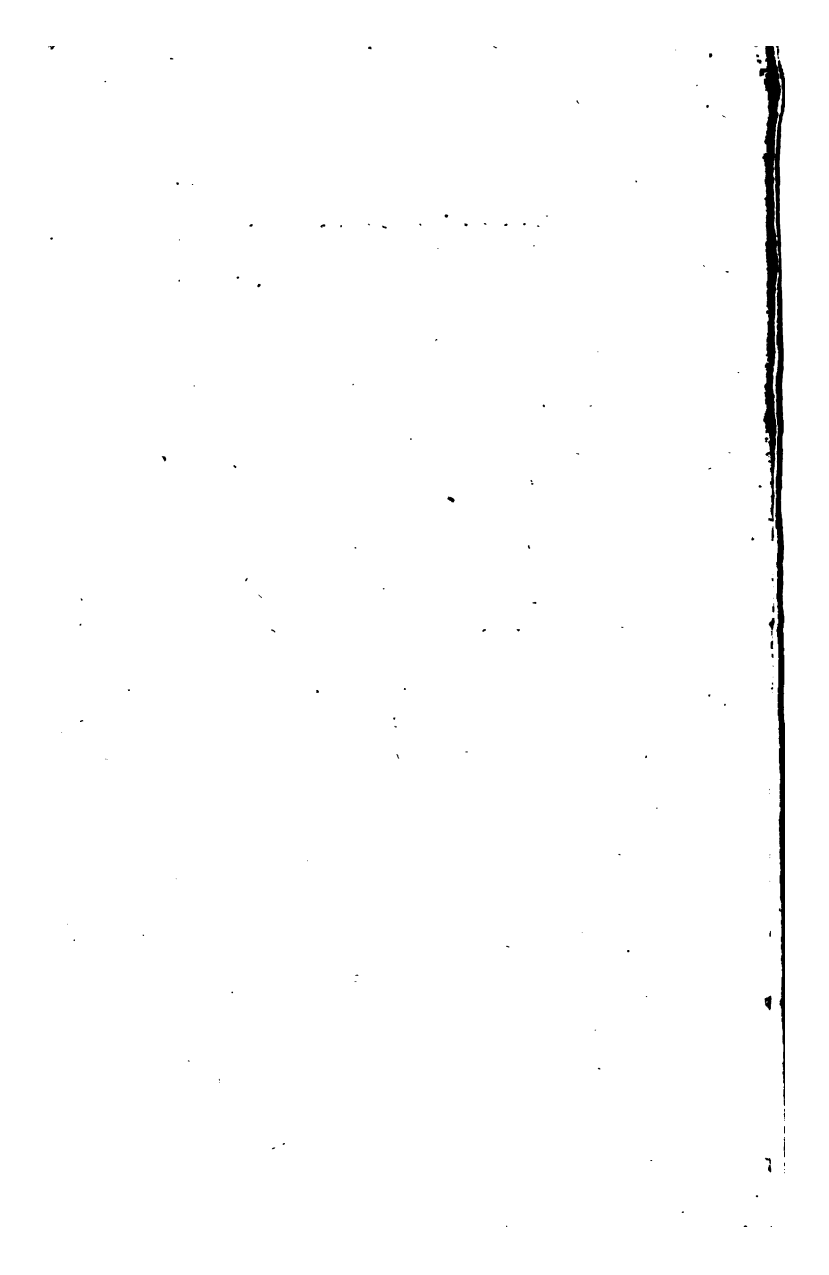
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Elizabeth Inguar,



AN ACCOUNT OF THE DANGERS

TO WHICH I HAVE BEEN EXPOSED,

SINCE THE 31st OF MAY, 1793.

INTERSPERSED WITH HISTORICAL REMARKS,

By JOHN-BAPTIST LOUVET,

ONE OF THE FRENCH REPRESENTATIVES WHO WERE

PROSCRIBED IN 1793.

AND

NOW PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

“ Righteous Heaven! enlighten this unhappy Nation, for whose LIBERTY I pray—LIBERTY! I solicit for those, whose elevated souls condemn death, yet in cases of necessity can inflict it; not for the corrupt herd, who rising from their couches of debauchery, or beds of misery, fly to glut themselves, with *Blood*, streaming from gibbets. It is for that wise people, I pray, who cultivate humanity, practice justice, hate flattery, distinguish real friends, and admire truth. Till you, my fellow citizens, become this wise people, vain is all you say about LIBERTY; your lot will be unbridled licentiousness, of which all of you will by turns become the victims; for bread you will get human carcases, and complete Slavery will be the issue.”

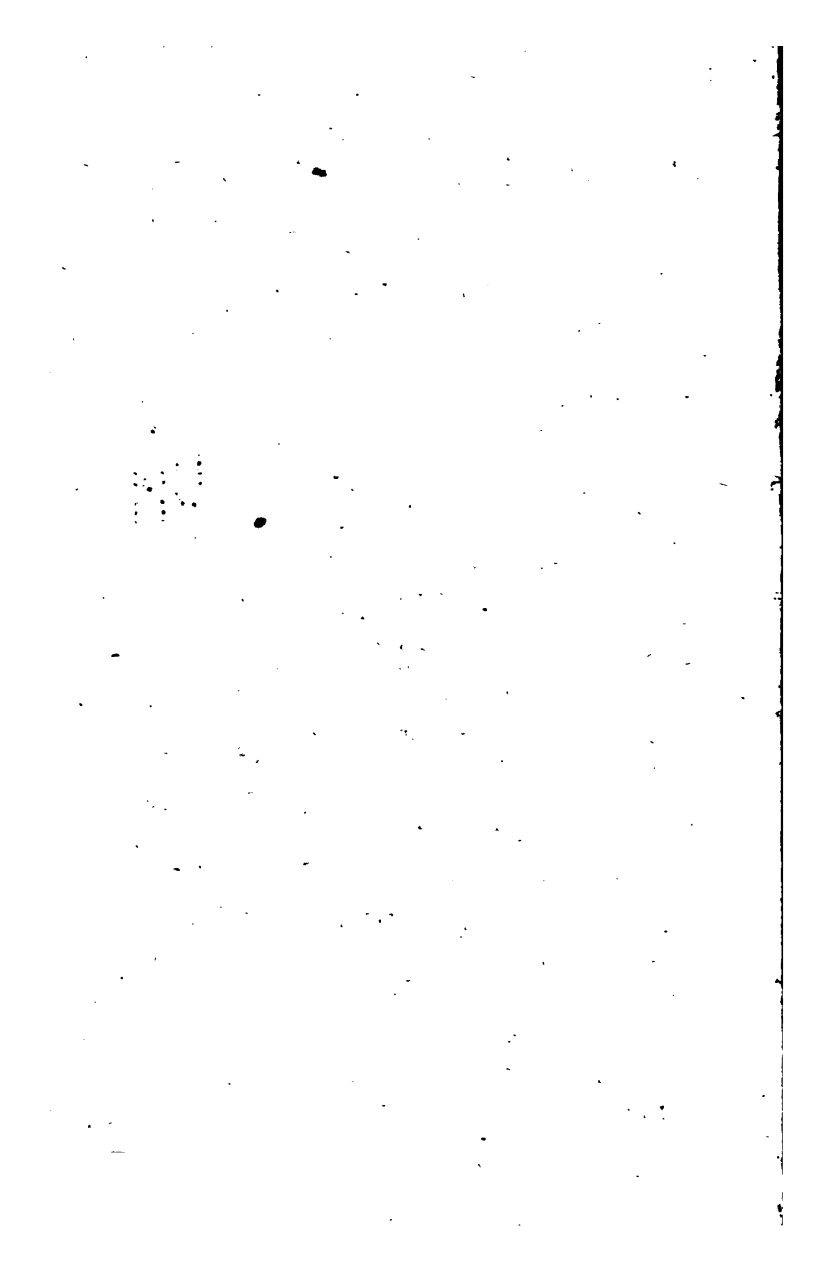
Faithfully extracted from Madame Rolland's Defence in M. S. who was assassinated by the revolutionary tribunal, 19 brumaire, or 9th November, 1793.

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CHARACTER OF
LOUVET,

FROM

CITIZENNESS ROLAND's,

APPEAL TO POSTERITY.

recd. 2.12.3.1-34

LOUVET, with whom I became acquainted during the first ministry of Roland, and whose agreeable society I always sought, may sometimes, like Philopœmen, well pay the interest of his indifferent appearance. Little, slender, short-sighted,
a and

and-negligent in dress, he appears nothing to the vulgar, who remark not the nobleness of his countenance, and the fire which animates his eyes and features at the utterance of a grand truth, a fine sentiment, a fall of wit, or delicate raillery. His pleasing romances, where the graces of imagination are combined with fluency of style, the maxims of philosophy, and the salt of criticism, are known to all men of letters and persons of taste. Politics are indebted to him for more serious works: the manner of which depose equally in favour of his head and heart. He has shown, that his able hand can alternately jingle the bells of folly, direct the graver of history, and launch the thunders of eloquence. It is impossible to unite more wit with less pretension, and more simplicity. Bold as a lion, simple as a child, a man of feeling, a good citizen, and a vigorous writer; he can make Cataline tremble in the senate, dine with the graces, and sup with Bachaumont.

His

His *Philippic, Robespierre*, deserved to have been pronounced in a senate possessed of strength to do justice. His *Conspiracy of the 10th of March* is another piece of value to the history of the times. His *Sentinel* is a model for those bills to be posted up, those daily instructions, designed to impart just ideas of facts to a populace, which is meant to influence solely by reason, to move only for the good of all, and to inspire with the happy sentiments that honour human nature. It forms an excellent contrast to those atrocious and disgusting papers, the coarse style and filthy expressions of which are answerable to the sanguinary doctrine, and impure falsehoods, of which they are the common-sewer; those audacious performances of calumny, hired by dishonest intrigue to accomplish the ruin of public morals, and by the aid of which the gentlest people in Europe has seen its disposition perverted to such a degree, that the peaceable Parisians, whose kindness of heart was held up as a pattern, are become the rivals of those

those ferocious pretorian guards, who sold their votes, their lives, and the empire, to the best bidder. Let us dismiss these sad images, and revert our attention to the *Observations on St Just's Report against the confined Deputies, by a Society of Girondines*, printed at Caen the 13th of July. In it I discovered the style, the acuteness, and the gaiety of Louvet : it is Reason in dishabille, sporting with Ridicule, without derogating from her strength or dignity.

ADVERTISEMENT

ADVERTISEMENT.

*From the Caverns in Mount Jura, 19th April,
1794.—Germinal 30, second year of the Re-
public, one and indivisible.*

MY situation in these caverns, as well as formerly, affords me but little leisure. I can only make notes; my Reader must not expect correct language, or even copious narrative. The fact is, what I write, cannot be called history, nor even memoirs; it is merely a collection of memorandums, which may be useful hereafter, should I find time to write; or, if I should not, they may assist another. What I write however, may be depended upon; for I declare, so sacred is my respect for truth, that I would consider as criminal, the very thought of falsehood. Indeed, our conduct can only be justified by truth. Those ridiculous and base falsehoods, with which we have been overwhelmed, to pave the way for our destruction, can be overcome by truth only.

Paris, March 6, 1793.
Pluiose, 16, 3.

THESE sheets contain, what I never supposed I should print myself. With nothing farther in view, than some sketches of a posthumous work, I introduced some anecdotes of my private life,

with my public conduct in the Revolution. It was not vanity which led me to say so much of myself, but for public benefit, with which I have been so much connected. Becoming modesty, as to our personal behaviour, would be no longer proper. So much evil has been laid to our charge, that the small portion of good I have to mention of myself, I feel compelled to bring forth.

Let me assure you, whom I so truly loved in private life, and whose public behaviour I have so frequently admired; you, my good friends, beloved relations, kind fathers, affectionate husbands; you that first founded that Republican Liberty, in defence of which you died, offering up your warmest wishes for its success; you, invaluable remains of those who were proscribed on the 30th of May; you who were destroyed by that Gironde, when I parted from you, with a temerity, which was the means of my preservation, and when you continued, with a firmness, which ruined you*; you, whose parting embrace I then received, and who at this moment claim our mutual promise from that Elysium where your shades are at rest, let me assure you the task shall be performed. The day is near at hand, when the world shall be made acquainted with all your virtues; how is it I cannot discover those faithful hands to whom your last writings were committed! for what reason am I prevented from searching that sacred land where they are deposited! And were it so, that
more

* The mournful deaths of Salle, Guadet, Barbaroux, and Vallady, the public are well acquainted with. With heart felt sorrow, I must say, there is every reason to suppose, that Pethion, and Burjot are no more. I only remain of all the seven of the unfortunate department of Gironde.

more courage were still necessary, to make your characters fully known, proudly reflecting on your glorious end, and pressing on towards the same goal, I would exclaim with the hero of Tacitus,

“I may want a place to live; I cannot want one to die.”

It will be observed, that in narrating sundry particulars in the political history of our friends, I have occasionally imputed blame to them: but it must be kept in view; that I write not for my friends, but for the world; and that they are above flattery; nay more, virtue was the parent of their faults; the uncorruptness of their manners, the genuine goodness of their hearts; gave birth to all I have blamed them for. Virtuous themselves; they suspected not others till they became their victims.

Another observation is necessary before I conclude, the reader of these pages must frequently call to his recollection, the time at which I wrote them. Robespierre was then on his throne. When committees and tribunals are mentioned, those of Robespierre only are intended. May the Genius of the Republic, for ever sustain the arms of those heroes, who, on the 9th of Thermidor, (27th of July) completely altered the appearance of France; and may I, who attempted in vain at an early period, what they have since been able to accomplish, speedily re-attaining my station, be honoured to assist them in healing the deep wounds of my country, inflicted by those Revolutionists, who carried their projects to such excesses. Ye youths of Paris, let me address a single word to you. At length you are roused: be not lulled again for a single moment, be on your guard, yet vigorous; be

Steady and wise; be cautious neither to rush heedlessly upon dangers, nor to set out in search of them, where none exist. We generally run ourselves out of breath by too great expedition: and many miss the mark by inattention to the road. It is not possible for me to think, that to hiss the Bust of a dead man at a theatre, is the most effectual way to serve the cause of liberty*. False gods must be brought down by opinion; and opinion must be directed by the representative assembly. Should your generous moderation, however, lead the bloody minded set to think of raising their poignards, no longer reflect, no longer delay; to arms then, valiant youths, to arms! let the men who assassinated your Fathers, let these cannibals who have slain your relations, and who expect to vanquish you, let them be for ever destroyed!

HISTO4

* It will readily be observed, that this was written a few days previous to the decree against premature apotheoses.

The translator of the London Edition, very properly adds, "that the bust alluded to was that of Marat, which for a time was placed on the French Theatre crowned with laurel, their disapprobation of which the moderatists of Paris were accustomed to express by hissing, and this more than once produced disturbances."

HISTORICAL REMARKS, &c.

St Emillion's Grotto, in the Gironde,
beginning of November, 1793.

BEFORE the Revolution, I possessed every thing which could make a man of sensibility happy, who relished simple enjoyments. I resided in the country, of which I was particularly fond. The different works, by the success of which I acquired what I called my *little* fortune were there composed. My fortune was indeed small, but my ambition kept pace with it. Independence was the object of my anxious pursuit; and I was soon taught to know, that the true method of living independent, was to circumscribe my wants. That luxury, therefore, which arose from the vanity of my youth, I had totally laid aside; and I pursued that sobriety, which is so intimately connected with good health especially in a studious man. My expences were so limited, that eight hundred livres (L 33. 6. 8.) per annum, were sufficient for them; but I acquired a more considerable income, from the first seven vols. of my first productions, which I printed on my own account.

Secluded from troublesome visitors, in my garden, a few leagues from Paris, I composed six small volumes in spring 1789; which, helping forward the sale of my former work, I intended as the foundation of my small fortune. The profits of these books would have been considerable, but for those remarkable events of that year, which of course attracted the attention of all; and thus prevented

vented the sale of Books of amusement; and laid them more easily open to be pirated. As I have mentioned my little book, may I be allowed to express a hope, that every unprejudiced reader will acknowledge the remarkable regard for Philosophy which runs through the whole, notwithstanding the many levities with which it abounds; particularly where the author himself comes into view, republican principles will be strikingly observable, though at the time of my writing, such sentiments were not very general.

We had certainly some reason to disapprove of a Revolution, which, if it did not altogether do away our prospects, would at least make them more distant. But it was just, nay admirable! We were unavoidably delighted with it, should it even affect our most important concerns. It will only necessitate me to write another book; (said I to my bosom friend) to labour a little more; and, if the retarding of our domestic happiness promote the happiness of mankind, will not even this sacrifice be delightful? These sentiments my mistress highly approved.

Is not this a woman indeed!—How generous—how elevated her mind! how did she merit that never-ending love, with which she inspired me. We were educated together. Our mutual love had been born and grew up with us. But—when only sixteen years of age, she had been compelled to marry a rich man, who tore her three hundred miles from me. She returned in about six years after. We then saw each other again; and that passion, which will only terminate with our existence, revived in both our hearts to the highest degree.

Alas,

Alas, it may be, that it will occasion many perils, many distresses to my beloved.

Her name might now be mentioned without any danger, for she is my wife, and I shall undergo no persecution, in which she will not have a share; but I must still conceal her name, as our unrelenting enemies might wreak their vengeance on her unoffending relatives. She is the generous daughter of one Republican, and the worthy wife of another, whose characters I have drawn in the episode to my romance. Could it have been supposed, that when I wrote in 1786, the rencounters, perils, and noble distresses of Pulawski, that my own destiny should be so very much like his; or that my wife, whose only ornaments then seemed, the captivating modest virtues of her sex, should prove my comforter and supporter, by that exalted spirit, and firm boldness, nay those very man-like accomplishments, which even so few of our own sex possess. Could I have dreamed, that in her I should experience all that magnanimous bravery in which I portrayed the wife of Lowzinski. Great God!—How could I suppose that all the distressful misfortunes, which the invention of my brain had chalked out for *Lodoiska*, should be reserved for my own spouse. By the name of *Lodoiska* then I will distinguish her.

I resided with her, about sixty miles from Paris, when the news of the taking of the Bastille reached us. On that occasion, she presented me with a gift valuable for many reasons, the *three coloured cockade*. Did the uncommon and undescribable emotions I then felt, and the tears which plentifully flowed from my eyes, while she pinned the ribbons to my hat, preface those arduous difficulties

I was

I was doomed to undergo, in defence of these great undertakings, in which at that time I was not materially concerned. Whatever may be in this, that cockade which I alone wore, in a town, where aristocracy looked around with a suspicious eye, had nearly cost me very dear. I should undoubtedly have undergone a criminal prosecution, had not the important news been next day confirmed. In this way, my troublesome career begun.

I remained a spectator for a long time; and I flattered myself I should continue so. The important interests of the people had even then numerous defenders; I was wholly engaged with the concerns of Love.

In consequence of what took place, in October 1789, Mounier having made free to attack Paris, in a paper of a truly inflammable kind, (although he was entirely innocent,) in place of boldly charging the Orleans party, who alone were guilty of the crimes, by which that insurrection was stained, though in other respects just, I felt my indignation awakened, I took up my pen, and published the pamphlet, entitled *Paris Justified*. This was the occasion of my being admitted among the Jacobins, who at that time admitted only such members as were distinguished by their abilities and civism. This society had not been instituted three months. I was then in the country, and could seldom attend any of their meetings, and even when there, was commonly but a looker on.

From that time forth, all my writings were in support of the Revolution. Of this class was *Emilia de Varmont*, a romance, intended to shew the usefulness, and in many instances the necessity of

of divorce, and putting an end to the celibacy of the priesthood. I have still two comedies in my bureau of the same kind. One of them, a piece of five acts, entitled—*The Noble Conspirator, or a Gentleman Cit of the 18th Century*. In this comedy, I exerted all the comic satire I could bring into the field, to combat the absurd prejudices in favour of nobility, whether ancient or modern, and this three or four months before the decree passed, by which nobility was abolished. N——, who was afterwards commissioner of the committee of safety with Wimpfen, during the insurrection at Caen; N——, who affirmed, after the revolution of May 31, the departments then in a state of an insurrection, that the mountain and he were the real Republicans, and we, who founded it, Royalists; prevented its being received at the national theatre, because, he alledged, it was of an *inflammatory* tendency. I then took the play to the French theatre in Richelieu street. M. d'Orfeuil, one of the managers, listened to me reading the first three acts, but not without the greatest impatience. When he could contain himself no longer, he stopped me, saying, that it would be impossible to perform the piece, unless a battery of cannon should defend the performers. Yet this man, an aristocrat, before the 10th of August, now charges us with royalism, and assumes to himself the character of a Republican. This was the monster of barbarity and imposture, who was president of that terrible committee, which, in *Commune Affranchie*, put six thousand republicans to death, out of eight thousand victims, and yet would make us believe, that only seventeen hundred people died on that occasion.

My

My other comedy was a forcible, lively satire on all the mummeries of the court of Rome. It was entitled, *The Election and Audience of Sismi the Grand Lama*. The M. S. is still in the hands of Talma, of the Richelieu street theatre.

I have only been able to bring out one farce, entitled, *The grand Review of the black and white Armies*. The title sufficiently discovers the design of this piece, which was, to ridicule the Coblenz' army. It was five and twenty times repeated.

I attended my section on every important occasion; and sometimes spoke, for the aristocrats often attended in great numbers, and but few patriots. Although I spoke there occasionally, I declined *the honours of office*, which I might easily have procured. My name was among the first on the registers of the national guard, as well as to furnish my patriotic contribution; I was also among the first on the jury of accusation. In this manner I discharged all my less important revolutionary duties, while I uniformly avoided its more splendid offices. I was never known to pursue the triumphs of the tribune, or of popularity. But the time was come, when, as it were, I was obliged to mount it, contrary to my wishes.

The greater part of the defenders of the popular cause had been snatched from its support; some by death, others by corruption. The court began openly to conspire against the constitution it had accepted. All, who laboured to destroy it, were certain of the support of the monarch. They were encouraged at one and the same time by emissions of money, well paid journalists, officious *vets*, and all the detestable arts of *machiavelism*; in short, by the priests of the abbe Maury, the nobles of the
army

army of Conde, and the partisans of the two chambers, headed by la Fayette. I had been one of the small but intrepid band of philosophers, who, at the conclusion of 1791, deplored the fate of a great nation obliged to stop halfway in the career of liberty, and to call itself free, while it had yet a court and a king. Happy however, in beholding the reform of so many ancient abuses, I had resolved to remain faithful to this castrated constitution, hoping that time would of itself, and without convulsion, laceration, or hemorrhage, effect the cure of all our wounds. Yes, by that heaven that reads the heart of man, I swear, that if the court had not continually, and in a thousand instances endeavoured to ravish our *half-liberty* from us, I should never have expected but from time alone, the completion of our freedom. But it became incontestable that the court conspired; and that not content with the insurrections that took place at home, it had also invited foreign assistance. A guilty king, by violating all his oaths, absolved us from ours. It was the ancient despotism, that he wished to impose once more upon us: well! we enforced a republic upon him.

I communicated my sentiments to my Lodoiska. She trembled, for she loved, yet her civism could not but applaud them. "I would consent," said she: "alas! what a distance are the sweet schemes of our cabin removed! * What storms must we encounter! Necessity demands it. May so great a sacrifice meet with due acknowledgement; and may we never have cause to repent what we now propose."

B

I joined

* What these were will be afterwards seen.

I joined the feeble sacred band. Enraged by the manœuvres of these nobles, who were labouring to arm all Europe against their own country, to re-establish the most intolerable grievances, I presented *Ma petition contre les princes* at the bar of the national assembly, on the 25th of December, 1792. In that assembly, and throughout the kingdom, it had wonderful success; nor do I think it was without merit. It is at least one of the best pieces that ever came from my pen. In the public papers it was distorted in various ways; but the assembly ordered Baudouin to publish a small edition of it, which may be relied on, as I corrected the proof sheets.

Afterwards I drew up other two petitions; one in opposition to that of the department of Paris, which had urged the king to affix his *veto* to the decree against the refractory clergy; of the other I do not recollect the occasion. Baudouin printed both, by the assembly's order.

I first appeared in the tribune of the Jacobins in January 1792, and spoke on a very important discussion.

Caverns of Jura, 19th April, 1794.

I AM at length arrived in these dreary wastes, after many hair-breadth escapes. Here I hoped to be in safety: can this globe furnish an asylum to a republican? Every instant I am in danger of being torn even hence—and whither—O my God, thou wilt receive me!

I am

I am more and more in need of leisure. Regular memoirs, I must not attempt; mere memorandums, omitting unimportant circumstances, and uninteresting minutiae. I trust, the person in whose hands I entrusted my former fragment, will affix it to this. I think I mentioned my speaking for the first time among the Jacobins, on the question of a war with Austria.

There were then four different factions in the state. That of the Feuillans, headed by la Fayette just nominated commander in chief; he consented to allow the Austrians to penetrate into the French territories, hoping by their assistance to overwhelm the Jacobins, and establish the English constitution. That of the Cordeliers, which endeavoured to ruin Lewis XVI. in order to place Philip d'Orleans on the throne. The ostensible chiefs were Danton and Robespierre; but Marat was the secret leader. Observe that both Robespierre and Danton burned with a desire which they carefully concealed; this was to supplant each other: the former calculated, that he should be able to govern the council of regency, where Philip would have been only master in appearance; the latter flattered himself with the idea of arriving at the dictatorship, after having triumphed over all his rivals.

The third party, as yet far from being numerous, but considerable on account of its transcendent talents, among whom were Condorcet, Roland, and Brissot, consisted of pure Jacobins, who wished for a republic. It is worthy of remark that few of the real Jacobins belonged to the Cordelier society, but all the Cordeliers were Jacobins. With Robespierre as their orator, they made open war on the Jacobins even in their own hall. I

published an address to Maximilian Robespierre and his Royalists about the end of 1792, or early in 1793, in which I described the disputes between these parties, and the relative situation of both very accurately. And finally the fourth faction was that of the court, which occasionally made use of the rest on purpose to destroy them all; of La Fayette, by holding out the hope of the two chambers; of the Cordeliers, by opposing them to the Jacobins; of the Jacobins, by exciting them to commence an unsuccessful insurrection, which it hoped to turn to its own advantage. Thus, La Fayette having laid open France to a foreign army, and the Jacobins having marched against the castle of the Thuilleries, around which they were expected to be massacred, there would neither have been a constitution of 1789, nor an English constitution, nor a republic; on the contrary the ancient despotism would have been restored, and its oppressions rather augmented than curtailed.

It was in this situation of affairs, that the great question about a war with Austria was agitated at the Jacobins. The Cordeliers did not wish for hostilities, because they would confer too much power on La Fayette, the avowed enemy of d'Orleans; but the Jacobins were eager for them, conscious that a continuation of peace, during six months more, would either strengthen a despotic sceptre in the hands of Lewis XVI, or convey an usurped one into that of d'Orleans, and that war only, a speedy war, could lead to a republic.

It was on this occasion that the great division took place between Brissot and Robespierre. For my part, I had never seen Brissot, and while I spoke on the question, had nothing but the im-
portant

portant subject of a Republic in view. My maiden speech had considerable success, but my second, which was among the best of my compositions, bore very hard on Robespierre. It touched him to the quick, nor could he utter one syllable that day. In a few days after, however, he stuttered out five or six answers, wrote, and wrote again, and set loose all the Cordelier bloodhounds, to depreciate the *new orator*, as I was called, in all the coffee-houses, and among all the clubs of street politicians.

My dangers began with my entering the lists. It is a general remark, yet I have never experienced that popular fame always gratifies in some measure. I had no sooner embarked in the service of the people, than I was slandered to them; and the more warmly I engaged in their cause, the more I was disliked. I confess, that in consequence of my two speeches at the Jacobins, which they published at their own expence throughout the kingdom, I speedily was raised to the places of secretary and vice-president. It is singular, that a deputy only could be elected president, and Bazire held the chair while I was vice-president. By this means, if a real Jacobin was vice-president, a Cordelier would of course be president. Yet, when I now write, I languish in banishment, and Bazire has fallen by the guillotine. Robespierre has forced his way through both parties. I was elected by means of some enlightened republicans; yet I was detested by the blind multitude, who were already the disciples of Robespierre.

Anxious to get rid of a new opponent, whose abilities and steadiness alarmed him, the first plan of the future dictator was as follows. Dumouriez,

who then took the title of *republican*, as he does at present of *feuillant*, and as he would to-morrow of aristocrate, would it serve his boundless ambition, supported indeed by talents of no less extent, was connected with three staunch republicans, Roland, Servan, and Claviere, in the administration. All of them were for war. I knew none of them: nor did they know me, except by my success at the recent debate, when I had gained over to their opinions all honest Jacobins. The office of minister of justice was vacant: the four ministers thought of me: it was determined, that my name should be presented to the king, at the next council, when I should undoubtedly have been nominated, as at that time it was part of the plan of the court, to arrange all the administration just as the new ministers should see meet. Next day but one was council day, but that same day Robespierre and all the Cordeliers were informed of the intended nomination. Mark their plan:

Next day early in the morning the *bloodhounds* went about Paris averring, that I had only returned from Coblenz about three months, and had ingratiated myself with the Jacobins, in order to disunite them. As I walked about noon on the terrace of the Feuillans, I observed very tumultuous clubs of people, but little suspected, that I was the very person they threatened. Chabot, whom I then knew only by sight, very kindly told me of it; and with an appearance of great regard, added, that I should do well not to attend the Jacobins that night, as I might be in some hazard. These gentlemen it will be obvious would have found it very convenient to blacken my character, when my back was turned. I paid no attention however
to

to his advice, but attended the Jacobins in the evening. By a lucky circumstance I found means to cross the court unknown, for these bullies, most of whom are members of the revolutionary tribunal at this moment, waited for me armed with huge bludgeons. I entered the hall at the very moment when the never ending denunciator, Robespierre, was denouncing in loose terms emigrants admitted into the society, &c. while the galleries, full of the stories of the morning, violently applauded him. Robespierre concluded with demanding, that a committee should examine the new members, and expel them. I asked to speak in support of the motion: but Robespierre opposed this, by saying, that I endeavoured to disturb the society; and then he began afresh to accuse me of emigration, while he carefully avoided mentioning my name. I demanded to be heard: the galleries, on a signal, rose in a fury. I beheld fists and bludgeons around me. Fifty trusty Jacobins, provoked at what passed, collected round me and offered to accompany me to my own door. One of them, named Bois, said: "Nay more: they refuse to hear you, but they shall hear you." Then, pushing into the midst of the hall, he said: "Yes, there is a traitor here." The Cordeliers, mistaking his meaning, were instantly quiet, and the obedient galleries followed the example. "But I will not indirectly accuse this traitor: I will name him; Louvet." I instantly rushed to the tribune. Robespierre again attempted to prevent me; but he could not. Being denounced by name, I must answer. The society ordered me to speak. I did so: I enumerated all my revolutionary life since 1789, mentioning places, persons, and facts. So complete

plete was my justification that even the galleries applauded me. The result was, Robespierre the next day circulated a report, that I had got myself denounced, in order to introduce my own panegyric, as I wished to be appointed minister of justice.

I had no fear to take the office on me; but I declare, I was not solicitous about it. At ten in the morning of the very day on which the council was to be held, I got a complimentary letter from the deputy Herault-Sechelle, *a man I did not know*. This intriguing man informed me of my appointment, in which, he said, he had taken an active part: and he then asked for one of the principal places in the office, for an old secretary of his, who like him, was probably a secret agent of Austria. Another person came to inform me, that he had just been with Dumouriez, who had assured him, that I should that evening get my appointment. But at a public dinner, where the ministers, and some deputies were present, the proposal was set aside. Duranton, of Bourdeaux, a thick headed weak man, and what is worse, extremely timid, was preferred; this was one of the first false steps of the republican party, for which it paid dearly, and which deluged my country in much blood and many tears. How strange is the fatality, that a change in the fortune of one man should so materially affect the fate of an empire? Had I been appointed, I should have unquestionably have signed that famous letter of Roland, which the timid, yet ambitious Duranton refused. Involved in the same blame with the three ministers, I should have been dismissed with them. Sharing in their honourable downfall, I should with them have participated.

cipated in the public esteem; with them I should have been reinstated in my office, on the 10th of August. Disguised royalism, would not have encircled the republic while in its cradle, with the horrid transactions of September. The Cordeliers, would not have frightened the electors of Paris into the choice of those deputies of whom some were so hurtful to France. British Rule.s, having no means of stirring up the people against us, would have sought in vain a pretext for war. Robespierre, unless he changed his system, would have fallen; and carried with him Pache and his insolent party; Chaumette, Hebert, *the grand exterminator*, and the whole tribe of vile ruffians in the pay of the allied powers, would have fallen also, on been obliged to hide their heads. Thus would the republic have been placed on a solid foundation.

I was however conducted by Lanthenas, to the minister of the home department, who had a strong desire to be acquainted with me. O Roland! Roland! what virtues were assassinated in thee! what virtues, what beauty, what talents, in thy spouse, still more than in thyself! both urged me to write in a cause, which had need of the closest union of all, who were capable of promoting it. War was proclaimed; the court, evidently in concert with Austria, betrayed our armies: it was necessary, that the public eyes should be opened to so many plots. I wrote a piece entitled *The Centinel*; the minister was at the expense of publication. My limited income would not have defrayed the publication of a journal posted up at every corner of the streets, of many Nos. of which more than 20,000 were circulated. Those who are acquainted with the situation of Paris and the departments, know
of.

of what service *The Centinel* was to France, at a time when a foreign enemy, encouraged by internal connections, threatened to overturn all.

Soon after, Dumouriez, anxious to reign at the council, shuffled out the ministers Servant, Claviere, and Roland. I was that very day informed, that he had it in view to appoint me ambassador to Constantinople. Some of the Journals even asserted it : but this did not hinder me from inserting in the following number of *The Centinel*, a very pointed paragraph reprobatng the conduct of the favourite minister. My embassy I never heard more of.

About this time also, Brissot and Guadet wished to send me out commissioner to St Domingo. Guadet, particularly, insisted on it very warmly. This was prevented by the operation of two passions, equally violent, within me : my love for Lodoiska, who, not then my wife, could not have gone with me ; and love of my country, which was then in danger. On my repeatedly declining, the office was bestowed on Santhonax. If I had accepted it, Santhonax would have been proscribed in my place ; and I should now have been fighting the English at St Domingo in his.

The insurrection of the 10th of August arrived. I have elsewhere mentioned what I did on that day : but I did not say, what was a truth, that I assisted in the preservation of some Swiss soldiers, whom Orleans' satellites, that fled at the first volley, came to massacre after the conflict. I conducted many of these unlucky fellows into the passages of the national assembly, from which they reached the diplomatic committee, and there Brissot and Genonne concealed many of them in the closets. Another fact, not less worthy of notice, though of a different

different nature, is, that Danton, who had hid himself during the combat, appeared after the victory, with a huge sabre in his hand, and marching on the head of the Marseillaise battalion, as if he had been the hero of the day; while Robespierre, still a greater coward, and no less a hypocrite, durst not show his face for more than four and twenty hours after: yet he boldly ascribed all the success to the council of the commune, where he went to issue his commands like a tyrant, the second day after, viz. the 12th.

We were all threatened on the 2d of September following. The trembling Robespierre issued his proscriptions, from the tribune, and the *grand exterminator*, his decrees of death. They had determined on the deaths of Brissot, Vergniaud, Guadet, Condorcet, Roland, Mrs Roland, my Lodoviska, and myself. Infamous impostors, base royalists, were we federalists then? No; but, to serve the cause of the combined powers, ye invented fresh falsehoods.

In the earliest days of the convention, were we federalists? Yet even then ye proscribed us: and not us only, but also two thirds of the assembly: ye publicly advertised, that *another insurrection was necessary; that, seeing the stamp of the greater part of the deputies to the convention, ye despaired of the republic.* O ye men of words, ye spoke, would ye but *act also* *!

Again, Were we federalists in February, 1793? Amidst the load of calumnies, with which ye incessantly followed us, that term was not then in use, yet even then ye proscribed us.

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* See the placards of Marat.

On the 10th of March, ye proscribed us : but, so far from accusing us of federalism, ye gave the example of it, as I shall manifestly prove.

In a few days after, ye came to the bar of the assembly, to proscribe us by Pache. Ye required two and twenty heads, till ye could ask more ; and ye charged us with every crime, federalism excepted.

On the 31st of May ye came to seize us, sword in hand ; yet even then federalism was not the charge.

Several weeks after, when the ingenious St Just was employed to invent crimes for us, ye absurdly charged us both with federalism and royalism.

And a few months thereafter, of federalism only ; but from whose lips ? Gods ! from those of Barrere !

† If ever there was such an idea as federalism, it existed with you only, with you, who charged us with it as a crime.

On the 2d of September, ye proclaimed it in your circular address, in which ye said, that ye no longer knew the representative assembly, the only centre round which we could rally ; and said, the municipality of Paris *had just resumed the power of the people* ; in these addresses ye invited the other sections of the empire to adopt your plans ; which was declaring to the departments, in other words, all the power, treasure, and means of government are ours ; for you there is liberty no more, the republic is at end, unless on your parts you speedily *resume* the portion of power which belongs to you ; in which case, if you escape anarchy, federalism will be the consequence.

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In the manifesto of your abortive revolt of the 10th of March, ye again declared it, when your insurgents required, *as the chief and only efficacious measure, that the department of Paris, which was a constituent part of the sovereign, should exercise, even then, the sovereignty annexed to it.* So that to establish federalism, every department had only to will, following your example, to EXERCISE its share of sovereignty; confessing, on certain points, a common tie, which ye, in your despotism, refused to admit.

Did not federalism exist when a member of the mountain, with unlimited power, went to dictate arbitrary laws to each department, to which the neighbouring departments were not subjected? It existed, when twenty dictators, dismembering the empire, went to erect as many empires. It existed when Lebon, like a tyrant, reigned in the north, Maignet in the south, Carrier in the west, Collot d'Herbois at Lyons, each of them directed by his own fancy, or his passions, in various manners; and, good Heavens! what were their manners? Barbarians, in one point only they agreed, in shedding torrents on torrents of their fellow-creatures' blood!

Federalism did certainly exist; it existed in guilt; but, despots, it existed only by you, and for you.

There are some men, who have been so imposed upon, as to assert, that the departments *federalized* to-march against the convention. *Against the convention! Never! For the convention, if you please.* But what mean you by *federalized*? Were the factions of Paris *federalists*, on the 14th of July, when, each of them too weak apart, they *confederated* to overturn the Bastille? On the memorable 10th of

August, were the battalions of Finisterre, of Marseilles, and the numerous battalions of Paris, federalists, when they *confederated* to attack the palace? Were the twelve hundred thousand soldiers, federalists, who from every corner of the republic ran to the frontiers, and *confederated* against the foreign enemy, whom they vanquished? To confederate, then, is to federalize; how mean, how pitiable such an abuse of language!

And when it is remembered, that this abuse of language had the effect of conducting to the scaffold above a hundred thousand of the most valiant, enlightened, and honest hearted republicans; how dreadful!

It is unnecessary to repeat here what I have elsewhere published, as to the labours of the electoral body at Paris. The elections of the departments might correct this evil at least. Pethion, Sieyes, Thomas Paine, Condorcet, Guadet, &c. refused by the faction of Paris, were chosen by the people of the departments. The department of Loiret, where I had no private friends, not so much as a correspondent, and where I had never appeared, elected me one of its deputies. This, however, they called intriguing, although in the capital they had carried their election by the points of their poniards.

On the 10th of August, 1792, I engaged to conduct the Journal of the Debates. They had the impudence to assert, in the lying piece of Amar, called the Bill of Indictment of the *Federalist* Deputies, that I had a salary of 12,000 livres (£500) a year, for spreading lies through all Europe in that Journal. The truth was, after the 10th of August Baudouin, to whom the Journal belonged, perceiving

ving it would be lost, unless under the management of some known patriot of abilities, came and urged me to undertake it; I declined. He then begged of Guadet, Brissot and Condorcet, to write to me on the subject, and brought me a letter from each. I consented. Baudouin offered me what terms I would name. My predecessor, who was barely known, had 6000 livres (£250) I asked 10,000 livres, (£416. 13. 4.) and Baudouin doubtless made a good bargain, for his subscribers were soon tripled. I engaged two fellow labourers, yet my dear Lodoiska had also much to do. Alas! from this arose my greatest misfortune; for, perhaps, whilst, languishing in a perilous banishment, I expect my dear wife, she is under arrest! It was at this time my enemies discovered her abilities: it was then they learned the importance of her literary talents, her energetic mind, and her attachment to me. It was at this time that Amar, pretending to conduct her home, repeatedly came to my house against her inclination. He was anxious, he said, to pay his respects to her, and to open my eyes to the snares which Roland, Brissot, and all my pretended friends were laying for me; in one word, employed by the party, he durst venture to flatter himself with the expectation of seducing my wife, and corrupting me. He saw our domestic life, and soon despaired of gaining his purpose. One day, as he came from the assembly, where he had just been proposing some sanguinary motion, he came to my wife, wishing to whisper some *soft things* in her ear. With a distant air, interrupting him, she replied, "Sir, I just heard what you said in the assembly, and I despise you." He came near our house no more, but was our bitterest enemy.

This very man was not ashamed to put his name to that infamous piece, that bill of indictment, by which the most virtuous of the republicans was conducted to the scaffold. This is the man who said, *that I spread falsehoods* through all Europe; thus far I did tell falsehoods, when I described not him, and his companions, in colours so black as they merited. Finally, this very man, a member of that committee of general safety, and invested with all the power necessary to effect mischief without bounds; this man, the engine of the proscriptions of a new Sylla, almighty in guilt, even now, perhaps, keeps my wife immured in his baneful prisons.—O! Lodoiska! my beloved Lodoiska! if you perish, I shall have been the cause of thy death, but I will not long survive thee.

The convention commenced its sittings, on the 21st of September, and the following day Robespierre and Marat went to the Jacobins, to thunder out insurrection against the convention. In a few weeks, Robespierre boldly complained to the convention of what he called falsehoods circulated against him, and dared any accuser. I rose immediately. The accusation I laid against him had a wonderful effect: fifty deputies bare witness to the crimes I denounced, for the smallest of which he ought to have died on the scaffold. The base coward imagined he was on his last legs, and came to me to solicit favour. Had Pethion, who had not at that time been sufficiently calumniated by them, to have lost his unbounded influence, and on whom I had repeatedly called, openly declared one fourth of what he knew, Robespierre and his accomplice would have been instantly impeached. This was the time, when detested throughout the republic,
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and in Paris a party much inferior to the convention, they would have doubtless received the just reward of their guilt. Base Orleans, with twenty other villains of less note, would have returned to their former insignificance. Barrere, Lacroix, and all the pack of vile intriguers, ever ready to drag the car of the prevailing party, would have held by the *Rolandists*: and the republic would have been preserved.

It was an important fault in Pethion, Guadet, and Vergniaud, not to answer my frequent calls on them for their witness; nay, I was blamed in a newspaper for bringing forward the accusation at all.

So confounded was Robespierre, that he demanded a week to reply. He then filled the galleries, by nine o'clock in the morning, with all the male and female Jacobins he could collect. The dictator spoke for two complete hours, without attempting to answer my charges; and I had not a doubt I should completely crush him by my reply. The *Girondists* joined with the *mountain* to prevent me from speaking. I observed none but proud Barbaroux, brave Buzot, virtuous Lanjuinais, and our steady *right hand side*. Brissot, Vergniaud, Condorcet, and Gensonne, thought, that by passing to the order of the day, though Robespierre got off, he would be so disgraced, as never more to have influence: as if disgrace were of any consequence with that blood-thirsty faction, or physical impunity not harden him in his wickedness. This unaccountable conduct of the republican party wrung my heart. I from that instant foresaw, that one day or another, the poignard would get the better of principle; at that very time I told my

dear Lodoiska, that banishment or death would be our lot.

Salle, Barbarot, Buzot, and I, continually denounced the Orleans faction; Brissot, Guadet, Pethion, and Vergniaud, supported us but feebly. Hebert and Marat were incessantly circulating calumnies in their very popular papers. Pache, after having deceived Roland by his pretended republicanism and virtue, imposed on and betrayed the nation, by enervating every sinew in the war department, and in a thousand ways tying up the conquering genius of Dumouriez, who was then a sincere republican, whatever he now may be. The armies abounded with preachers of insubordination and booty; and the staff of each General was filled with the satellites of factious party. The war office, the Jacobins, the Cordeliers, the sections, which thirty scoundrels managed by terror, resounded with the cries of revolt. The galleries of the assembly insulted and threatened us, so that freedom of speech was at an end. Notwithstanding all this, our unhappy friends had one remedy in store for all these evils, *the plan of the constitution which they were at that time finishing*: and when any one ventured to hint the necessity of a vigorous step against the conspirators, with the most lamentable coldness they were told, that spirits naturally violent, must be prudently and calmly dealt with, so as not to exasperate.

One general remark should now be made, that amongst the many victims who fell on the 31st of May, were many men of eminent abilities; men capable to correct the morals, regenerate the manners, and increase the felicity of a republic in peace, and of deserving well of their country by their private

rate life and public virtue : but all of them were unaccustomed to the tumult of factions, and little calculated for those vigorous measures, by which conspirators are crushed ; none of them with a suspicious mind, conceiving at one comprehensive view the vast plan of a conspiracy, or opposing it, if at length observed, with any other weapons than morality and high-sounding words. Salle, Buzot, and Barbaroux were not of this class ; from the beginning, they knew well the Orleans faction, and united with me in opposing it on every occasion. But their penetration went no farther : Salle alone, I could persuade, that the principal emissaries of England and Austria were among the Jacobins ; and I recollect, that Guadet, Pethion, and even Barbaroux, six months after the 31st of May, contradicted me, when I hinted, that Marat and his party were doubtless in the pay of the combined powers. At times, Guadet, indeed, would alledge the same, when in a heat ; but he spake metaphorically ; and would never conduct himself in the assembly under that impressiion. Of honest principles themselves, they could not suppose such guilt : and, therefore, I unceasingly put them on their guard, assuring them that the time would come, when their incredulity would prove their ruin. }

But I have been gradually anticipating events. We must return to the order of the day on my accusing Robespierre. Not permitted to speak, I determined to write and publish my reply to the world, which I entitled, *To Maximilian Robespierre and his Royalists*. In this tract I recapitulated all the manoeuvres of Robespierre at the Jacobins in 1792, and among the Cordeliers ; the base conduct of the electoral body of 1792, the designs of the
Orleans

Orléans party, and the ambitious schemes of their various leaders. All my presages have since been realised, only, contrary to my idea, and all probability, Robespierre, a man of weak parts, has triumphed over Danton. I say, very weak; for the pompous reports he has published since, (all power being concentrated in him as the principal member of the committee of public safety, he has had the assignats at command) cannot impose on one so well acquainted with him as I am. A despicable author and very poor writer, he now discovers no talents, but those he purchases.

Roland, minister of the home department, sensible of the irreparable fault of that *order of the day*, tried to amend it, as far as possible, by informing the nation of all the crimes of the dictators of September. He circulated a great many copies of my pamphlet in the departments, and I have no doubt, that by this very step for many weeks the dreadful success of the faction was at least retarded at this time.

Buzot and I gave him at this time another stroke which touched him to the quick. We demanded and procured a decree to expel the Bourbons. The Jacobins revolted, as did the Cordeliers, and the commune ordered us to withdraw it; but, at least, this advantage resulted from it, we obliged the faction to discover their views, so that only such as were quite blind, or pretended to be so, could dispute it, or see it any where else than on the famous mountain.

I was surely well entitled to the honour of being expelled from among the Jacobins, when not more than thirty of the old members continued, being now almost filled with Cordeliers. They struck
out

out my name at the same time with those of Roland; Lanthénaz, and Girey Dupre, who assisted Brissot in his paper; a young man of great abilities, bravery, and republican principles.

We come now to the affair of Capet, as to which I have several important circumstances to mention. Salle moved the appeal to the people. I seconded his motion: my motives may be easily seen, and how far the consequences have justified what I foretold. I did not deliver my speech, because they ended the debate the instant I rose, but it has been printed. Vergniaud, one of our orators, answered Robespierre, and put him to silence. Worthy but unlucky Vergniaud! why did you not oftener get the better of your native indolence! and why did you shut your eyes, when a thousand fatal ambushes surrounded the representative body! Even the 10th of March did not open your eyes: they were only opened on the 31st of May; too late, alas!

Horrid scenes! yet they were but the prelude of what were prepared for us! Soon after the 10th of March, a powerful and unexpected enemy increased the number of our enemies, already too formidable; and Dumouriez connected himself with the Orleans party.

Since I have begun to write, his memoirs have been published. In that work he pretends to have been ever a friend to monarchy; but I owe it to truth to declare, nay, to prove, that he was a sincere republican at one time.

He was anxious to keep Lewis XVI. on the throne, for when he was prime minister, he was more king than him who had the name; but when he says that after the 10th of August he continued the faithful servant of the dethroned prince, I am too

too well acquainted with the ambitious general; not to declare, that this is impossible. Besides, I know well, that, after the 10th of August, Dumouriez was the first man who denounced La Fayette, and who made his troops take the oath of allegiance to the king; I know well, that at this time he wrote many letters to the committee of twenty-one of the legislative assembly; and in this way he obtained the chief command; Does not all Europe know, that, but for him, the Duke of Brunswic would have been in Paris before the end of autumn? He may reply, that zealous in the defence of the honour and safety of France, a friend to monarchy might not wish to see a foreigner give laws in its capital, and might also have been desirous to retake Verdun and Longwi. I confess it: but the victory of Gemappe, the conquest of Belgium, and the intended and nearly accomplished conquest of Holland, were more than steps in defence of the constitution.

Having stopped the career, beat, driven before him, and nearly destroyed, in one ever memorable campaign, 200,000 veterans, the best soldiers in Europe, and conducted by one of Europe's most celebrated generals, with thirty-five thousand new raised levies; having retaken two strong places; repulsed the enemy at Gemappe, conquered Belgium, and nearly given the allied powers a decisive blow, by seizing on the harbours and riches of Holland; then, with an army flushed with victory, and with the addition of sixty-thousand Dutch and Brabantine soldiers, to attack Cobourg in the rear; vanquish him, and compel Austria to make peace; England to keep quiet, and to fill all Europe with astonishment. In this way to become, in fact, the
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founder of the French Republic, and to dictate to the whole world; was a part sufficiently dazzling to tempt a man of the first genius, and greatest ambition.

Dumouriez had all this in view, and would have accomplished it. But the foreign party, who dreaded him more than any other enemy, were soon sensible, that they must put such a stop to his career, as would inevitably bring him down from his eminence. To accomplish this purpose, Pache, who was then Minister at War, and Hassenfratz, his chief clerk, did every thing in their power to distress the troops of Dumouriez, by want of necessaries. They sent to his army as many of the Orleans party as they could collect, who continually preached up rapine and insubordination. In the council, Rolland was no longer a favourite, they were all united against his austere virtues; Monge and Pache, had the rule, and Dumouriez is very sensible, though he avoids saying it, that the Republican party in the Convention had then lost their influence; and to accomplish their purpose, the two rulers had sent *Roussin*, *Chepy*, and *Estienne*, as their instruments to ransack Belgium, who were privately, yet strongly enjoined, to render France, and its *ostensibly* Republican government, hateful in the eyes of all Europe; they were to employ the utmost violence, extortion, tyranny, assassination, and every species of crime that villainy could devise; in the same manner as other commissioners, stationed at a distance from the Convention, and invested with more authority than the Convention itself possessed: that odious party charged them to behave so as to make the falsely named republic hateful for ever throughout the departments. It was
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with this view that the Commissioner from the Convention, elected at that time by the almighty *mountain*, was no other than *Lacroix*; a man who alone was more capable to ravage Belgium, than all the swarm of robbers which the council had sent there before him. It was in this view also, that Marat, who has been the chief agent of England, constantly vilified Dumouriez' character, in his paper, which was daily hawked about, even before his very face; for this end also he laboured unceasingly, that his soldiers should lose confidence in him; and knowing also what snares were around him, what insurmountable impediments were thrown in his way, and above all, what treachery was in the end intended for him, he confidently presaged, that before the end of spring Dumouriez would desert his country.

His plans were successful: and the dazzling prospects of Dumouriez being gone, he thought it not disgraceful to unite with those who had stripped him of all his property and splendour, in opposition to others to whom he was indebted for every thing he possessed, and who, while they had it in their power, had promoted his success to the utmost! He was not ashamed to unite with *Lacroix*, and such others, the basest vermin the earth ever produced, to oppose a Condorcet, a Vergniaud, a Payne, and other unlucky republicans, to whom impartial posterity will one day do justice, notwithstanding the obloquy with which they are now loaded. In Dumouriez' memoirs his reproaches are not generally addressed to the *worthy* president of the execrable *mountain*; on my unfortunate friends, he wishes to fix the disgrace of the various decrees which they uniformly opposed, and of which

which they themselves have become the victims : while he charges them with wilful neglects, intended silence, or direct calumnies. Nay more, he insults the virtues of republicans over their very graves ; and these the republicans whom he persecuted, and whose favours he thus repays with treachery. O Dumouriez ! is it in this manner you make your court to the kings of Europe : remember there is such a thing as history : thy talents only would have been related, but it must now rehearse all your baseness, your dreadful perfidy.

Notwithstanding the plans of Hassenfratz and Pache, Dumouriez opened the campaign successfully, and his fortunate temerity surmounted all opposition. The party soon saw, that Holland must unavoidably fall : General Stengel (I think it was) who had it in his power to have stopped Coubourg, left an open passage for him. A detachment of 30,000 imperial troops, seemed to fall unperceived from the clouds, and forced through our encampments. The General was thus obliged to give up the expedition which he had commenced so fortunately, and return to the command of a disheartened army at Belgium : he restored to it some energy, some plan, some subordination, and in consequence he gained an important advantage at Tirlemont.

The Battle of Nerwinde ensued, where the defeat of the left wing occasioned the loss of the day. Hear Miranda's story, and he will tell you that Dumouriez sacrificed him : hear Dumouriez's story, and you will be told that Miranda was designedly beaten, in order to pluck the laurels of victory from his brow.

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I know for a truth, that the party held both in equal detestation, and to them only are to be attributed the misfortunes of that day. The loss was decisive: and it is beyond all controversy that those who at the first, fled in the left wing under Miranda, calling out to the rest to save themselves if they could, and by this means occasioned the flight of the whole, were hired tools, Cordeliers, sent on purpose by *Marat*, *Lacroix's* honourable Agents. — Whatever be in this, the expedition against Holland was unavoidably put a stop to, and the fate of Belgium was determined by one lost engagement; to protect the whole frontiers, Dumouriez had only a disheartened reduced army, in which the tools of the party, could now exert themselves with more success than ever. Now was Dumouriez in the situation the faction had anxiously wished to see him. According to his judgment the republic was ruined. Should he continue to fight for it, he would be ruined himself; did a single defeat more ensue, his deadly foes the Jacobins would lead him to the scaffold. What could he now do? from what court could he now ask protection? What King would receive, nay rather what King would not persecute the triumphant opposer of Brunswic?

He could have pursued another plan more expeditious, certain, and generous, he might have secured the retreat of his troops, by leading them back again to the frontiers, and placing them in the most favourable situation he could; from thence he could have wrote to the Convention (and we know Dumouriez can write well) a letter becoming the writer and his situation, and there laid open to them, not particular foibles of this or the other
 Republican,

Republican, but all the guilt of the new Royalists, all the base schemes of Pache, all the villainous plans of Lacroix, and in a word, all the crimes of that desperate faction, and of the sanguinary foreigners in whose pay that faction were; he might then have followed the example of the latter Brutus, and many other Generals of antiquity, besides—But why be guilty of such folly? What end would it have served? it would have saved his honour! it would have immortalized his character! it would have insured to him a capital station in history!—what! he, Dumouriez imitated those fools in the Convention; who, in their harangues, are perpetually quoting, not the Romans (as he says) but what is materially different the Heroes of Rome!—No! this conduct would not have suited Dumouriez; it is true, he had been a republican as yet, and why, *it was his interest*; but he had never yet been romantic.

A man of his stamp must be seduced by other reasoning. It seemed to him impossible but that France must again become subject to Royalty; if their King was to be sent them by foreigners, they must send him through a deluge of blood; and the most unbounded tyranny would be the inevitable effect. He therefore considered himself as doing the French a service, to treat with the Orleans party at home; and Cobourg abroad, for the re-establishment of the constitution of 1789: and if this were effected, Dumouriez would still be a person of the greatest consequence. It is very true, that he might falsify his promises before all Europe, leave to the poignard honest men who had been wantonly imposed upon, and gulp down the disgrace of connecting himself, with the most despi-

cable characters among men, Lacroix, and Marat. But no possible consideration could prevent him. As when Dumouriez published his memoirs, Lacroix and others of that band, were not only living but in the height of their popularity, and of course these pretended *republicans*; might be useful to the cause of monarchy. Dumouriez thought it prudent not to unmask their real characters, he has only glanced at their private conferences—At least he acknowledges the interview they had at Bouchain. But the decree concerning the night of the 10th of March, was without doubt passed by these three men, some days before this. Belgium was the place where they settled every thing. The transaction was there determined to be on the night of the 10th of March; there, each actor received his instructions as to the part he had to perform. Whilst the general in his manifestoes was to denounce *anarchy*, and declare his intentions of supporting the *sound majority* of the convention—at the same time he was in the midst of his camp to demand a King: thus indeed he would powerfully help the Jacobins, against whom he was to pretend to make war, to fall on the republican deputies, whose steady friend he seemed to be. Thus he was cunningly to second the proseribing voice of Marat, who was eagerly to point out the *Girondists* to the fury of the mob, telling them they were Royalists,—Traitors,—and accomplices of Dumouriez? nothing more would then have been wanted, but to get the National Convention to meet under night, during which meeting the Cordelier vagabonds were to be set upon the republicans, who would no doubt demand every decree of accusation necessary for their project,—and were themselves,

themselves, if they had not another recourse, to furnish from among the republicans, *the twenty-two heads promised to Cobourg.*

But a concurrence of the most trifling, yet singular accidents, occasioned the failure of this dreadful though well laid plot! and as the reader follows me through the discovery of it, he will find even in this circumstance, how great things originate from the most trifling causes.

I had taken lodgings in Honore street, a very little way above the Jacobins, that I might be near the Convention. My Lodoiska who had got home before me, about nine in the evening, heard a great tumult attended with piercing cries. Ever anxious for my welfare, having with the best part of my friends lived amongst dangers, pursuits, threatnings, and insults, during three months for my sake, obliged to carry arms for my defence, and never suffered to pass the night at home; even she, my dear wife, ran into the galleries of the Jacobin society from whence the noise issued. She witnessed a thousand slanderous speeches, she saw sabres drawn, lights extinguished, and she was hurried out with the enraged multitude, who went to the *Cordeliers* for auxiliaries, to attack the Convention. I had just got home, when my Lodoiska returned. I flew directly to Pethlon's, where I found several of my friends conversing calmly on certain decrees that were soon to be passed. I had indeed difficulty to rouse them, I at last prevailed on them not to appear at the meeting already commenced, and to retreat along with the principal proscribed persons, within ten hours, to a house where the conspirators would not think of searching for us. From thence I went directly to the

meeting, where I found *Kervelegan*, deputy from Finisterre. This brave man hastened to alarm a battalion which had luckily arrived at Paris, from *Brest* a few days before, and had been detained, at the farther part of the suburb St Marceau. This battalion remained all night under arms, ready to march at a word, or when they heard the alarm bell, to our assistance. In the mean time I went to the houses of Valaze, Burjot, Barbaroux, Salle, and some others, and told them what was going on; Brissot went to the minister on the same errand; and the minister at war, the brave, but unfortunate *Bournonville*, having scaled the walls of his gardens, formed a patrolle with some of his friends, whom he had already joined. After running about for two hours, in a dreary night, and I may say in the midst of my assassins, I went to the place of rendezvous. They had all got there before me, but Pethion. As his town house was a dangerous station for him, I returned to fetch him, and a single accident that occurred will strikingly pourtray his character. As I intreated him to come with me; he went to the window and excused himself thus, "*it rains; there will be nothing done;*" and all I could say had no effect, he persisted in staying at home.

It was not the rain that stopped the conspirators, but our being absent, and having informed the *Brest* battalion. When they saw that although they had obtained the decree of impeachment, they could not immediately arrest their victims, they paused; and those great men who are so courageous, when they have only to assassinate, began to waver, when they had to fight—Because as there were only three thousand of them, and four hun-
dred

dred of the Brest battalion they durst not risque an attack.

They had however thought themselves so sure of success, at the outset, that, ere midnight they had dispatched an *official* messenger to the municipality to declare their *insurrection* against the national representation, who, two full hours afterwards acquainted the Convention of it—that is to say, when they calculated the whole would have been over. Thus the conspiracy was pretty generally known at least, in Paris, although it proved abortive; and it was undoubtedly proper for us to make it public, to prevent as far as possible another attempt of the kind, supposing, as I yet firmly believe, it was impossible for us to be revenged on them at that time. This, I thought was Vergniaud's intention, when he denounced it before a score of us, who had met to consider what was to be done on the occasion. But had I known how he was to execute his task, I would not have left it to him. His speech, though a good one, injured the cause; it tended to mislead the public already prejudiced against the parricidial societies, to whom a spirited, open accusation, before all France, at the bar of the Convention, would have been a terrible blow. On the contrary he blamed aristocracy for the transaction of the 10th of March. No doubt it was aristocracy—it was royalism; but it was the aristocracy—it was the royalism of the Jacobins, and Cordeliers.—Thus he should have spoke. But so he did not speak, the two societies steadily took the cloak offered them—and he told me that his reasons for so doing were, because he thought it highly necessary, not to expose the real conspirators, although denouncing

denouncing the conspiracy—for fear of too much exasperating violent men already too much given to every kind of excess—Good God! such were the rules, of his conduct, such the mistaken cautions that effectually nursed up the faction; it had been well, had this caution only affected us, but it nearly ruined the republic.

The Valaze committee composed (as I believe I have already said, but the reader must pardon repetitions, I write in such haste) of the most spirited republicans, those *right side* members, who so little resembled the right sides of the two former assemblies, were indeed sorry at this new error of the *Girondines*, and charged me to denounce in a more serious manner the plot of the 10th of March. I wrote a denunciation, but was not allowed to deliver it. The mountain dreading lest I should disclose *truths*, directed all the manoeuvres of its tactics against me, threats, cries, closing the debate, tumults in the galleries, all conspired to prevent my speaking. Latterly therefore, I did not attempt to mount the tribune, but printed my intended speech. In it will be found an account of the chief circumstances, and principal actors* in this conspiracy. I have said nothing but what I can assert the truth of; and accordingly all the conjectures which I have hazarded have been verified. It is titled,—*An Address to the National Convention and my Constituents, on the conspiracy of the*
10th

* I now except Bourdon of Oise. It appeared pretty clearly, I think, in the sequel, that he had only been misled. He is certainly so still; since at this day he is the declared enemy of the proscribed deputies and me. This however does not prevent me from doing him the justice of declaring, that I do not think he actually made one of the *Orlean's* faction.

10th of March, and the Orlean's faction.—Many editions, were printed in the different departments, and in Paris 6000 went off. It would have produced an effect beyond expectation, had not some of those insolent proconsuls, who, established in the departments, were subject to no laws, opened the packets at the post office, and stopped many. It is impossible to describe the rage of the conspirators, when this little tract appeared. They did not dare denounce it in the assembly, knowing, that I would not be afraid to defend it there, which would only add to its notoriety. *Amar* hinted at it indirectly in the bill of impeachment against the republicans, six months after, but dared not to mention the title. The generality of them never spoke to me but when obliged to it;—and they exerted themselves to bury my writings to the Convention in oblivion. The mere mention of my name calls to recollection all the criminal designs of which I accused them, and which they have now carried into execution. *Marat* is now an acknowledged *royalist*, and *Robespierre* will be a complete dictator. This I saw in 1792, and what is perhaps still more meritorious in me, I was so bold as to say it. In my pamphlet respecting the 10th of March, I not only announced their end, but pointed out their means. I proved, that they should proceed through plunder to tyranny, that they must pillage ere they could reign,—and ere they could pillage it behoved them to wade through blood and assassination. All that it was in my power to say, I said; what I could not say I conjectured. I grudged nothing that served to set forth the numerous faults of the two factions. Alas! mine was “the voice of one crying in the desert;”

desart;" the clamour of the conspirators drowned it, my friends heard the sound, but they paid no attention to the words. Thus every day more assured of the fate that awaited us, I used to say to my dear Lodoiska, "These men are taking hasty strides to the scaffold; I would not hesitate one moment about quitting them did not they walk in the path of duty, and virtue."

If Liberty has yet any friends, I would recommend that now so scarce pamphlet on the 10th of March to their notice. Let them read it, that they may form some idea of the terror, or rather blindness, with which a government was struck, which although it saw the ambushes that were laid against it, yet made not the least effort to destroy them. It is my last writing in the convention, it is, my political testament in a great degree; and I will say, for I think it, it is a valuable historical mossil.

I will only add, that the destruction of the liberty of the press; the total violation of the secrecy of the post; the first unlawful seizures of private property; the origin of civil war in Vendee, so barbarously cherished by Marat, the Municipalities of Paris, Pache, Ronfin, and their accomplices; the establishment of proconsuls in the different departments; the first attempt to set up that *Committee of Public Safety*, under whose tyranny France now groans; and the founding of that revolutionary tribunal, which has cost France much blood; all these odious events, and accursed establishments, which yet were but the preludes and implements of all those curses; all those terrible wounds which were to drain my country of so much blood, must all be dated from the 10th of March, 1793.—Ye friends of liberty bewail these crimes,
bewail

bewail them, but remember they are not the crimes of the republic. The republic! We never had one, our factions never allowed us to establish one, —but their aim was to blend its name with their base cruelties, and they destroyed it for ever, by disgracing and rendering it odious. All the crimes they committed were still those of royalty.

In leaving this article, I must make one important remark. When the decree of a revolutionary tribunal had been forcibly extorted from us, we felt it necessary to unite together in selecting its pretended juries; and indeed, we found means to get honest men appointed; though it is doubtful whether they would have accepted of the office. Their refusal was not waited for: Marat raised the cry of a counter-revolution, threatened to bring in the multitude; he annulled the ballot, and got his own list decreed. It will readily be imagined, that this list consisted of a parcel of hardy rascals; they were chiefly the assassins of September; they had only changed grounds, not their parts in the business; murdering here, as there, in the *name of the law*.

From among these defenders of the republic, some were elected who formed a new society of depredators, who could only be compared with the Septemberists. There was one M. Nicholas, who made a conspicuous appearance amongst them, a curious fellow, whom Camillus Desmoulins mentions in one of the five numbers of his *Old Cordelier*. From that work it would seem that this genuine Jacobin, who originally subsisted on cow-heels, amassed his *little fortune* of 200,000 livres (above £ 8,000 Sterling, which he is now squandering in the bagnios) and the disposal of life and death which he exercises over all honest men; for all this he is indebted

to

to a weighty bludgeon, by which he defended the inherent cowardice of Robespierre, at that time when this man began to suppose, that he might one day be King of France, by means of his talking, his calumnies, and his proscriptions.

Meantime, Dumouriez, anxious to shed republican blood, expected our heads. He must have been very much surprised, to learn the ill success of the wished for night ! but as he had gone too far to draw back, he passed the Rubicon. His operations, I may say his errors, are detailed in his memoirs. They evidently discover his want of decision and foresight, as well as his presumption. Within a fortnight's time all his schemes miscarried. He had settled every thing but the means by which they were to be executed. Dumouriez, a real hero in the field of battle, is a dwarf indeed in the labyrinths of intrigue. Unfortunately for him, fighting must some time cease ; and still more unfortunate, when fighting is at an end, intriguing must take place.

We began to breathe a little, when a native of Bourdeaux, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Nerwinde, but who had afterwards been exchanged, came to inform his friend Guadet, that in consequence of an intimacy which subsisted betwixt him and an officer in the imperial army, he learned, that Cobourg's Staff were daily expecting to hear that twenty-two members of the Convention were beheaded. Guadet mentioned the news to me, and we were entertained with it ; but you may judge our surprise, and the reflections which followed, when in a little after, Pache appeared at the head of the pretended sections of Paris, to present the celebrated petition by which we were pre-
scribed,

scribed, to the number of twenty-two. I am persuaded, that it was owing to this undeniable evidence of the connivance of the leaders of the mountain and Austria which urged on Guadet, who was naturally bold and spirited, to deliver that determined speech against Marat; in consequence of which, the famous bill of impeachment was found against him, and his still more famous acquittal, by which the eyes of all France should have been opened to the villany of the revolutionary tribunal, on the party which gave it birth. I must here be excused for inserting a few remarkable anecdotes, concerning the petition against the *twenty-two*, because men may be judged of by anecdotes. It will also be remembered, that I am not writing history, but jumbling together a few notes for it: some more fortunate pen must select from among them, if despotism will admit it!

Oh heavens! when Pache had read the petition, *Boyer-fonfrede* asked permission to speak. He spake with great eloquence and much wit: and as he used the following, or words very like them—*As for myself, I only regret that I am not this day among the number of those on whom the municipality of Paris is drawing down its daggers,*—the whole assembly rose up with a voluntary emotion, exclaiming, *We all do so.* The members flew to us from all quarters of the hall, to congratulate and embrace us, about fifty Barbarous Mountaineers excepted, who struck of a heap at an effect so opposite to their wishes, sat still silently. Notwithstanding this, upon the second day of June following, this very assembly found a bill of impeachment, against these very same proscribed persons, by the same slanders being again declaimed: the fact is however, that eve-

ry passage to the hall was guarded at that time by 3,000 Jacobins, and eighty pieces of cannon.

Pache having finished his memorable discourse, left the bar to go to the hall, when Massuyer, a deputy, addressed the astonished mayor thus. "Have you no little place for me? *You would gain a hundred crowns by it.*" For this capital offence was poor Massuyer proscribed.—Upon the 31st of May he was outlawed, and at length died on the scaffold.

It is important to remark that the second list of proscription brought to the Convention a few weeks after, by the municipal officers and administrators of Paris, contained the same number of names with the first list—Twenty-two, though the names were not exactly the same in both. At the time that the decree of impeachment was passed, Marat, exercising his sovereign authority, made some alteration in the list. He cancelled several names, Lanthenas for example; but he carefully filled up the number with others; so that it still remained *twenty-two*. To conclude, when the trial of the deputies came on, after the capture of Lyons, Pethion, Buzot, Guadet, Salle, Valady, Barbaroux, and myself, were not in their power: consequently the list was lessened one third: they however took care to make it up again to its complement: and the exact number actually led to execution, was only one short of Twenty-two. This strange coincidence of number, from first to last, gives room to think, that one of the primary articles in the secret treaty between the foreign powers and the mountain was to furnish them with *twenty-two heads*.

Not yet satiated by the downfall and death of Republicans, they persecuted them even in their graves;

graves ; not satisfied with trampling on their misfortunes, they calumniated even their virtues. Had this been done by the father of anarchy itself, the prince of the sanguinary tribe, the *grand exterminator*, a Marat, the most corrupted, the basest, and the most impudent of the hireling Royalists, it would have seemed quite natural to me. I should have deemed it as natural, that Robespierre, envious of the appearance of merit, ambitious of all power, should continually attempt to throw an odium on men whose talents eclipsed his ; and these probably the only men who could thwart his tyrannical schemes, by powerful obstacles : nay whose very memory, bearing testimony against him, might drive him from that eminence on which he now sits, supported by the bloody engines of hypocrisy and calumny ; from that throne on which but one crime more might place him. But that this should be done by a man deservedly famous, in whom great abilities shine with uncommon lustre, whom mankind at large cannot at this day suspect of any sinister motive to disguise the truth. And who, though in the highest degree immoral, does not yet appear so compleatly reprobate, as to unite himself with the most despicable set of mankind : In a word, that Dumouriez, in his memoirs, which were not then published till six months after the criminal condemnation of these worthy republicans should take part with their executioners to slander them : this leaves room for astonishment, and influences to trace out the reason. In calumniating these men, Dumouriez freely uses the easiest means of dishonouring an honourable man, if his dishonour is wished for. He imputes to them the mis-

chiefs which others have done, and calls in question all the good they intended to do. He considers as the doing of the whole convention, those dishonourable acts, which he is perfectly sensible the mountain extorted from it by its base manoeuvres of terror. Nor does he ever apply his degrading epithets to any other members of that despicable faction but a few exterminators.

Whatever be in this, enough of Dunaouriez. We shall return to the convention. For a long time I had dreaded the dismal scenes of the 31st of May, and just when I began to suppose they might not take place, they happened. Marseilles had just got the better of these blood-suckers. They had not been suffered to come near the walls of Bourdeaux; the Jura and nearly all the southern departments had risen against the mountain; there was only Lyons wanting to this sacred coalition; at length, Lyons took up arms, and the counter-revolutionary municipality were expelled. The mountain easily observed by this news, that a desperate stroke had become necessary for its preservation. They took hold of the ropes of the alarm bell.

So threatening was the storm, that on the night of the 30th of May, we judged it prudent to sleep from home, which we had done nearly fifty times before. Buzot, Barbaroux, Guadet, Bergoing, Rabaud St Etienne, and myself, slept in a poor little chamber, where, though there were only three miserable beds, there were good arms and other defensive necessities. We were awakened at three in the morning by the alarm bell. We set out from our chamber at six, carrying our arms with us: and though we were at a considerable distance
from

from the convention hall, we determined to go straight thither.

We passed several clubs of villains near the Thuilleries; they discovered us, and appeared as if they meant to attack us; which they probably would have done had they not observed our arms. I remember that Rabaud St Etienne was in such perturbation that he could not have resisted: he was perpetually crying out as he went along *illa suprema dies* (this is our last day)—alas! never more shall I behold it!

On our entering the hall, we found three mountaineers there before us. Pointing to one of them, I said to Guadet, “do you notice what dreadful expectations gleam from that horrible face?”—“I do,” answered Guadet: “it is Clodius banishing Cicero.” The mountaineer made no reply, but a horrible grin by way of smile.

For this day, however, their hopes were blasted. They principally depended on the projected disarming of the section of *Butte des Moulins*, which had long occasioned them some vexation. This preliminary business being executed, they would have charged us with having caused it to assume the white cockade, and the decree of impeachment would have been passed. A particular circumstance unhinged the plan. The section, acquainted with the slanders circulated against it, and of the march of the suburb of St Anthony, had sense enough to perceive, that it was as requisite to retain its arms as its innocence, and that by victory it must seek its own justification. It intrenched itself in the palais-royal, charged the guns, and pointed the cannon loaded with grapeshot, and set fire to the matches. Five adjacent sections made ready to

support it. The forty thousand men of the suburb of St Anthony, when they reached the square in front of the palais-royal, determined, notwithstanding all the exertions made to push them on to fight, that it would be proper to send a deputation, to ascertain the truth. The deputies, admitted into the very heart of the brave battalion of Butte des Moulins, saw the three-coloured cockade in every hat, and *vive la republique* in every mouth. They united, embraced, danced, and for that evening, at least, the plot of the Jacobins was unsuccessful.

The day following, as I entered the assembly, I was informed that the municipality had just ordered the wife of citizen Roland to be arrested. Perceiving from this, that the progress of guilt had only been checked, I engaged the principal persons who were proscribed to dine together once more. Our dinner engaged our attention much less, than the very hazardous situation in which we found ourselves, and we were consulting on the steps we should take, when the alarm-bell began again to resound from every quarter. Immediately after, some person came to give Brissot the false information, that seals were going to be put on our different dwellings. Trembling for what was most dear to me, for my Lodoiska, whom perhaps they were about to arrest, I delivered my opinion shortly, but warmly, and supported it by forcible motives. From that time we could do no more in the convention, where the mountain and the galleries would not permit us to utter a word, but animate the hopes of the conspirators, who would be charmed with the prospect of seizing all their prey at once. We could do nothing more at Paris, terrified by the conspirators, who were masters of the whole

whole armed force, and the constituted authorities. *Nothing but the insurrection of the departments could preserve France.* It was therefore our business to seek some place of safety for that evening, and make the best of our way on the next and subsequent days, one by one, in the best manner we could; determined to re-assemble at Bourdeaux, or at Calvados if the insurgents, who were already appearing there should be in any considerable force. But in a particular manner, we must take care *not to continue as hostages in the hands of the mountain, and therefore we must by no means go again to the convention.*

You, Brissot, Vergniaud, Genfonne, Mainville, Valaze, all you honourable victims, whose death posterity will one day revenge, why did you not listen to my words? It was *Lesage* and I, who plucked you from the fury of your enemies on the 10th of March. Our exertions in the cause of liberty would have been more fortunate, perhaps, with your aid: together we might not, perhaps, have been more successful in stirring up an ardent love of liberty, and the lively detestation due to tyrants; but, at least, I should not have had this day to lament your untimely deaths.

Anxious to fly to the assistance of Lodoiska in danger, I left them, ignorant what resolution they would form. I could not get my wife to leave the house, till I assured her, that I would never enter it more. She flew to seek the mother of Barbaroux, with whom she took refuge at a relation's. There through the whole night the sound of the alarm-bell, drums beating, and the cries of rage demanding our heads stunned their ears. The poor mother of my worthy Lodoiska, trembling, and desperate, uttered faint groans, and only recovered

covered from one long swoon, to fall into another. "We must raise for you," cried she, "men all perfect, that you may cut their throats!" My wife, with dry eyes, and rending heart, fearing that I might not have attained my intended asylum, awaited death. In the course of a very few hours many of her hairs turned white. Great God, how dreadful her situation! yet this, my dear Lodoiska, was only the beginning of the trials, to which thou wert condemned by my hard fortune, and the generous affection which led you to share in it with me.

In the house of a friend, in whom I had every reason to trust, I found refuge. Ten years before he had done me important services, perhaps as a testimony of the sense he had of the assistance he had received from my father in his younger days. In my younger days I had tasted of no pleasures, in which his son, nearly of my own age, had not been a partaker or confidant. His wife professed to love me as she loved her own son, and gave me no other title. Three nephews and a niece, for whom I had a tender regard, lived with them. I had seen them at their births: they had been educated under my eye, in the house of their father, whom I had many reasons to respect, and of whom we were too soon deprived. They had for many years, in their uncle's house repaid my friendship for them, with evidences of equal friendship. I had had it in my power to be of service to most of them. For them, and them only, deviating from a rigid though perhaps mistaken principle, that of not using my interest for any friend, for any relation, for any connection, unless to repair an injury; considering also, that this worthy family, ruined by

by the revolution, possessed more talents than were necessary for the offices to which I recommended them; I had procured for them places sufficiently advantageous, if not highly lucrative, both for the father and the son. The youngest nephew (may he always continue to regard me as much as I regard him) I had placed in a school, where he would get an education suited to the great talents which he promised to possess. In a word, my Lodoiska and I fondly supposed that, whenever a proper suitor appeared, we would give half our little fortune to settle the niece. I hope to be forgiven these details, which must appear minute, the necessity of them will soon appear.

I spent a fortnight in this house, and another three weeks with a worthy young man, whom I shall again have occasion to mention.

The second day of June, had, however, been a fatal day to most of my friends. History will, no doubt, remark, that the disturbances of that day had taken place for the delivery of Hebert, who had been convicted by the committee of twenty-one of attempting to dissolve the convention, and who, it is now certain, was an agent of the combined powers; and of a kind of madman, named *Varlet*, who has been since guillotined for theft. History will also remark, that three thousand banditti, appointed to go against Vendee, were for a long time quartered within four miles of us, and brought back at the critical day, to surround us in the hall. History will also remark, that the *revolutionary committee* of the commune was almost entirely composed of strangers, *Gusman* a Spaniard, *Pache* a Swiss, *Dufourny* an Italian, and *Marat* himself was of Neuchatel. History will record, that the conspirators

rators having carefully placed bands, on which they could depend, close around the hall, so that the battalions of honest citizens could not come near it; and the insidious motion for going to the people having been decreed; *Herault-Sechelle*, then president of the assembly, and who of course consequently marching at its head, who had been previously instructed what to do, pretended to lead the representatives of the people towards the citizens; but, prevented by a row of troops, and by *Henriot*, whom the conspirators had just appointed to the command; by *Henriot*, who told the president, that he would not be suffered to pass, and, with his hat on his head, exclaimed, "cannoneers, to your guns," he returned, and contented himself with parading the representatives in the garden of the *Thuilleries*, every where overlooked by the municipal troops. History will remark, that *Herault-Sechelle* is now confessed on all hands to have been an emissary of the allied powers. History will record, that the decree for arresting the twenty-two was moved in the assembly by *Couthon*. History will record, that, on the 2d of June, while the alarm-bell was yet sounding, when the convention, being surrounded with forces, no longer existed in fact, and the decrees for the committee of twelve and the arrest of the twenty-two, were forcibly passed; *Marat* told the people, *that they wanted a leader*; and I have no doubt but the committee of public safety has at this very day a hundred thousand incontestible evidences, that *Chaumette* was one of the chief foreign agents with *Marat*, as *Chalier* was at Lyons, and *Savon* at Marseilles. To have made this public, however, would throw too much obloquy on the *Robespierres*, *Barreres*, and other despots,

despots, who would not have ascended the eminencies where they now stand without those stepping-blocks : besides, these three scoundrels are dead, and can now take no step to the prejudice of the septemvirate of public safety ; whereas Hebert and Chaumette, still in life and courage, to reign it was necessary to guillotine them, and to effect that it was necessary to say what they were. But above all, history, if written by the hand of freedom will record, when it cites the libel entitled *The Trial of Brissot and his Accomplices*, the cloud of ridiculous and contradictory accusations it includes, and the improbability of the weak answers it puts into the mouths of my unhappy friends, while not one word is mentioned of the excellent speech of Vergniaud, so formidable to the party, that they blushed not to forbid its being printed and published. History will record, that their best defence will be found in the libel itself ; since it shews, that four of the seven witnesses examined against them were Chaumette, Hebert, Chabot, and Fabre-d'Eglantine, now known to have been emissaries of the allied powers ; and two others were Pache, and Leonard-Bourdon, whose characters will likewise be unmasked, so soon as the interest of the committee of public safety makes it necessary.

History must also record, that, on the 20th of May, still another plot against the republicans in the convention was to have been put in practice. Forged letters between them and Cobourg had been prepared. On the night of the 20th of May, the the twenty-two were severally to have been arrested at their own doors, and carried to a solitary house in the suburbs of Montmartre, where every thing was in readiness for the intended crime.

There

There each victim, as he entered a back room, would find Jacobins ready to *septemberize* him, and they would all have been buried in a hole dug on purpose in the garden belonging to the house. It would have next day been propagated, that they had emigrated, and their *forged* letters with Coubourg would have been published. This plan was debated on at the house of Pache, mayor of Paris. The committee of twenty-one had demonstration of all these abominable designs: they were attested by more than fifty written and signed declarations. Part of these papers were committed to Bergoing, one of the members of that committee of twenty-one, who afterwards gave them to the administrators of Calvados, by whom, no doubt, at the time of the reconciliation, they were given to the mountain. Still more of them were in the hands of Rabaud-St-Etienne: I know not whether they are yet preserved.

The enraged departments, - however, spoke of nothing but vengeance. Buzot, who did not permit himself to be taken, and Barbaroux, who got from his guards, were at Cean with Gorsas, now become the Leader of the insurrection in the west. My dear wife had been repeatedly to see Valaze, arrested in his own house, who had numberless opportunities to escape, of which he would not take advantage, saying, with Genfonne, it was for the good of the republic, that the greater part of the deputies should get away, to stir up the minds of the people; but it was proper, that some should remain, as pledges of the innocence of those who were gone. He had mentioned to Lodoiska, that my presence was necessary in Calvados. She thought me in a safe asylum where I was, and was aware of the
perils,

perils, to which I should be exposed, as soon as I left it: but in her generous mind, patriotism was still stronger than love. To assist me in leaving my retreat, she only waited for passports, which were to be sent from Caen to Valaze for me. They at length arrived. On the 24th of June she and I quitted Paris. We were obliged, at Meulan, to change our carriage. Our new driver was a keen Maratist, and uttered numberless execrations against those *rascally deputies*, who fled through the departments, setting every thing in a flame. One of them, he told us, Buzot, had at first deceived the inhabitants of Evreux; but they at length discovered, and arrested him, and were preparing to convey him back to Paris. Judge what were my feelings! Those of Lodoiska were not less poignant. We continued the conversation, however, with cheerfulness, and it ended only with the day. Early the next morning we entered Evreux, where we discovered what lies had been told us the preceding evening. This city was still in a state of insurrection. Different obstacles hindered us till the evening. As we were about to set off, I observed the appearance of a man, whom I at first took for a spectre. It was Guadet, disguised as a journeyman upholsterer; he had travelled forty-four miles on foot, that one day, chiefly by cross roads. The day following he urged on me the imprudence of taking our wives with us, in the midst of dangers, and in that laborious and dangerous life, which we must lead. I cannot forgive myself, for listening to him too easily. I cannot recollect without the most painful sensations, the tears my wife shed at our parting. Had she gone with me, perhaps, we should have been now in America. Gua-

Guadet and I reached Caen on the 26th. The eight departments, viz. five of what was formerly of Brittany, and three of Normandy, had formed a coalition. They sent their commissioners to Caen, and their armed troops were at hand. Wimpfen, commander in chief, had hitherto confined his exploits to journeys and talking. Under the most trifling pretences, he delayed every kind of arrangement. I soon saw him, and I was easily satisfied, that he was a keen royalist, for he did not even take the trouble to dissemble. I asked Barbaroux and Buzot, what support to our cause they could look for from such a man. Buzot told me, that Wimpfen was a royalist, no doubt, but a man of honour, and incapable of falsifying his engagements. Barbaroux, I found, completely seduced by the winning manners of Wimpfen. To Guadet and Pethion, who were just arrived, my fears were inconceivable. They were amazed at my extreme readiness to suspect every body, who was not a republican like myself. I then saw, that every thing would go on at Caen, as it had done at Paris. Wimpfen was adored by the *Normans*, he had considerable influence in the administration of Calvados, and he had gained the entire confidence of the *Bretons*. To supplant him, therefore, required the united exertions of us all; and I found myself stand alone. In this part of the republic, all our measures must of course prove abortive. Many of the *Normans*, likewise, who were most favourably disposed towards us, because, judging from papers, they had supposed us to be royalists, were totally changed, as soon as, from our conversation and behaviour, they came to be better acquainted with us. My last dependence, therefore, was on the south. Had my wife been

been at Caen, we would have gone to Honfleur, and gone on board some vessel returning to Bordeaux. As we would soon have found matters going no better on there than in other places, we would have taken a passage in the first American vessel, and in all probability have been now in Philadelphia, enjoying peace and quiet.

Three weeks passed on in this manner, in which time Wimpfen did nothing else, but conduct the two thousand men which came from Evreux. This little troop was magnified however at Paris to 30,000 strong, by this time good citizens began to speak out, and to make preparations for the overthrow of the detested municipalities. Several of the sections had sent commissioners to Evreux, who took back with them to Paris sundry pamphlets, which tended to discover our real sentiments: especially a production which was entitled, for what reason I know not; *Wimpfen's* manifesto; it contained a declaration of the commissioners of the united departments, which I had drawn up with very particular care. This declaration conveyed peace, fraternity, and assistance to the inhabitants of Paris; but extermination and exemplary correction to some particular members of the mountain, the municipality, and all the Cordeliers. This proper distinction had the best effect. The commissioners had also observed, and expressly declared, that the troops of the different departments had been basely calumniated, when it was laid to their charge that they wore the white cockade, and wished monarchy to be re-established. In a word, every thing was in such a state, that had we been at first successful, a revolution would have taken place at Paris, without the forces of the depart-

ments so much as entering the city. It was not however Wimpfen's plan that we should be successful. At this time the mountain was greatly disturbed, and had brought together in Paris 1800 foot soldiers, one half of whom, however, wished us well, and seven or eight hundred scoundrels, poltroons, and thieves. This body had just taken possession of Vernon. Then it was that Wimpfen began to talk of besieging this city; and immediately introduced to us one M. Depuyfay, as a staunch republican and able officer, though he had never been heard of before. Wimpfen gave him his instructions to attack Vernon, and there is no doubt he was very faithful to his private lessons.

In order more effectually to take the enemy by surprise, he marched out in light of day with sound of drum. Although there were few of his corps that had ever slept in a camp, he in the first place exposed them for a whole day to a scorching sun, and then made them spend the night in the open air, without a tent to cover them. He spent the next day in attacking a little fortress which to his *immortal honour* he carried. The enemy being thus fully informed of what was intended, he had to give them but one advantage more; he stopped short at the entrance of a wood within two miles of Vernon: then piled up the cannon as it were one behind another along the wall, left all the little troop in the utmost confusion, without so much as appointing centinels; and then took up his nights lodging in a cottage about a mile distant. In about an hour after, some hundred men suddenly made their appearance and fired three rounds of cannon upon our troops, were completely taken by surprise; but as far as could be judged by appearances

ances the guns were only loaded with powder for the whole was manifestly a concerted scheme. Whatever be in this, our soldiers, ignorant of their enemy, could not lay hands on their arms, called out in vain for the general, and soon fled. Their route was so sudden, that had it not been for a few select troops of Isle and Vilain, who kept their station for a very little, not one piece of cannon could have been carried off. Notwithstanding, there was not a single man in the whole party who had got a single scratch; nor did the enemy proceed thirty yards in following up their easy victory. M. Dupuyfay, however, when requested by the administration of Ure not to abandon it, declared it was utterly impossible to retain Evreux; and the day following he retired about thirty miles, giving up, without firing a single shot, a whole department.

When the messenger who brought this dismal intelligence arrived, Wimpfen discovered no symptoms of any surprize: on the contrary, he soon asserted, there was no loss in what had happened: he proposed to fortify Caen, declaring it to be in a state of siege, of establishing an army of considerable force, and circulating paper-money to pass currently in the seven departments which were united. These propositions suggested many reflections. After a number of long conversations between Salle and I, on this subject, we were fully convinced that Wimpfen, so far from intending to carry his army to Paris, only proposed to close us up together with him in some town where his party was most numerous, there to set on foot a communication with England, and if possible to involve us in some connection with that country; and finally by our means, as circumstances might

direct, either to heal matters for himself with the mountain, if they should get the better of the coalition in the south, or on the other hand, should they get the better of the mountain, to patch up his peace with them.

When we communicated to our companions our suspicions, they considered them as visionary: nor would any thing less convince them than what too soon followed. Wimpfen asked an interview, alleging it to be highly important. He pointed out our situation as critical in the extreme, if very vigorous measures were not adopted. He was proposing to proceed to Lisieux in order to organize his forces, erect his camp, and take other measures in order to put it in a good state of defence; but in looking forward, something more was requisite and he then proceeded to renew his plans respecting Caën, paper currency, &c. judging it prudent to support his reasonings by attempting to frighten us; although he should have known, that men who had been for a long time accustomed to withstand the indignation of the mountain and its assassins were not most likely to be terrified into any schemes; an officer who was no doubt properly instructed by his general, entered suddenly, as if in great terror, to tell him that there was a great riot, that the people had stopped the supplies for the army, and that there were some even very outrageous proceedings against the deputies. Wimpfen assumed the appearance of displeasure at the hurried manner in which such dismal tidings had been communicated. *Go*, said he to the officer, *go, there is nothing in it; talk a little reasonably with the people, quiet them, and circulate a little money among them, if needful.* After the officer went out, Wimpfen thought

thought he might now take upon him to state his great proposal. *Consider fully on all I have stated to you*, said he, *I am perfectly sensible that small means will not bring about great ends. But mark me, I speak with freedom; I can only think of one measure by which we can expeditiously and certainly procure a supply of troops, arms, ammunition, money, and other necessities; and that is, to enter into a negotiation with England, for which I have the means; but I must also have your authority, and your engagement to be faithful.* It will readily be believed, that the expressions printed in Italics made a deep impression on my mind: and I can at least answer that I have faithfully stated the import of the former part of our conversation.

I cannot say how far my reader may be able to conceive the instantaneous and forcible effect which this conversation had on my two unsuspicious friends. All of us enraged, without the least consultation, got up, and put an end to the conference, although Wimpfen did all in his power to renew it.

The base trap laid for us by this *worthy* agent of the mountain, will, I apprehend, be easily conceived by all. Had we fallen into the snare, either from fear or hope of revenge, there would have been an end of the French Republic, and of our own honour, at the same instant. The mountain would then have been in the possession of undeniable evidence against us. We should then have been Royalists, and they Republicans. All the Republicans throughout the kingdom considered as Royalists, would have been persecuted, arrested, imprisoned, and executed. It would have been alleged, that our plot had spread abroad to the south. The surrender of Toulon into the hands of
the

the English, would have been laid to our charge, and not to the mountain. I know that in consequence of their unfortunate triumph, they have not neglected to alledge as much. But no honest, enlightened mind has credited them. In this manner they have been exposed to the no less unjust and absurd charge of federalism.

Wimpfen, though much disconcerted, left us without any expressions of displeasure; he barely hinted, that as he intended to depart for Lisieux, it would be prudent in us to continue still at Caen, to give a check to the reports of some malicious people who were at great pains to prejudice us in the minds of the people. Barbaroux and I went to Lisieux the following day. The general seemed a good deal surprised to see us, but gave us a very welcome reception.

We discovered, though he did not mention it himself, that he had just had a private interview with one of the emissaries of the leaders of the mountain, who for three weeks past, had been scattering handfuls of assignats in the places through which he travelled; and who soon after considering himself certain of powerful protection came to Caen, to carry on the same business of corruption before our very faces. At Lisieux we saw many people with arms, but no soldiers: no order nor discipline, only a rage for making motions. Some private hand had in one day disunited even the battalions of Bretons, which till then had been well established. Wimpfen spared no pains to point out to us all this confusion, and to shew us the impossibility of his making a stand here, and the necessity of leading back all his troops to Caen, and making that city the central point of defence; &c.

We

We heard no more however of his plans of communication with the English.

He retreated from Lisieux the day following; and my friend saw that our prospects of success were over in the west. It was in vain, that Wimpfen seemed to be serious, when he returned to Caen, where he always wished to establish himself; his attempts to establish a staff, arrange his forces, fix a place for his camp, erect batteries of 18 pounders, could no longer impose on any of my companions.

It is probable, that Wimpfen sent secret dispatches to the mountain, the night before, by one of the committee of public safety's envoys. When I say the mountain, however, I do not mean all its members, nor even all its chiefs, but only Lacroix, Fabre d'Eglantine, the principal Cordeliers, others who heartily wished to overcome Pethion, Guadet, their republican fellows, and the dictator, Robespierre. Wimpfen remitted to them an account of the bad success of his negotiations with the English, and the inutility of prosecuting them farther, upon which they resolved to confine themselves to the breaking of the nucleus of our armed force; but still intending to brand us with the title of Royalists, which was requisite to ruin us; and it was doubtless at that period only, they were to pretend to give up Toulon to the English. Any one totally ignorant of the state of affairs, may be surprised at what I advance; but I shall explain myself in the course of my narrative as to the tragic farce of Toulon.

Before I enter on the sad situation of our affairs at Caen, I must take notice of some interesting circumstances, which I left behind me, that I might
not

not break the connected chain of things of greater importance.

Immediately after the departure of Wimpfen for Eisleux, a bad general offered his services to us. He was, however, a good partizan, had commanded hussars, was an excellent man for a coup-de-main, or to lead the battalions drums beating, and colours flying—to the Carrouzel. It was *Beysser*, whom we recommended to Wimpfen, who civilly refused his offers. *Beysser* immediately endeavoured to seduce our horsemen, and then trusting he had ingratiated himself with the mountain, he posted to Paris, to boast of this manœuvre; and his sincerity in the transaction was so far from being doubted, that a short time after he was guillotined. What gave me confidence in him, however, was his being accompanied by *Bois Guyon*, in the capacity of his adjutant general, a staunch Jacobin, a republican to the back bone, a young man of the most promising talents; and a worthy friend of mine, who most unluckily some time after this, fell into the hands of the enemy, and was guillotined at Paris along with *Girey Dupre*, who was worthy of such a fellow sufferer in his glorious death.

Shortly after this, a stout, handsome, young woman, of a most engaging air, came to the town-house (*à l'intendance*) where we all lodged, to speak with *Barbaroux*. In her face and carriage, which were those of a fine and pretty woman, there was a mixture of gentleness and majesty, which indicated her sublime way of thinking. A servant always attended her. She waited for *Barbaroux* in a hall through which some of us had continually occasion to pass. Since that woman has been the object of public notice, we have mutually recollected all the subjects

Subjects of her visits, and I am now satisfied that it was only a pretext her soliciting a favour for one of her friends. Her motives were, doubtless, to form an acquaintance with some of the founders of that republic, for whose welfare she was going to give up her life; and perhaps she was not averse to the thought, that her features might some day be present to their memory. Never can they be erased from mine.—O Charlotte Corday! in vain have all the *Cordelier* painters used their joint efforts to present to the world a disfigured copy of thy charms: you will always be remembered by us as we then saw thee, gentle yet noble, modest and beautiful, thy mien will always in our eyes have that dignified firmness, that modest ardency; we will never forget that fire which glanced from thy eye, on the eve of the day thou departedst to humble with the dust, a man, whose vices it will be as difficult to make us forget, notwithstanding of their flattering endeavours.

I positively affirm, that she never mentioned her design to any one of us. Had she consulted us, we would not have directed her to strike at Marat! for well we knew, he lingered under a severe disease, and that he had scarcely two days to live.—Let us humble ourselves before the decrees of that providence which permitted Robespierre and his accomplices to live till they had butchered one another, to live long enough for it to be proved to the conviction of all France, whose eyes will latterly be opened by this solemn revelation, that they were traitorous royalists, and he the most ambitious of tyrants. In the hurry of the great events then going on, there were few that paid any attention to the sublimeness apparent in the dignified
brevity

brevity of the answers of that astonishing woman, to the infamous knaves by whom she was tried: or to the grandeur of thought and elegance of expression, in that famous letter she addressed to Barbaroux, but a few hours before her death, and which from a really delicate republican principle, she dated from *the apartment of Brissot*. If any thing worthy of record be preserved respecting the French Revolution, her letter will be handed down to posterity. O my dear Barbaroux! of thy so envious fate, never have I envied any part, but that of having my name prefixed to that epistle. As however she pronounced my name on her examination, she has recompensed me for all my labours—indemnified me for all my sacrifices, my troubles, the corroding anxiety I feel in the absence of my Lodoiska, and should I even learn that my skilful persecutors, have assassinated thee—still it would support me in that terrible trial. Whatever happens, I am at any rate rewarded, for I know, since Charlotte has named me, my name cannot altogether be buried in oblivion.—Give ear to my last prayers, thou future idol of republicans, O Charlotte Corday, who reposest in Elysium, with a Vergniaux, a Sydney, a Brutus; pray to the Lord, that he may protect my Lodoiska, and restore her to her husband safe—beseech him to grant us some spot where freedom reigns, where we may lay down our heads in honourable poverty; to put into my hands some honest means of enjoying for a few years, in obscurity, love and happiness with my Lodoiska. And if that cannot be granted, if my wife must die on the scaffold, O let me speedily hear the news, that I may embark for that place
where

where thou hast dominion, to join my wife and talk with you.

Upon looking over my last paragraph, I am certain I will be accused by many of *fantacism*—Well: cold hearts are never in great men. The young man, who ran up when the accomplished Corday was led to prison, intreating to be detained in her stead, and to suffer the punishment prepared for her, he too was a *fanatic*—but this action will perpetuate his memory.—How I regret having forgot his name. The Cordeliers granted so much of his petition, for they suffered him to die, but not in the stead of Charlotte*.

The *Bretons* who formed the main force of our army, properly speaking, were indeed astonished when they heard that their primary assemblies had acknowledged the constitution; and the great speakers, plainly proved (for they were well paid no doubt) that it would be factious in them to combat with the mountain; for most men chuse rather to sleep in a whole skin, than fight when victory is doubtful. There was however some hesitation among the brave Bretons; but they were plied so closely, that they were carried by the flood; besides, they were civilly told, by the administrators of Calvados, who were afterwards guillotined; that they must leave the city of Caen as they had accepted the constitution, and as the Bretons were
G. thus

* Another *fanatic*, Adam Lux, deputy extraordinary for Mentz, was so struck with admiration at her behaviour, that he hastily composed a little oration on it, printed it with a proposal to erect a statue to the heroine, inscribed GREATER THAN BRUTUS. And in consequence, on being thrown into the abbey, he exclaimed in a transport of joy,—"It is for Charlotte Corday, then, I am to die!" He was accordingly executed a day or two after.

thus cowardly abandoned they departed, and every one went to his own home.

It is probable Wimpfen had a passport from the mountain, and an errand to England. I am ignorant of what is become of M. de Puyfay * who so composedly suffered himself to be beaten at Vernon. Mrs de Puyfay retired to Bourdeaux, and was there denounced by a subaltern officer not initiated in the mysteries. She was arrested and sent to Paris, and since then, nothing has been heard of her, and although she is a handsome woman, many will be of my opinion, that it was not her beauty that has saved her from the fury of the banditti.

Many will no doubt be anxious to know the fate of the proscribed deputies, those unfortunate remains of the chief founders of the republic! The sequel of their affecting history shall be my task for the latter part of these memoirs.

AFTER having made mankind my study in a great city, amidst their most effeminate habits, the conveniences of luxury, and the indulgence of that sort of gallantry termed love: After having discovered in their sybarites sunk in effeminacy, a degenerate people, who could, and could but bear without absolute despair, the enormous weight of their yokes: I ventured to assert that neither the oppressed had courage to shake off their burdens, nor the oppressors to resist any efforts to that effect,

* This is the same Puyfay that had the command of an army of insurgents and Emigrants in Brittany, in our pay.

fect, but because none could be made. I was not altogether mistaken; on a sudden a great change in the government of France threatened; the interest of individuals roused strong conflicts; but happily the first conflict was more noisy than destructive.

Matters assumed after this a more serious appearance, bold factions appeared. Betwixt the court party which carried on intrigue for the establishment of all the old abuses, and the Orleans party, which seemed to oppose them, only to revive them for its own interest, some men conspiring in the cause of virtue made their way. After their noble exertions a convention collected, charged with *constituting* a republic, which unfortunately it could do no more than *decree*. It was at first but an empty name: it was soon a fatal one; for it rendered the *thing itself* abortive. However, forced almost in despite of myself to appear upon the grand theatre, which I imagined that of the noblest passions, what did I at the very first perceive? From the centre of the mountain to its summit, presumptuous ignorance pretending to all the advantages of celebrity, insatiable covetousness grasping at riches, vile debauchery thirsting for still greater indulgences, atrocious vengeance fitted for assassination, despicable envy despairing of the influence of talents, and boundless ambition burning with thirst of power at the expense of every crime. And when such villains began to get the ascendancy; when the mob, rising on loads of spoil and the ruins of property, obedient to their call, bathed in torrents of innocent blood; when plunder systematically directed by *magistracy*, atheism reduced to principle, and two hundred thousand scaffolds estab-

blished by the law, disgraced my country; I was obliged to acknowledge, that, of every species of slavery, that which anarchy introduces is the most insupportable. When the ignorant and misguided multitude reigns, crimes are not more numerous than rulers. One betakes himself to plunder, another to murder: one seeks amusement in harassing, imprisoning, and tormenting his enemy; while another chooses rather to *demand* his wife; a third, without mining matters, prefers ravishing his daughter, too fortunate if the villain do not kill her after. One would think, that every one exerts himself to find out some new crimes, over which nature has not yet groaned: when one is invented, it is deified; and other villains labour with anxiety to make some new discovery, that shall be equally successful. Thus in my disgraced country many thousands of banditti practice guilt by profession; and amongst crimes, select, and extol, what are most shameful, most disgusting, most dreadfully new. Thus after the affair of Vendée, a representative so far forgot himself as to style a hangman *the avenger of the people*, and to entitle by the name of *civic virtue* that ferociousness, by which he was led to engage, in a full *assembly of the people*, to cut off, perhaps every day, twenty Frenchmen's heads. Thus at *Commune affranchie*, (what wretched mockery in this change of name!) *Collet d'Herbois*, likewise a representative of the people, *Ronsin*, the general of an army, and some other *patriots*, coolly considered together, for hours, in what manner to assassinate with most solemn cruelty eight or ten thousand of the Lyonnese. So that at the noise of the cannister-shot, by which they were tore to pieces, and the repeated blows
of

of the sabre, with which those who survived this were dispatched, a multitude of people made the air resound with applause. It was thus the guillotine became the national altar, to which brother will *citizenly* drive brother; or father drive son. In this manner an unhappy wife, having accompanied her husband to the place of punishment with groans, is condemned, to the great delight of the multitude, to spend several hours under the fatal instrument, which sheds on her, drop by drop the new spilt blood of her beloved partner, whose corps is beside her—there—on the scaffold!—Thus, at once, like a torrent confined by no dikes, an immeasurable mass of guilt, unknown to the most barbarous nations, spreads over a vast empire, and threatens to overwhelm the globe. O why was it that nothing less than this experience could satisfy me of the fatal truth, that, without any distinction of poverty or wealth, obscurity or greatness, I will say even, in general, of vain knowledge or perfect ignorance, and which except *virtue* only, is the privilege of a few privileged philosophers, men must be slaves; since mankind are either wicked themselves, or bow before those who are so!

So long as we had any expectation to bring down that impious faction, we traversed the departments, not so much to seek protection for ourselves, as to raise up enemies against it. Absurd attempt! the disgusting machiavelianism of Herbert was to drive all before it. Fear had already, under the name of prudence, begun to divide the band of departments, to put an end to salutary measures, and endanger liberty in her last asylum. At Marseilles, at Bourdeaux, in most of the principal cities, the sly, indifferent, fearful household,

holder, could not resolve to leave home for a moment; to mercenaries he committed his cause and his arms; as if it were not easy to foresee, that the man he hired might soon be hired against him. Again the mountain, ardent, bold, full-fledged in guilt, drew the sword against its country. Merely to breach a few casks, surprize a few women, and break open a few strong boxes, worthless soldiers hired in the service of the mountain, to the shout of *vive la republique*, they cut the throats of republicans; and to set their country free, they ran to enslave it. Vomited from the *capital*, as from a modern Rome, the vilestimps of disguised royalism, the most infamous agents of corruption, brought chains to the *conquered provinces*, already prepared to bow before their bloody proconsulate. Cities, once the proudest, began to prostrate before a few Jacobins. The republic was lost! and we, its unfortunate founders, were doomed to suffer the most dreadful fate, that could attend a few well known proscribed persons; whom every villain pursued, and every coward forsook. Those whose property we had uniformly protected amidst dangers, offered us not, in our distress, the least pitance of that property, the whole of which they next day would surrender on their knees to the first robber, who would lay hold on it. Those whose lives we had defended for ten months, at the risque of our own, would not open their doors to us, fearing to expose theirs a moment in our behalf. Amidst the horrors of dark nights, and stormy skies, worn out with fatigue, having wandered about all day in the woods without rest, famished with hunger, burning with thirst, nothing was left us to supply our continually renewing necessities,

ties, or defend us from assassins, but our valour, our innocence, a gleam of hope, and the wonderful conduct of an evidently protecting Providence. We shall see friends, barbarians through cowardice, refuse to know their friend. This trial was reserved for me, the most painful of all I have undergone! Unhappy man! friends of twenty years standing will drive thee from their door; will drive thee back again even to the scaffold. I had seen men in a body in their public life, and had abhorred them: I had access to know them too well individually in their private life, and detestation was succeeded by contempt. Since, even in a country which I imagined about to be regenerated, the good are so cowardly, and the wicked so outrageous, it is clear, that every collection of men, pompously called *people* by fools like me, is in fact but a feeble herd, happy to bow to a master*. Whether he be a Robespierre or a Massaniello, a Marat or a Nero, a Caligula or a Châlier, a Hébert or a Pitt, a Cartouch even or an Alexander, a Desfrues or an Orleans, where is the difference? Every villain, if he has ambition, and circumstances guide him on, may arrive to be what is called a *great man*: only sometimes the ablest is thrown down from the eminence into the abyss below, whilst to reign is to be truly wretched indeed †.

Amidst

* Think of my situation, and let my excess of grief be an excuse for these reflections.

† Cromwell, to whom Robespierre bore such resemblance, talents excepted; who, naturally savage and irreligious, affected, with double hypocrisy, to be inclined to clemency; and zealous in the cause of his God; was no sooner on the throne, than he imagined himself continually surrounded with assassins. He could not trust his own guards.

Amidst such excess of depravity, however, it is truly consoling, to have to declare, that, even in France, there still exist some who are worthy of liberty. We have found them chiefly in that sex, which is esteemed trifling and timid. The kindest attentions, the most spirited assistance, that interested compassion cannot refuse to undeserved misfortune, have been lavished on us by females. O madam ——! I cannot mention your name at present, without proving your ruin; but, virtue remains not unrewarded; and if it shall be for ever impossible to hold you up to the gratitude of republicans, never doubt that he who formed your heavenly breast after his own image, your God and mine, the God of goodness and beneficence, will keep in mind the hazardous offices you went through for us, and that, surrounded with our executioners, you carried off their prey*.

The administrations had just got an example of shameful defection from the administrators of Calvados: they had patched up a peace with the mountain privately, without giving any previous notice. They mentioned it to us the third day after

guards. He carried pistols in his pocket by day, and at night he laid them under his pillow. He scarcely ventured to eat: to sleep he was a stranger. Every night he changed his room and his bed. Who would not prefer death to a crown at such a price? Many poltroons, no doubt: but could we consider them fortunate in obtaining it? Is it not more likely, that even for them death would be preferable?

* This generous woman, alas! was the sister-in-law of Guadet, the wife of citizen Bouquet. — She was executed; assassinated together with her husband, and her brother-in-law, and Guadet's father. She is dead, yet young Julian, who murdered her, lives at this day. — Where art thou, O God of justice?

ter in the following manner; they posted up the advertisement of the mountaineers, by which we were outlawed, at the very door of the house where they had lodged us (*l'intendance*.) The Bretons, enraged at this perfidy and insolence, as they were to set out next day, offered us their arms: we accepted of them, more to protect ourselves than to act offensively. When we mentioned to the deputies our intention of seeking an asylum among them, and to protect liberty in their respective departments, they shouted for joy:

We actually set out next day. We divided into three parties, and joined the three battalions. We marched along as common soldiers; and those who had received us, seemed delighted that the Twenty Representatives of the People, in whose favour almost all France had just arisen, should become their companions: for no fewer than sixty-nine of the departments had united together. At first we found ourselves in an agreeable, and rather new situation. As to myself I thought it very pleasant to travel on foot with those brave fellows, eating with them, my portion of the ammunition—bread and butter, and drinking my glass of cyder: stepping, at night, quietly with my billet to lodge with some private person, who, taking me for a volunteer, put an end to any restraint or ceremony between us.

The Bretons were highly pleased with this behaviour. The departments of Ille and Vilaine, Mayene, and particularly Finisterre, had not fallen in to the culpable plan, which the southern department had adopted, that of arming only hired slaves.

Their volunteers were chiefly young men of education, who understood the nature of the cause they were to defend, and could neither be bought
nor

nor fold. Notwithstanding, whatever steps were taken, busy people of either too weak or too sanguine dispositions, and some disguised friends of anarchy, stole into the companies; and these, though not numerous, often found means to influence the rest, through their vile machinations and infamous intrigues. This we had already observed at Lisieux, and had too soon sorrowful opportunity to experience it still more.

We arrived at Vires, after several marches; we there understood, that the mountain had put a great number under arrest at Paris, encouraged by what had befallen us. I was in a state of great anxiety about my wife. Having been very much fatigued, I retired to rest about six o'clock: mid-night arrived, and I had not yet been able to shut mine eyes, when I was informed, that there was a lady enquiring for me.——It was she herself!—Judge what were my transports!

My inestimable friend! The bawlers in the Parisian news-papers, had yet scarcely gaskoonaded sufficiently the great victory gained over the royalists of Calvados at Vernon, when foreboding the calamities that would ensue, she speedily sold off all her property of value. She came hither to inform me, that, in future, connecting herself with whatever should happen me, she would boldly meet banishment, want, and every other danger that would occur. Then it was, that, overcome with her generosity, and fully satisfied that any reverse of fortune would not alter her disposition, I urged her to unite with me in that bond, which I had long anxiously looked for, but which we had hitherto found impracticable; as her divorce from her former husband had been only obtained about

ten.

ten months before. Alas! under what ill-boding omens was our tie contracted! Pethion, Buzot, Salle, and Guadet, were the witnesses who attended.

Lodoïska earnestly entreated me to proceed to the nearest port, there to take our passage in the first vessel in which we could get transported to America. I mentioned Lyons, Bourdeaux, and Marseilles, having one last effort in view, in defence of the republic, which I thought my duty to aid. "Let it be so," said she, "but let us part no more." I swore, we should not: how often was I, even in spite of myself, obliged to break my oath.

The battalions parted at *Fougeres*. The battalion of Mayene set out for Laval, that of Ille and Vilaine for Rennes, that of Finistere continued their route to Brest. All the three were anxious to keep us, and promised to protect us: but this was not enough: we had sent a friend before us to Rennes by name B——, who desired us to proceed to that city, where we would find ready opportunities to the sea side, and from thence, in some coasting vessel we should get to Bourdeaux. Barbaroux was much against this, he demonstrated to us, that it would be much better for us to go on to Quimper, where our colleague Kervellegan had been for several days before, and would undoubtedly have a temporary retreat ready for us, as well as proper means for embarking. We took his advice, and I believe it was very fortunate for us we did so.

We proceeded from *Fougeres*, and took the road by Dol, in company with the battalion of Finistere; we lodged all night (I think) at *Antrain*. Of this, however, I cannot be very certain, as, though I recollect facts with the utmost exactness, places and dates

dates may sometimes escape me : and in the cavern where I now write I can have no assistance : not so much as a map of France. Whether the town of Antrain be on this side or the other, of Fougères, it is beyond contradiction, that in it we ran great danger. The inhabitants were strong Jacobins. There were about 200 villains who planned the modest attempt to disarm the battalion during the night, while billeted in private houses, and then seize the deputies and send them off to the mountain, if taken, or to kill them if they made any resistance : the plot was timeously discovered : we doubled our guards, and placed a strong patrol, and the cut-throat villains went home.

Our alarm, however, increased before we had got the length of Dol : we were certainly told that the municipality of that town had armed their volunteers, the artillery were drawn up before the municipality, and sent to St Maloes requesting assistance from their garrison and the national guard : which the gentlemen of Dol supposed, might reach them in the evening, and be in time enough to meet us, as though we should be there in the forenoon, we purposed spending the next day there also. On receiving this intelligence, our brave soldiers prepared : they loaded their muskets and cannons. We doubled our haste, and reached Dol two hours sooner than was proposed. We fixed our bayonets, and entering the town with a quick step, drew up before the town-house. The guns were pointed, but they did not fire them. A party of volunteers went up to the mayor, to enquire into the cause of the hostile report which was circulated. The mayor avowed what he had done, declaring that it was not intended to prevent the return

turn of the battalion, but to seize upon those traitorous deputies that lay concealed in the ranks. The Bretons were provoked at this answer; and had not the commander and us joined in quieting them, a civil war would have commenced at Dol. We agreed not to lodge that night in the town, but it was necessary to dine there. They would not leave us, and we ate altogether in the market-place. *If you are so anxious to take them,* said they to the passers by, *call to arms and come on.* Even this, however, did not lead us to expect what happened next day.

There was a dangerous pass on the high road to Dinan, about six miles from Dol, where we were to spend the night: it was a high narrow pass, at the entrance of a wood. The three thousand men expected from St Maloes, and who were said to be on the road, might take this pass with great advantage, and wait here to attack our 800 Bretons. This our Battalion were aware of, but remained undaunted: they all swore to die rather than forsake us: we kept our ranks, firmly determined not to fall alive into the hands of these mountain satellites. My wife and some other women followed us in a carriage; their apprehensions may be easily imagined. When we had at last got to the much feared place, not a single person was there. We have since learned that these three thousand men from St Maloes had refused to march against their brethren of Finisterre. At Dinan we were heartily welcomed: who could be honoured to accommodate us was the strife.

An alarming noise awoke us by break of day; it arose from some disputes in the market place. The disquieters of Lifieux had been employed through

the night in alarming the weak and timid inhabitants, of whom they had convoked a sort of General Assembly. They cried out, that as the convention was now acknowledged, and the constitution accepted, to protect outlawed deputies was to assist a faction. The honest part of the community much distressed, replied, that the greater part of the departments had not yet acknowledged the convention: and besides, to deliver up or forsake, virtuous representatives, would be to disgrace Finisterre, especially as trusting in the promises of the battalions, they had preferred it to the other combined Bretons. This idea, in a particular manner, gave fresh vigour to our friends, who now also were most numerous. It was in vain that a courier brought the strange intelligence, that the three thousand St Maloes men were marching to attack Dinan, and that St Brieux was coming up with troops on the other side; so that the battalion would stand between two fires; our friends remarked, that no part of this story was very likely; but even were it so, we should not halve matters; death should be preferred to disgrace. The dispute between the parties increased, and seemed likely to come to blows; we determined, if possible, to prevent it, and resolved, in future, to trust to ourselves only for protection. When the brave fellows heard our determination to leave the battalion, and to proceed by cross roads to Quimper, they exerted themselves as much as possible to keep us; but finding our determination unalterable, they offered to assist us with all that we stood in need of, in the greatest profusion. We absolutely refused to accept of any money; but we suffered them to equip us as volunteers, in which character we meant to travel, and

and we considered it as necessary for our own defence, that we should be deficient in no kind of armour. They picked out the best guns they had for us, and trusty sabres; while the cartridge boxes were well stuffed. We covered our uniforms with those white frocks and red edgings in which soldiers generally march. We got a guard of six chosen men in uniform like our own. In a word, an officer whom I cannot here name, signed discharges to us, expressing, that we were volunteers of Finisterre, returning to our homes by the shortest road to Quimper. We had at least an hundred miles of bad road to travel on foot; and it would be prudent for us not to exceed three days on our journey: I could not propose to take my wife with me: we would be but a short time separate, however, as she was to travel with a proper passport by the high road, to wait for me at Quimper. Even this short absence, cost us many tears.

Ye brave inhabitants of Finisterre*, we left you, and few of you ever could see any of us more.

H. 2.

Receive

* I am informed the commander of these brave fellows is one of those, who honoured the dungeons of the Conciergerie, formerly the receptacles of guilt. A fortunate and inconceivable destiny preserved him alive to his friends, and to the republic, which will never have a better citizen. After fourteen months suffering, he at length enjoyed the esteem, which his unspotted life deserves. It was he, who preserved the National Convention on the 10th of March: it was he whom we again found in our adversity: with whatever modesty he attempt to conceal his name, history will claim it; history will know it in happier days. Often has he exposed his life in fighting for liberty: he has exposed it to serve his friends, the friends of the republic, and he appears insensible of all. Happy, honourable party, that of genuine republicans, styled federalists, since such men are reckoned among you!

Receive at least here the assurance of regard which will end only with our lives. It often happened that in departments where we expected to meet with more energy, we regretted your's. The time was at hand, when, obliged to wander without assistance, we no longer found men resolute to defend us; too fortunate, if we could find any, that would receive us into their dwellings.

Here I should repair an essential neglect. I forgot to say, that this excellent battalion of Finisterre was not present at the affair of Vernon. Wimpfen, understanding that it was near, and knowing well how it was composed, took care to wait for it only three days, though he had spent a whole month elsewhere without any reason. He certainly calculated well: for I have no doubt, however great talents his Mr de Puyfay displayed in causing himself to be taken by surprise, the surprise would never have taken place had the men of Finisterre been there.

We thus set off, and now is the time to mention who were in our company. We were in all nineteen: Pethion, Barbaroux, -Salle, Buzot, Cussy, Lesage (of Eure and Loire), *Bergoing* (of Gironde), *Giroust*, *Meillant*, and myself; *Girey-Dupre*, and a worthy young man, one *Ricuffe*, who joined us at Caen; our six guides; and a servant of Buzot. *Lanjuinais* was not among us, he had only passed through Caen to see us. *Guadet*, who was always wandering from the battalion, not being at Dinan at the critical moment, was forced to follow by the high road to Quimper alone, which he did undiscovered. *Valady* staid behind with a friend, but afterwards joined us, from a series of favourable circumstances. *Lariviere* remained a long time on the

the coast of Falaife. *Duchatel* and *Kervelegan* had already gone for the neighbourhood of Quimper, to provide us lodgings. *Mollevant* had been gone some days. *Gorsas* had departed with his daughter for Rennes, where he had some relations, and which he imprudently left, to brave his assassins in Paris. We also wanted the Spaniard, Marchena, a valuable friend of Brissot.

We kept the high way, till we came to *Jugon*: There we struck out of it; and, after travelling a few miles, we came about dusk to a farm, of which only the kitchen and barn were open to us. In the one we found only a small hare for our supper; some brown bread, and bad cyder: in the other there was only straw for our beds. We ate heartily, however; and slept better. The next day, at day-break, we proceeded.

We had purposely avoided *Lamballe*: and in the by-way, we had only to pass a few small villages; where nineteen soldiers had nothing to fear; and some towns of little strength, which, with proper caution, we might easily pass. A mistake of our guides brought us to the entrance of the town of *Moncontour*. Before we observed it, we were so near, that we could not pass it without danger of incurring suspicion, and hearing the alarm bell sounded. We therefore entered it. It was a market-day: more than fifteen hundred country people, with many gendarmes, were assembled in the market-place; which we passed with an appearance of unconcern by no means real. *Riouffe*, a bad walker, was behind: a gendarme stopped him, read his discharge, and seemed disposed to conduct him to the municipality. He pointed to his com-

rades before, and said : “ but how shall I get up again to them ? ” The soldier let him proceed.

Just as we were getting out of this dangerous town, we met Mr B——, who joined us with expressions of friendship, perhaps then a little unreasonable. Surprised not to see us at Rennes, he had gone thence to meet us. At *Lamballe* he saw my sister ; so I called my wife in public, the reason may be easily guessed. She informed him the road we had taken : we were wrong, he said, in this ; that of Rennes would have been preferable. He had besides many things to say ; and desired we would wait for him at some cottages, which he pointed out at a distance : he would there bring us some provisions, of which we stood in need ; having been on our march ever since five o'clock, and it was now ten, without tasting any food. B—— had been a member of the constituent assembly, where he behaved well : in December 1792, he was president of that club of *Marseillaise*, which would have preserved the Parisians, if the Parisians would have attended to it : lastly he came to *Caen* as an officer in one of the battalions of the departments : thus every thing seemed united to lead us to have confidence in him. Unluckily he made us lose an hour in these cottages ; he at length came. The little provisions he brought were soon used. He now proceeded to tell us, that some of us had been recognized at *Moncontour* ; he had heard persons whispering, “ that’s Buzot,” — “ that’s Pethion.” He again mentioned his scheme of going to Rennes, which we rejected : he then said, that we must be fatigued ; it was now the heat of the day ; we had already travelled ten or twelve miles, and in the evening might travel as many more, which

which would be enough; he would carry us to a thick copse, a mile or two off, where we should compose ourselves till four o'clock, and one of his nephews should bring us refreshments; the same young man should afterwards conduct us six or seven miles farther, to the house of one of his relations, where he himself would wait for us, and prepare us good beds and something to refresh us; and in this manner we should have the advantage of passing the night in safety. This consideration, which was certainly weighty, produced almost unanimous assent: I say *almost*, as, for myself, I would rather have wished to continue our journey forward with our conductors.

He left us. We remained lying squat on the ground, in the copse, around which some boys at play long gave us disquiet. They retired at length, on account of some rain. The leaves of the young trees soon bent under its weight, and it fell heavily on us. Our disagreeable situation cannot easily be described. It was five o'clock before the young man gave the appointed signal; and he had still a quarter of an hour's business in the neighbouring village, where he staid near an hour and a half. Night was coming on, when we proceeded on our march.

It was soon dark. We had walked a long time, and were not yet at the end of our journey. It was ten o'clock. Our guides, confiding in our new leader, had not noticed the road we took. At length they observed, that he was to lead us through a town of considerable strength, the name of which I am sorry I do not recollect. We declared that we would not enter it. Our guides told us, that there was another road. This we took,
and

and passed round the town at a considerable distance; we heard the sound of drums. "It is *the retreat*," said the nephew. "*The retreat* is never beaten at this hour, in this season," answered I. We listened; they beat to arms. We all recollected it, except the young man, who assured us it was the manner in which they beat the retreat in this neighbourhood.

We got round the town, and at some distance from it, we met B——. He conducted us to his friend's, where we thought we were to have been expected. He was happy, but surprised to see us. B—— had neglected to tell him that we were coming: and this was not an excuse invented by him to save expense, for the day following he gave us a splendid breakfast. For supper we were obliged to content ourselves with an omelet, and a few tarts. As for the good beds promised us, there were only two. These we were obliged to unmake, and, spreading five mattresses in a sort of hall on the ground, we made the best shift we could.

B——, had locked us up in his room, and did not come to set us at liberty till eight in the morning. He accused us of having made too much noise. *An administrator of a neighbouring district* had lodged in the chamber over us. He was no friend to our cause, and, if he should have overheard us, we would be pursued. We breakfasted: he resumed his scheme of going to Rennes, but in vain. He then urged us to remain in the country where we were: it was of the right temper he said. For his own part, he would engage to find us more protection than we were persons. Buzot, though strong, and in the flower of his age, was a bad walker. The
fatigue

fatigue of the journey alarmed him. He seconded B——'s proposal; and some of the rest took part with him. Pethion looked at me, shaking his head. I warmly opposed the design: but two of our friends staid behind, notwithstanding all my entreaties. I know not what is become of one of them, *Lefage* * (of Eure and Loire :) the other, *Girouff*, was taken a few months after, and is dead. When B—— found all his proposals rejected, he gave us his last advice: "You are about," said he, "to travel a country, where every party excites suspicion: twenty soldiers, marching together, will be every where suspected; divide into parties of three and four, and repair to some general rendezvous by different roads." This advice we could not approve; our safety depended on our keeping together. We set off in company therefore, and it will be seen, that we judged rightly.

No remarkable occurrence happened in the course of the day, except that towards the close of the evening we found ourselves in a little village, about two miles from the paltry town of *Roternheim*, the chief place of the district, which was in our way, and must be shunned. It may be presumed, that we were not more anxious to sleep at *Roternheim*, than of passing through it. The point was, whether we should take advantage of the night, to get past this dangerous place; which would be attended with the inconvenience of forcing us to take up our lodging in some huts two miles beyond it, and consequently exposing us to suspicion. For how could it be supposed, that travellers, at such an hour, would pass a town, where they might find

* I have been told, that he is alive, and I have even been assured, that *Girouff*, whose death was mentioned to the convention by a mountaineer, is in safety.

good accommodations, to put up with that of a hedge-alehouse? To stop on this side the town was more natural; for which the fatigue of some of our company would give a plausible pretext. We halted, therefore, at this village: and indeed, had we advanced the four miles farther, it would have been the very same thing: the danger which we knew not awaited us, would have been equally unavoidable, and would have come to awaken us, wherever we had taken up our lodging.

It reached us at one in the morning. A voice exclaimed, "*Open the door, in the name of the law.*" We were in all seventeen, luckily, in a large barn, where there was no want of straw. Our only candle was extinguished. One of us quietly opened the door a little way, and shut it again immediately. "*The house is surrounded,*" said he: A threatening voice without repeated more loudly, "*Open the door, in the name of the law.*" Instantly, to the profound silence, which the first alarm had occasioned, succeeded a single shout, a shout unanimous and terrible: *To arms!* We groped about for them, and put on our clothes in the dark. It could not be done very expeditiously. Occasionally "*in the name of the law,*" was heard, but in a tone less firm. "*We shall come out, as soon as we are prepared,*" was the answer. I was a considerable time searching for my musket, I remember, and called loudly for it: indeed, I acknowledge, that, like the rest, adapting myself to the character the situation required, I roared as lustily as a cordelier. At length we opened the door. Before it, presented himself a person in a three coloured ribband. A little behind him was a pretty large body of national guards. The place was lighted by torches.

"What:

"What are you doing there?" said the administrator of the district, roughly. "Sleeping;" replied Barbaroux. "Why in a barn?" "We would have preferred your bed;" replied I. "Who are you, Mr Jester?" "A tired volunteer, like his companions, who did not expect to be roused so early;" said Riouffe, with a smile; "but no Mr as you guess."—"You soldiers! we shall soon discover that." One of our conductors, whom we had made our commander, because he had been in service, and served well, cried with a voice more than gay, "Certainly, you will see." "Show me your papers;" resumed the administrator. "In the market place, citizen, we will, if you desire it;" said Pethion. "Yes, yes," exclaimed several; "it is not in this barn that we shall explain ourselves." Our commander took the hint. "By your leave:" said he to our interrogator, whom he gently pushed back: then, going out, he cried, "Finisterres, advance." In a moment we were out, drawn up in a line, and our muskets were shouldered at the word of command. The magistrate looked surprised. By the sequel we found that he had expected to find ten or a dozen fine gentlemen in dressing gowns, and only five or six men in arms. On this supposition, he had wisely taken such measures, as would secure him a superiority, in case of non-compliance. Not content with his fifty foot, he had also brought some horse with him. A brigade* of gens-d'arme paraded at a few paces distance. Notwithstanding the great inferiority of our number, men, who knew, that victory alone could save them from the scaffold, might flatter themselves with the hopes of routing this

* A brigade of cavalry is a party of four, five, or six.

this band, if reduced to that necessity : but it was not sufficient, that we knew the firmness of our resolutions ; it was proper, that our antagonists should know it also : and we spared no pains that could convey to them this information. “ They are armed from head to foot : ” muttered some of the guard. In fact, beside our muskets, we were all well provided with good pistols. For my own part, I had a present of *Lodoiska*, for my defence against the satellites of the duke of Orleans, and the *exhibition* of which at least had been more than once useful to me : this was a small piece, that could discharge twenty bullets at one shot. “ Why have you so many arms ? ” asked at length one of the boldest. I think it was Buzot replied, “ because we are not to be told, that there are some scoundrels in this district, who delight in annoying the soldiers of the departments ; and we are resolved that they who do not like them, shall at least learn to respect them.” “ Those fellows never sleep, it seems : ” said I, after surveying them from head to foot. “ But we will soon send them to sleep : ” answered Barbaroux, whose size and stature gave him a more imposing mien. In our little troop there were seven fine grenadiers like him, and the shortest of us was at least five feet eight as well as myself.

I am indeed very minute ; but I will not attempt to make an apology to those of my readers who may think me tedious ; and I am happy to think that there will a time come, and that too within a few years, when many will be pleased with these details. It is possible it may be rendered very interesting by the hidden things of futurity.

Observe

Observe, that it was whilst the administrator went along our line, examining our discharges, which we showed him, that the conversation, of which I have only related part, took place. When he had seen them, he remarked, very much out of humour, that they were all of the same hand-writing; in answer to which, we told him, that had each of us forged our own, they doubtless would have been in different hand-writings, but that our officer always employed the same person for the purpose.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, rather out of countenance, "what do you mean to do now? For my part I would advise you to go to bed again."—But his machinations were too shallow. We answered, that, since we had been set out of bed so early, we would avail ourselves of the mishap, and set forward on our journey.

He stepped aside with some officers, and deliberated a moment, then he came up to us, and told us, that it might be so if we chose, but it was absolutely necessary that we should go to the district where we were expected. Upon this the march was regulated thus: 2 gens-d'armes to lead—10 fusiliers for the advanced guard—we next—then 40 fusiliers, and 2 gens-d'armes in the rear.

When this threatening disposition was made, our commander called out: "Finisterres, order your arms!"—it was done in a moment—then—"Fix your bayonets!"—they were fixed that instant.—A murmuring was heard amongst our antagonists, but it was a favourable one for us; it did not proceed from courage. The administrator came up to us, and tremblingly asked us, if we meant to make any resistance to ——" "Yes—to oppression,"

I ——— said

said Cuffy of Calvados, "certainly. Are we free, or are we not?"—"If we intended to treat you as prisoners, we would deprive you of your weapons."—"And that you cannot do, till you have deprived us of our lives," replied Pethion—"You disarm us! you are many to be sure, but not quite enough for that," exclaimed our six brave guards, who had all fought in Vendee—"But, citizens, will not you come along with us to Roternheim?"—"We will accompany you, for that is the road we are going, but we shall be on our guard."—"Do you suppose we have any hostile intentions?"—"You display hostile dispositions, and how are we to know who you are?"—"You shall know us when we get to Roternheim."—"Very well, let us get on."

We sung the beautiful Marseillaise hymn on our way, which was suitable to our situation. But although our tongues were very busy as we went along, our thoughts went not with them, for they were elsewhere. They were musing how we were to be received, and how to act when we got to Roternheim, and it was somewhat remarkable that the minds of every one of us were employed in that manner, at the very same time. Did they intend to arrest us, then would we demand leave to speak to the people, in which case we would most probably triumph. Were we denied that liberty, we would have recourse to our arms, and fight to the last drop of blood in our veins.

Some of the most inquisitive, who were doubtless sent from their ranks on purpose to disturb our song and our reflections, questioned us very insidiously. One of them asked me, if I had seen Charlotte Corday at Caen—"Our battalion had not

not arrived there at the time of the murder."—"It was the deed of an assassin," replied he.—"Corday was a Brutus, but Marat no Cæsar."—So answered I, and as my questioner, rather displeased, was proceeding, I began to vociferate so loudly and incessantly a *dunsons la carmagnole*, that I effectually stopped his mouth; and what made me more anxious was, lest he should step up to some of my colleagues, who might give him an answer not consistent with the one I had given him.

We were however recognized by some friends we found among them, and I was unexpectedly saluted with a hearty clap on the shoulder, and a "bravo! bravo! we are brothers: they persuaded us you were refractory priests."—"It is very probable, that those who said so did not think so."—"I fancy not."—Pethion was likewise cordially squeezed by the hand by another one, telling him, at the same time, not to waver, for we would certainly find friends.

At length the redoubted town came in view. We entered, and found all asleep, but some few houses where there was light. Our enemies found no reinforcement; there appeared to have been sent against us all the national guards in the place; they were drawn up semi-circularly, and a little to the right of them again was the brigade of gens-d'armes. They desired us to walk up to the first floor of a house which they pointed out to us, and where all the administrators were assembled, who examined our discharges more civilly; then retired to a corner of the room. After deliberating a little, the president came up to us, and told us they were going to appoint us quarters. We formally repeated to them our intention of continuing our march—

that we might reach home that day.—“ That is full thirty miles from hence.”—“ But it is yet only three o'clock in the morning,”—and we were determined. This occasioned a second and longer deliberation; an officer was called, who went out and came in several times, and at last asked us to take a glass of cyder, accosting us with the title of “ My Lads, and Citizens,”—and we accepted their offer, lest they should accuse us of affectation. We were therefore led down stairs to a large hall on the ground floor, where we waited a quarter of an hour, but saw no cyder. “ What are we doing here,” said I, “ let us begone,” and immediately I began to sing as loud as I could bawl—but we all kept our arms in our hands. Some inquisitive people having come in among us, I went up to one of them, and asked if it was true, that they were told we were priests. “ O much worse than that,” answered he, shaking his head mysteriously, “ famous traitors to your country, comrade.” I could not refrain from laughing at this, and continued my *dançons la carmagnole*.

“ Are we to lose an hour for a glass of cyder,” cried I at last, “ come let us be stepping.” We were just setting off when the cyder was brought in. Whilst we were drinking, an administrator, for what reason I must leave the reader to guess, perhaps to watch us, came in:—“ Citizens, you shall see that we had room for suspicion with regard to you: we have received this denunciation.” Then folding down the top and bottom, that we might not see the date or name, he read from the middle part of a letter: “ Pethion, Barbaroux, Buzot, Louvet, Salle, Meillant, and several others of their companions, with five men as an escort, will

will pass and probably stop in the environs of your town." The magistrate ceased to read, but the most of us ceased not to sing, nor did we seem to listen to a single word, although not one escaped us. From the reading of this letter, we had not the least doubt but they were going to arrest us; but these apprehensions remained but for the moment, for after having drank off our glasses and taken our leave, (as not the least hint was dropped to oppose us) we advanced to the door in a body, with our bayonets charged, and to our great astonishment saw not a single person in the square, where we expected to be attacked, the reason of which we have since learnt was, whenever we entered the house, all the indifferent or well disposed went home, so that the Maratists finding they were reduced to about thirty men, and remembering that there were seventeen resolute fellows of us, chose likewise to withdraw, as they could not butcher us, but would be obliged to fight vigorously. This was the cause of the long deliberations among the administering gentlemen; of the goings and comings of the officer: of the insidious offer of quarters, by which they hoped to separate and disarm us, and lastly of the cyder with a view to gain time. However, we got clear off thanking our divine protector with joyful hearts; but we had yet some perils to encounter.

We had a laborious morning of it, and it grew so hot by eight o'clock, that at least half of us were almost tired out, on whose account we were obliged to proceed slowly, although on a barren heath, where for upwards of twenty miles we could find nothing but rivulets to quench our thirst. Every step cost Cuffy a groan, who had been attacked

with a violent fit of the gout; Buzot's legs were hardly able to support him, even after he was stripped of his accoutrements: Barbaroux not less ponderous, as corpulent as a man of forty, at eight and twenty—was more courageous, but he was rendered so lame by a sprain, that it was with difficulty he could drag himself along, now leaning on me, then hanging in the arm of the equally indefatigable Pethion or Salle; and Riouffe having been obliged to pull off his boots which pinched him insufferably, they were so tight, was obliged to walk barefoot, almost on tiptoe, his heels being raw. Thus though we had begun our journey at one in the morning, we had hardly made ten miles, when our good fortune so ordered it, that a little before noon, we came to a hamlet; where in a sort of inn, we enjoyed a sort of dinner, and an hours rest. Some information gathered from our host, made us haste to be gone, in spite of all our lame companions intreaties. This man in the greatest astonishment, eyed us very narrowly, whilst we devoured his bacon omelet; accompanied with patriotic songs we were loudly vociferating. I was so taken with his manner, that I asked him to take a glass of our cyder, which he at first refused, but having taken one, it tempted him to take a second, which led on to a third; and so on—till at last he exclaimed: "faith, citizens, I am delighted, I think you are good patriots."—"Assuredly we are."—"Yet what enemies people have! from the description given me I have no doubt but you are the persons pursued—two brigades of gens d'armes wait for you in *Carbair*, and you are under the necessity of passing through that place."

We

We set out: speed was necessary; but the laggards fell more behind than ever, particularly Riouffe, whose feet were quite tender, and was obliged to rest every ten steps. We were thus near ten hours by the clock in walking as many miles. By night we found ourselves at a little distance from Carhaix. After some attempts, our guides declared it impossible to advance, because there was not light to distinguish the only narrow path, by which it was possible to surround the town, and if they lost the road ever so little, we should undoubtedly get into the marshes and tumble in the mud till day-light; adding, what was very distressing, that even by day we must go so near Carhaix, as to be easily discovered; and they knew of no other road: but if we took the high road, we should have only one little street of the town to go through. "Very well, my friend," replied I; "you hear the clock strikes ten: every one in the town is asleep, very likely the gens d'armes themselves, who know very well, that one good sleep is better than ten musquet-shots. Let us make ready our firelocks, advance in a body, march quietly, and pass through the street without noise. Some exclaimed against this: many of our invalids, stretched out on the ground, would rather sleep than take part in the debate. "If we must die," said Cuffy, "I had rather do so here than ten miles further on." But Barbareux with a spirit always superior to bodily fatigue, supported my opinion. "If the gens d'armes are still on the watch for us," said he, "we shall have got through the street before they can be on horseback. Will they dare to pursue us at midnight? From behind every bush, we can pelt them with our musquets, without
their

their being able to discover, whence the bullets come. There are but ten to night, at day break there may be twenty: if they ring the alarm-bell at this time of night, few will meet, and we shall have proceeded a considerable way, before all the troop can be collected: on the other hand, by day, the numbers will be against us. At all events, we must keep the field for this night: let us make the best use of it: and turn it to our safety. Come, my friends," said he to our lame, "I feel for you; I am not insensible of your pains, for I partake in them; pluck-up your courage; make one exertion more; let us march to-night on our knees, if we cannot stand on our feet; by break of day we may reach Quimper; if the gens d'armes attack us at present, they cannot see us; and we shall hear them, while by horses we will be assisted to finish our travels."

By this speech we were all invigorated with fresh strength: no body felt his sores: we rose, embraced, grew merry, and proceeded.

Having got through three-fourths of the street in deep silence, charmed with the stillness that prevailed around us, a little girl, who lay hid in a dark nook started out on a sudden, opened the door of a house where we saw a light, and said, so loud that we heard her distinctly, "*they are passing by.*" Finding we were discovered, we doubled our pace; and turned round to the left hand into a hollow way, so pitchy dark, that it was impossible to distinguish any thing. One said, "I hear horses." It must be acknowledged that, at that moment, the most courageous among us was not very quiet. The pressing danger gave agility to the most fatigued. We soon got to the end of our
short

short path, and in less than an hour we had advanced two miles in another, so smooth, and pleasant, that it had more the feeling of a walk in a park, than a high-road. On the one hand we saw hedges, behind which we might safely defy all the gens d'armes in the department. Were we really pursued? We stopped, listened, and heard nothing: but on calling a muster, two of our party were missing: they were our chief guides; at the entrance of the town, they were marching at our head: perhaps they had stopped for some pressing occasion. We lay down on the grass, and waited an hour for them. *Salle*, if I recollect right, then, fancied, that, being a little a head, they had perhaps taken a different road in the hollow way, without our observing it from the darkness, and that we were wandering out of our road. A thousand conjectures were formed: the remaining guides, were strangers to this part of the road: we must attempt to regain that taken by the others: for this it did not seem necessary, absolutely to measure back our steps, we might strike across the fields, towards the right. Thus our resolution was formed: we fought over some troublesome ground; here there was a ditch to leap, there a hedge to get over; or meadows to cross: at one time we were entangled in a marsh: getting out of this we fell into a deeper slough; once we were up to our knees, and I, by one false step, was nearly over head and ears. To extricate ourselves, we were obliged to leap fresh ditches, and force through bushes, which scratched us miserably. At length, after two hours indescribable labour, worn out, bruised, and crippled, we found ourselves in a plain path. Judge our vexation, when we discovered,

ed, that we had taken a turn, by which we were again in the very road we had quitted; with this additional mishap, that we were much nearer the town, than when we set off. The distressing hollow way was not more than two gun-shots from us.

What were we to do? again return to the hollow way? must we enter Carhaix again, and pass through it in a different direction? was not this very road, which we had left the right one? It was necessary to find this out in the first place. Bergoing, with another brave companion, I forget who, offered to endeavour to discover this. They returned in a quarter of an hour. They had been into the town, and could discover no road leading out of the hollow way, but that we had taken; one narrow path excepted, which could not be supposed to lead to Quimper. The road we were then in was probably the right one. We set out therefore, heartless and dull: one and all of us were more or less fatigued, and knew not to what place the great road might conduct us.

When we had walked on half an hour, or rather attempted to walk, we were forced to rest. Down was never so soft to us, as the grass on which we lay down: nor was an hour ever more usefully employed in sleep. Those of us most exhausted got some renewal of strength. We walked another hour in tolerable spirits; but when day light appeared, we made two uncomfortable discoveries.

One was, that we had left one of our guides asleep, behind, without our noticing it, when we last halted; and the least fatigued among us could not return to seek him; nor could the most clear-sighted among us have known again the place where
we

we rested. Only one now was left of our six guides, for I had neglected to mention, that, on leaving Rottenheim, we had judged it prudent to send two of them on before, to inform Kervelegan, that we depended on being in the environs of Quimper, some time the next day, and that he should send some body to meet us. Two more, it will be remembered, had last night disappeared. These, we afterwards found, exhausted with fatigue, had turned into the little path at Carhaix, which Bergoing observed without speaking to us, supposing, that we should not agree to it; and had lain down on the grass about a mile from the town, and slept all night. They had thence got to Quimper through by-ways, which they knew. Two of our companions having left us, as the reader will remember, to remain with B——, our little company was now reduced to twelve in number.

The other unpleasant discovery was, that those most worn out among us found but a very temporary renovation of vigour from sleep. Sometimes one sunk down, and refused to rise; and then, another. Losing time might be an irreparable loss at present.

The sun gradually rose, and we proceeded on our unknown road; while an enemy, fully as troublesome as fatigue, pursued us; hunger. We soon observed a house, and some little huts: but no sooner were we noticed, at whatever distance; than the doors and windows were shut on us. The poor people had not even resolution to answer our questions, through the key holes: we were supposed to be real Jacobins.

We at length met a traveller, who told us, that we were really on the road to Quimper, and not
more

more than four miles distance from it. This made us very happy, though we were soon as unhappy as ever. We could not attempt to enter Quimper by day: we could not even advance nearer, without imprudence: and it would be equally wrong to stop in the public road, exposed to the notice of every traveller; yet, if we were to leave it, how could Kervelegan or his servant find us? The two guides we had sent from Roternheim were to mention to him a place of rendezvous in a retired part of the wood through which we were now passing: but this place only the two guides knew, and they had left us in the night, and we consequently could not avail ourselves of it. Our only plan was to dispatch our remaining guide to Quimper, and to hide ourselves in a recess of the wood, till he should return with some friend to conduct us. This was a desperate step, advisable as it appeared. He could not return before noon: it was next to an impossibility, that twelve armed men could remain so long in the wood, exposed to a heavy rain, unnoticed by some of the neighbouring peasants; and at any rate we could not pass ourselves for inhabitants of Quimper, as there was none amongst us, who understood the low Breton language, in which we should be addressed. We had however no alternative: our guide concealed us in the best manner he could among the bushes, and under some huge trees, and set out.

It was now near eight o'clock, and about thirty-one hours, since our half-night's rest and surprise at Roternheim, during which we had gone from snare to snare, from one misfortune to another. We were sinking under fatigue, hunger, and want of rest: yet, what could we eat, gra's? where could we sleep? how could we sleep? We were in

a river; for the storm was so héavy, that it poured down through the trees upon us in torrents; and in this situation we were to remain for at least four hours. It did not appear possible that the stoutest of us could support it.

This I confess was now the hour of despondency. Riouffe and Girey-Dupre, whose unwearied gaiety had before never failed, now gave us nothing but faint smiles. The warm Cussy charged nature; Salle vented his ill blood against her; Buzot was quite heartless; even the great soul of Babaroux felt depressed: for my own part, my last resource was in my pocket pistol, but then the torture of parting from Lodoiska! Ye gods!—Pethion only, and through the whole of this journey it was the same. Pethion, immoveable, faced every want, preserved a calm and undisturbed face amidst new dangers, and smiled at the violence of the adverse heavens. Adverse! What said I? What ingratitude! the help of providence alone could save us in such distress, and in a few minutes more we got this help.

Our guide had not proceeded far, before he was met by a man on horse-back, who looked at him, attentively as he passed, turned round to look at him, and then rode back to enquire, if he was not a federate of Finisterre. Our guide, with hesitation, said yes. Other questions were then put with studied obscurity; and answers were ventured with cautious reserve. They made advances, drew back, mutually observed and sounded each. At length, they had confidence in one another, and came to an explanation. The stranger was a friend to us, and a friend of Kervelegan. The two messengers from Roternheim had not yet arrived. I know not

by what impulse this man had mounted his horse early in the morning, and taken a ride on this road to see whether he could not meet with some body, who had heard of us. But a moment later, and our guide would have missed him, for he was looking for shelter from the violence of the storm, which had surprised him.

The moment this preserving angel reached us, I recollected no longer, that I needed rest, food, or shelter from the rain which deluged us: I only thought of inquiring after Lodoiska. She had got to Quimper, but with considerable danger. After meeting B—— she had proceeded on her journey. When she reached St Brieux, she found a *denunciation* had got there before her. A *gen-d'arme* arrested her, she extricated herself from the hands of the municipality merely by the address and steadiness of her answers. O my Lodoiska! thy courage and good sense then delivered me from the most important danger I had ever been in. If you had fallen into the power of our persecutors, of what avail would it have been, to have escaped the snares, with which I was on every side surrounded!

We were conducted by our new guide at first to the house of a peasant, where our appearance never would have procured us the little brown bread, and small glass of brandy, which were given us. The richest cake and finest cordials never tasted so delicious to us. We were then conducted as quietly as possible to the house of a constitutional clergyman, to whom we were introduced as soldiers returned from pursuing some refractory persons. The worthy man dried us, warmed us, fed us, and lodged us till the evening. At night we adjourned to a little wood, where some other friends waited

ed for us. They brought horses with them for the lame. After two hours travelling, we were forced to separate: it was a painful parting, without doubt; for the common dangers we had run, had united us in the bonds of the most sacred friendship. I embraced Salle, Cuffy, and Girey-Dupre. Alas! it was decreed, that these two I should never see more. All five* went to Kervelegan's. They were anxious that I should go with them, but Quimper held a pledge too valuable for me to go elsewhere. Buzot was conducted to the house of an honest man, about two gun-shots from the town. Pethion went to a neighbouring country-seat where Guadet waited him. Riouffe, Barbaroux, and myself, went to the house of an excellent citizen, of whose kindness I shall never lose the recollection.

I next day had a visit from my dear Lodoiska. She had been so imprudent as to lodge at a public inn, instead of stopping at the house of an old acquaintance she had in the town, where she would have been less observed. By this circumstance our anxiety to pursue our first plan was increased, which was to hire a country house in the neighbourhood of Quimper, where I could conceal myself, and remain together, till we got an opportunity to embark.

We had no immediate view of such an opportunity. In the little river which runs by Quimper, and there falls into the sea, was a small decked old vessel, laid up on account of its age. Duchatel, who visited us with Bois-Guyon, said, that he had caused this vessel be inspected, and it was found, that ten or twelve thousand livres (£40 or £50.)

K 2

laid

* There seems to be here an omission in the original, as only three are mentioned: the London Translator supposes, that Bergoing and Meillant were the other two.

laid out in repairing, would make it as good as new. The difficulty was, to procure men, by which means the business must go on very slowly. As soon as the vessel was finished, we could all embark, and three days fair wind would bring us to Bourdeaux. I enquired what steps had been taken, or were to be used, that the officers, who were appointed to examine the passports of all who went up or down the river, might allow us to proceed; and what reasonable hope we could entertain of escaping the English cruizers, with which the sea swarmed. Duchatel answered in a general way, all that was very easy: however he mentioned no particular means. He was truly a young man of courage: but his levity and imprudence were carried to the extreme of rashness. At this very period, for instance, he had lodgings at an inn, and under his own name; walked all about the town, and made no secret that he was a proscribed deputy; openly fitted out the vessel; and we considered ourselves very happy, that he agreed not to mention it was for others beside himself. Yet by how many valuable qualifications was this fault compensated. What true courage did he not discover in trying situations!

As they had nothing to accuse him of, to effect his ruin, the faction had recourse to their general practice of charging others with their own crimes. They accused him of corresponding with the Vendéans, and having carried arms for them: whilst, on the other hand, he had fought the whole day against the royalists before Nantes in the battle of the 20th of May, and had done as much for the victory on that occasion as Beyser. Yet this brave republican is no more: he died on the scaffold, slandered

slandered with the false charge of royalism ! Now, however, the real instigators of the war in Vendee are known ; most of them have paid for their treason with their heads : the death of Duchatel is amply revenged.

Lodoiska, had just discovered a neat little house in the country, with a pretty large garden. There she looked for me. I flew thither : I left thee, my dear Barbaroux, but thou wilt excuse me : you know the love I had for her, and how richly she was entitled to it. I also have seen thee intoxicated among the varied pleasures, with which a thousand enchanting dames, attracted by thy handsome figure : but thy inconstancy, soon tiring of them, I have seen thee a hundred times envy the pleasures of that real love, at the same time passionate and tender, respectful and fortunate, constant yet ever new, which Lodoiska inspired me, and was repaid by me.

First, lest we should be attacked, she planned a retreat for me, inaccessible to assassins. This precaution taken, we therefore gave full sway to the happiness of our present situation : we resumed that simple and retired kind of life, which had so many charms in our minds, and which we had found so hard to relinquish. Few visitors came to disturb our delightful retreat : and always in the evening. All the day we enjoyed the happiness of being together : ah, why were there no more than twenty-four hours in it ! How rapturous those days, which had been preceded by so many storms, and which so many more were yet to follow ! O Penars ! ever present to my remembrance, mayest thou become dear to all true lovers ! in thee all the delights of Evry were restored !

I was so delighted with Penars, that I would not leave it to embark in the vessel. Besides, I looked for the less dangerous embarkation Pethion and Guadet were preparing at Brest. The vessel set sail with nine passengers. These were Cussy, Duchatel, Bois-Guyon, Giry-Dupre, Salle, Meillant, Bergoing, a Spaniard by name Marchena, a worthy and unhappy friend of Brissot, and Riouffe, who were much disappointed, we were not in their company. The two last had come to fight for liberty with us at Caen, and they had since determined to share in all our dangers with us.

Just as they set sail, and not sooner, Guadet, Buzot, and Pethion, informed us, that they would proceed to Bourdeaux as speedily as possible by another conveyance. I had long mentioned that I would share in their fates; and Barbaroux, very luckily for himself, had just been seized with the small-pox. I say luckily, for all, who embarked in that unfortunate vessel, were very soon taken.

It is now a proper time to mention, that B—— had come, as I thought he would, to Quimper in search of us. He had no difficulty in discovering Duchatel: but Duchatel, determined not to trust our secret again to any person, told him that we were in the neighbourhood of l'Orient.

Fortunately the commissioners of the mountain durst not yet come near Finisterre, where the public voice was too much against them. They sent emissaries before them, who were directed to prepare the Jacobins by means of assignats. A Maratist party began to lift its head in Quimper's club. There it was moved, to pay domiciliary visits to the houses near the town, where, report said, some traitors to their country lay hid. The felicity I enjoyed

joyed in Penars was too great to last : I had scarcely begun to enjoy it, when I was forced to leave it.

I went to a private house some miles distant, where some excellent people received me in as a boarder. Torn from my friends, and from my Lodoiska, I felt a mortal languor. It was there I wrote my *Hymn to Death*. * Proposing to sing it as I went to the scaffold, if I fell into the hands of my foes.

I had been above a fortnight in this retreat, where my time seemed very irksome, when a national guard came inquiring for me. Though a stranger, he had done me the most important service. When my Lodoiska was denounced to the club by a man, who said, in express words, that, as the wife of Guadet had been arrested, the sister of Louvet might justly be treated in the same way, he had privately given her notice of it, and had her removed to his own house. He came at present to invite me to share in her retreat.—Conceive my transport.

As I waited for night, the benevolent envoy of Lodoiska took some rest. He required it : for I should have received the evening before a letter from my wife, which did not come to my hands till that very morning, in which a place of meeting was pointed out, where he waited for me till day break during a very tempestuous night. Uneasy at not seeing me, he had walked a number of miles to bring me another letter from my wife, and to offer me at his own house all I stood in need of. Such zeal seemed to me astonishing from a man, who only knew me by report : but he was one of the most generous of men, nay of the most remarkable men this world can boast. There was nothing a trouble

to

* See a copy of this Hymn at the end of the volume.

to him, when he thought he could assist those whom he judged deserving of his esteem.

We were both concealed by him, in an apartment under that of a *gen-d'armes*, who received visits from his comrades at all hours of the day; and they frequently knocked at our door, mistaking it for his. Our friend would undertake every dangerous commission that offered itself. An infamous rascal, a worthy emissary of the executive power, had just come to the place with secret orders: nothing would satisfy him, but with him he must drink, that he might pump him as to his intentions. He offered to put up a third bed in our little apartment, when he heard that *Barbaroux* wanted an asylum. Domiciliary visitations were ordered, yet he would not permit us to leave his house, and he himself made us, with the most unparalleled skill and readiness, a wooden box, where we might be shut up, and they could not notice us. At the time when the searches were made my wife and I were inclosed in the niche, while our friend, with the utmost composure, remained in the room all day, determined, if we should be discovered, to fight with the inquisitors to the last drop of his blood. The expected shipping was so long put off that he would go at all events, to hasten the departure. As it was very probable we should need passports, if he could not get any for us, he would forge some. Whilst we expected the embarkation, and as it might still be some time till it took place, my wife talked of going to Paris, the only way by which what remained of our fortune could be saved; and he must needs escort her thither and back again, lest his assistance should be wanted. I was uneasy about

Pethion

Pethion, Guadet, and Buzot—he had long had a desire to see them—and if I could repose so much confidence in him, as to tell him the place where they were secreted, he would take any message from me: at any rate, he was determined that nothing should hinder him from seeing us to the sea side, on the day of our departure, with all the necessary horses, arms, and provisions.

In short, our friend was every thing to us; a nimble sailor, a good soldier, an able physician, an ingenious carpenter, a skilful locksmith, a great walker, and a complete master of the small-sword; while, at the same time, he could have acted well in the compting-house, or the cabinet, a manufactory, or a public office, in short, any place that required responsibility, or talents. But what gave me so high an opinion of him, was the taste he discovered for the fine arts, which are only cultivated by virtuous and peaceable minds, our friend was a drawer, a painter, an architect, and a botanist. Then how amiable and solid were his domestic qualities. Though liberal, he was an œconomist, laborious, and disinterested in the highest degree, an attentive and mild master, a kind father, and an affectionate husband! O how I thought myself honoured by his friendship, especially when I saw him in the midst of his family!

In this house we learnt the news of the surrender of Toulon to the English. But who surrendered it? The multitude in its ignorance, said the *federalists*. Those who knew better, thought it more natural, that the inhabitants themselves had given up the town, and that having been obliged to chuse, they had chosen rather to subject themselves to a foreign yoke, than to the rulers of the convention.

tion. But those who knew still better than any of these had no doubt but it was *the mountain*. Recollect Wimpfen's manœuvres to shut us up in Caen, to establish there. The west country seat of insurrection, and drive us to measures, which would point us out as friends to Royalty and the English, thus to furnish the mountain with the means of making us and our cause unpopular, thus withdrawing from us the truly republican departments, and by laying its own crimes on our heads, bring us with some appearance of justice to the scaffold, and having failed in their western attempt, it became the more necessary, that they should do something in the south. Yet there were numbers who were passionately in love with liberty, there still prevailed an excellent public spirit; there were even men who honoured and concealed those founders of the republic, who were torn from their posts on the 31st of May, and who detested and hated the Marats, the Robespierres, and all the exterminators, on whom the Marseilles have just got legal proof, that they had all along been conspiring to set Orleans on the throne; Robespierre only excepted, who aided their proceedings, but with very different views. But I believe I have said enough on that head. Marseilles as usual, was the first to give the signal for resistance to oppression. This was so well received that it found itself the centre of a coalition of the departments, which comprehended in its vast circuits Nîmes, Montpellier, Narbonne, Perpignan, Toulouse, Montauban, and Bourdeaux, to the left; Aix, Lyons*, Bourg, Lons-

* Although the officers of the military at that place were privately royalists, yet they could have been easily kept under by the administrators and the people, all of whom were republicans.

le-saunier, and Befancon to the right; Angouleme, Limoges, Clermont, Moulins, Chalons, and even Dion in front; thence advancing in a point as far as Rheims, by Troyes and Chalons, formed a full half of France, and threatened with its magnitude to crush all the agents of kings. It was therefore absolutely requisite to dissolve this threatening company at all events. If one of the largest of the confederated cities, should set up the standard of Royalty, the others would fall upon it with indignant fury. The south ready to rush upon the tyrants of Paris, would stop to direct its efforts against a part of itself. The mountain, which was secretly setting them on this step, to exculpated themselves from the charge of Royalism, which they at the same time secretly endeavoured to cast on the proscribed deputies of the 31st of May; and the insurrection of the republicans would be stifled.

Where could there be found a city more adapted for this display of the mountain's machiavelianism than Toulon? There, where there are so many ignorant mechanics, without a will of their own, who would do any thing for a bit of bread. They had been long brought over to call out for anarchy, by the help of a few assignats! a few more would make them seem at least to demand the return of order. The principal officers, both of the navy and the garrison, were almost all royalists; the late minister of the marine, entirely devoted to the faction, had chosen men to be at the head of the commotion: they had likewise been told the watch word, as well as Wimpfen: they would seem to gather their forces for the republic, and in due time

time, they would direct them to the destruction of the republicans.

The time arrived, and Toulon hitherto so very Jacobinical, suddenly declared for the republic, and soon betrayed it. Toulon was delivered to the English, and its reasons it will perhaps at some future period be obliged to explain, the committee of public safety propagated, and suffered it to be believed for six months, a report, that the English had hanged *Beauvais*. The other deputy *Bayle* was the means of his own death in prison.—He was a passionate, vulgar man, who had been misled by the exaggerations of the mountain till then. Probably, when his eyes were opened to see it was the mountain that delivered Toulon to the English, and that he must needs become either instrumental to, or the victim of ~~this~~ detestable machiavelianism, he had recourse to suicide: or perhaps, as he would not hold his tongue, he was killed to prevent noise. The English, however, being made masters of Toulon, they kept it as long as the defection of Bourdeaux and the siege of Lyons continued. Had they abandoned it too early, the troops that lay before ~~the city~~ almost all anti-jacobins before the faction ~~could~~ work upon them, would have declared ~~for the republic~~, instead of attacking it. Lyons fell at ~~the same time~~. The Jacobins must still have time to butcher the most considerable of the republicans, who were convicted of royalism; and by means of famine to conquer Bourdeaux, where the best citizens were to experience the same treatment as the republicans of Lyons, Marseilles, Paris, and every where else*. This done, the English were as good

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* Tallicn must, however, have this little justice done him, that he prevented much mischief when Bourdeaux was

as their word; and it was their interest to be so; for it cannot be forgotten that the detested mountaineers were victorious on the 31st of May, over beloved, esteemed, and very popular men; not only in Paris, but throughout all France. To appease the general anger, to frighten the weak, to gain the wavering, to lead away the unthinking multitude, it was requisite, that the allied powers should consent to stop their victories, and even let themselves be defeated, at the very time when their agents were tyrannizing over the representative body, and governed over every thing. For the many, who are deceived by appearances, would say: "when Pethion, Brissot, Guadet, and their colleagues were in the convention, the enemy were frequently victorious: now when they are gone, and Robespierre, Barrere, Marat, Collot, and their party, have the sole management of affairs, our arms are every where successful: the former therefore must have had a treaty with the combined powers, but the latter are our real defenders.

Thus it was the interest of the English to keep their word, *not to put a sufficient garrison in Toulon*, but to suffer it to be retaken: and when the astonished English demanded why their generals had suffered Toulon to be retaken, Pitt answered, that it was *a principle of sound policy*. By the same *sound policy*, much about the same time, the victories of Dunkirk and Maubeuge were granted to pretended republican generals, when the first clerk *Vincent*, the accuser of the unfortunate Cus-
tine, was minister-at-war. It was the same *sound policy* that struck the victorious army of Cobourg

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was taken. Had it not been for him, this city would have met with the same barbarous treatment as Lyons.

so suddenly motionless, which, having cut the garrison of Cambray to pieces, might have made itself master of the place; yet stood and looked on at the civil war now begun, fully resolved to do nothing, unless the republicans should remain triumphant. And it was a *principle of the same sound policy*, by which *Hoche* was permitted to retake the lines of Wissembourg; *Hoche*, now known for an emissary of Marat, and so in fact of the allied powers; that general *Hoche*, who was a real Jacobin.

To return to Toulon. Whenever we re-entered it, *Beauvais*, hanged so long before, was found lying in the prison; and this deputy, who had been so ill-treated by the enemy, and had suffered so severely in defence of liberty, and who deserved to have been the idol of the day, was barely mentioned. Agreeable to the new plan of using every mean to urge on men's minds to every sort of extravagant sentiment, this new deity should have been openly shewn to the admiration of the Parisians. Nothing like this took place, however: he was not even admitted to the solemn festival, celebrated in the capital, on account of the capture of Toulon. The worthy representative, whom prudence did not, seemingly, permit to be seen so near, begged leave to resign. Above a hundred voices were heard accusing him of treachery, amidst his triumphs. He was barely content with declaring, that he had indeed *some interviews* with particular Englishmen of consequence; and all the answer he gave to the heavy charges which were brought against him, was, that he *intended* to answer them. The committee of public safety fully admitted all the moral and physical excuses of the representative, who was not executed. No other

other explanation was asked of him: and his resignation was accepted of. It is very true, that Beauvais was distressed, nay, he even took it into his head to die, that he might be eternally delivered from the trouble of giving answers. And then how they talked of him! Then, was he the great, the divine Beauvais! I cannot say whether Robespierre did not place him in the pantheon. And why should he not? Others have been in the pantheon before him.

There is one fact more, known to several thousands at Paris. It is this, that about the middle of July, some genuine republicans at Toulon had evidence of a great plot set on foot, to give up the town and port to the English, and that ***** were conducting this conspiracy. Unluckily those who detected this plot had the simplicity to transmit the proofs to the minister of the day, and the then committee of public safety; who suppressed the proofs, and huddled up the affair. Toulon was delivered up to the English soon after.

To return to ourselves. We had now been three weeks in the house of our generous friend, and were beginning to despair of the promised embarkation, when on the 20th of September a messenger enquired for me. For *me*, alas! he enquired for *me* alone. I had hitherto been made to believe, that nothing would hinder my wife from being admitted on board the vessel: we were told, on this distressful evening, that circumstances at present made it impossible to admit a woman on board, without hazarding the safety of us all, and the captain was obliged to declare with pain, that he could not admit one. What a thunder bolt to my Lodoiska! I refused to depart, as she could

not go with me. She was convinced that such a resolution must ruin us both, and insisted that I should go. For her own part, assisted by our friend, she would immediately set out for Paris; and, after collecting the small wreck of our fortune, she would come to me at Bourdeaux; where we would keep together, if the insurrection continued, or from which we would proceed to America, if the tyrants kept the ascendancy.—Great God! what idle schemes! What new dangers had I not to meet with? What distress and fatigues had I not to suffer? And in what place should I find my Lodoiska again?

I set out: I parted from her—yes, I had the terrible courage to leave her once more.—It was about five o'clock in the evening, and of course broad day, when I publicly left the town. A horse was waiting me two hundred yards off: and a friend I could depend on was my guide. We had fully nine leagues, above thirty measured miles, to travel; and it was necessary to be in the boat, which was to carry us to the vessel, by eleven o'clock at latest; as the signal gun for the convoy to set out, would be fired exactly at midnight. At five miles distance I should meet my dear companions, who were waiting for me. I there found Guadet, Buzot, and Pethion; but Barbaroux did not come till long after, so that we lost a complete hour. We were, notwithstanding, at the sea-side before midnight. The owners of the vessel had come up to us on the way; and not contented with carrying us passage free to Bourdeaux, by which however they were exposed to great hazard, they offered us their purses; but these we absolutely declined. When we reached the inn, where was provided for us a
supper,

supper, we were told, that the boat, which the captain was to send for us, had not yet arrived. We waited a full half hour in vain; and what increased our apprehensions was, that in a room near that where we supped, two men were drinking together; and one of them was no other than the commander of the little fort, which commanded the beach where we were to embark, with a garrison of fifty men. What unfortunate circumstances! and how much reason of alarm to our merchants, who had depended on finding the boat ready, and the commander on shore fast asleep: one of them awakened some fishermen, who agreed to carry us in their boat for triple allowance: but we must then wait till the tide set her afloat. Here there were three quarters of an hour more we lost: and to increase our embarrassment, these three quarters of an hour must be spent beside the governor. He had fortunately already drunk too plentifully to give himself any trouble about his uneasy neighbours. We got into the fishing boat without accident; though we had much cause to fear we were too late, for it was past one o'clock, and we ought to have been on board the vessel before midnight.

It was necessary to row a full league to double a point, at which the vessel, which was to wait a little after the convoy, was to stop for us. It was not to be seen there. We had probably made it wait too long; if the convoy had sailed exactly at twelve, had not the captain been obliged to set sail and follow it? We then determined to coast along the whole shore of Brest road, which was so spacious, that the vessel we were in search of was scarcely a point in it, and could not be discovered by night.

It was a tedious night ; I had passed none so cruelly tormented by impatience before. Nor was the dawn more favourable : it presented to our view nothing but a vast sheet of water, upon which even a cockboat was not to be seen. We pulled out our watches every minute ; they pointed to six o'clock, seven o'clock, half after seven ! All our hopes were gone. What was to be the issue ? Sea or land ! both were equally hazardous to us.

The countenances of the owners very evidently shewed, that their minds were agitated by the same fears, and that the same gloomy ideas had seized them. They had lain down beside us in the boat, more than a quarter of an hour, without taking the trouble to look at the sea. At length, one of them, raised himself up without much expectation, and turned his eyes slowly about him with calm indifference. His eyes suddenly quickened, and exclaimed, " What ship, ho ? " " The——. " " Captain —— ? " " Yes, yes. " He turned himself round to us with open arms, and embraced us with great joy : " quick, quick : aboard with you : " he cried.

You may suppose with what nimbleness the heaviest among us stepped up the side of the vessel ! " There is a little apartment for you, " said the owners, conducting us to the cabin, and then they enquired whether the convoy had got far ahead of us. The honest Scotsman, who had the command of the vessel, replied, that the convoy had gotten under way exactly at twelve : he also had weighed anchor, that there might be no suspicion ; soon however he fell astern ; and notwithstanding the endeavours of his men, who were very much displeased with his manœuvres, he fell on means to spin

spin out the time: he was at length about to proceed, when he imagined he observed a boat, towards which he made sail: had we been a very few minutes later we should have missed him. He added, that although the vessel was a quick sailer, he could not hope to get up with the convoy before night; and of course, was in danger of being captured by the English, "Never mind the loss of the vessel," exclaimed our generous owners, "do your best to save these worthy men, cost what it may." They embraced us affectionately, and getting into the boat, returned direct to Brest.

We steered an opposite direction, on which we continued two hours, when five ships came in sight, edging along the horizon before us, and ranged in a circle. "These are English cruisers," the sailors exclaimed. The captain said in vain, that we should keep on our course yet, as we were not so near them as to distinguish. The crew began to murmur: and the mate, who had been at his cups, and was spokesman, swore, that he would not run the hazard of being carried to England, on account of any stranger whatever. The honest Scotsman was convinced that his men were ready to mutiny, and tacked about the vessel immediately.

Surely there could not be a greater misfortune to us, than to be captured by the English. For us Great Britain would indeed have been an accursed land. Although much against our inclinations we might have been taken there, calumny would no doubt have pursued us: report would have said, that it had been our choice; and it would not have lacked belief. Thus, besides losing our lives, what was far more precious, our honour. To save ourselves from an English vessel, therefore,
we

we had but one resource, that of casting ourselves into the ocean, and we were determined to do so, rather than be captured. But were we certain, that the vessels we saw were enemies? or indeed, were they armed? Then, our poor Captain, encumbered with us, where could he flee to for an asylum? Into whatever port of France he put, would not he find enemies as eager to destroy him, as us? We took care, however, not to disturb him with these our reflections, which would only have added to his uneasiness: but all his behaviour plainly proved, that he was sensible of his danger and perplexing situation.

Having sailed two hours, we were just about to enter the road, when the captain, supposing that his mate's head must now be getting a little cool, and that the effects of the brandy, which he repented having administered in such ample doses, were nearly dissipated, getting upon deck, accosted his men as follows! "Hear my lads, what I am to say. This vessel I am master of: no one on board has the smallest title to dispute what I order. If any here should take upon him to do so, let him stand by the consequences. Your fears are ridiculous: my resolution is fixed: I intend to proceed on the voyage: not another word; but obey what I command you." He accordingly ordered that the vessel should be put about; and, the mate not venturing to make the smallest opposition, it was done accordingly.

In this manner we escaped the imminent danger of returning to a French port; but we could not reasonably hope to escape the enemy. It behoved us to proceed without convoy probably till the next evening, for we were already ten hours sail astern.

Our

Our grand fleet, indeed, had lately sailed from Brest, and forced the English cruisers to keep at a greater distance; yet seldom a day passed, but signals were made of one and sometimes more being on the coast. It may thus be imagined we were not in the most tranquil state that might be.

We proceeded all that day very fortunately: we had less apprehension about the night, which passed on very well: but early next morning some vessels were visible betwixt us and the horizon, nearly in the same position as those of the preceding day, only we reckoned eight instead of five. The captain taking his glass, looked through it for some minutes; and declared they were French. The fact is, it was impossible he could yet distinguish; he was right, however, to our grief. When we approached we found indeed they were French ships. We knew well, and so did he, that descriptions of our persons had been forwarded to every captain in the French navy, with strict orders to search every vessel at sea, and particularly examine the passengers. It was the grand fleet, twenty-two ships of the line, and twelve or fourteen frigates, that were ahead of us. Conceive our terror at this magnificent sight! We were under the necessity of running along all this formidable line. Though shut up in our cabin, we were obliged to lie flat on the floor; for should any unlucky sans-culotte have perceived a single passenger, he might have moved *just to see who it was*; and I then suspect our passports would have been of no avail. We had, besides, Pethion with us, whose face was so well known; and who, for fear he should not be particular enough, had thought proper to be gray haired, and have a gray beard, before he was forty years of age. Our bold captain,

tain, however, stood upon deck, with a firm air, and a lie ready to answer the first speaking trumpet, that should hail him. But none of them saluted us, and we were allowed to pass with a fright only.

We had had no fear of the English for some time. The day passed very well; but in the evening, the grand fleet still remaining in its station, out of sight, astern, we discovered some vessels ahead. The captain again had recourse to his glass; the consequence of which we knew beforehand: and he did not hesitate to assert, that they were French merchantmen. Shortly after, however, we saw that one of these pretended merchantmen who made up to us, had a tier of guns. Still he appeared as unconcerned as possible to his crew, but he whispered us, "I am playing a desperate part: if this do not prove to be our convoy, I shall see England to-morrow."

It was our convoy: and our danger though less, was yet sufficiently great. The ship, which was now very near us, proved to be one of the two frigates, which protected the fleet. The captain had lain to for us, and when we had got within hail, we were alarmingly interrogated, "Whence came you?" "From Brest:" answered our captain with firmness. This produced the ominous remark of "You are very far astern." To which the captain answered: "We have as much sail as possible." "Your vessel is a very bad sailer, then;" was retorted very uncivilly. No answer was made to this. At length we were thunderingly asked: "*Have you any passengers aboard?*" Our hearty Scotsman made the air ring with a bold "No." Immediately the frigate hoisted her boat. We were now certain our unlucky vessel was going to be searched,

ed, and we trembled for the captain. For our parts, resigned to our fate, we threw every paper into the water, that could have brought our friends into trouble, and cocked our pistols.

But the boat required not these sad preparations: it came only to fetch a hawser that the frigate might take us in tow, till we should come up with the convoy: and it was a very whimsical occurrence in this voyage, to see ourselves protected by a vessel, which was purposely appointed for our destruction.

The following night it blew hard: at day-break it was a strong gale of wind. Our crew were desirous to follow the example of some merchantmen, who had put into Rochelle: and their remonstrances had assumed a great appearance of mutiny; but our captain's firmness, with the assistance of assignats, to the amount of four hundred livres, which we distributed among the men, helped us out of this new danger. It is true, the ocean gaped as if it would swallow us up every moment: but its utmost fury was less formidable to us, than that of the senseless mob, which would have stupidly hurried us to the scaffold, on an ungrateful land.

At noon the wind abated, and notwithstanding all our captain's endeavours, his vessel proved itself the best sailer in the fleet. The commodore frequently gave him the signal to slacken sail; which he always did, but yet sailed too fast. This circumstance troubled him, he feared the commodore might be suspicious if he should notice, that the vessel which took the lead of the convoy was the same, which had been found so far astern at night. Then too we would be in a dangerous situation at the entrance of the river Bourdeaux, where a general examination was to be made by the convoy.

Thither,

Thither, however, we arrived at five in the evening. The commodore made all the vessels pass him, and he hailed each as it passed. We were one of the first: the dreadful question was repeated: "Have you any passengers aboard?" And he, as in the evening, answered, with a firm voice, "No:" and with equal success.

In the mean time we were carried up the river about twenty miles with the tide, and were obliged to cast anchor, as it began to ebb. Our captain took care to place his vessel at a distance from any other: and as soon as the tide had quite ebbed, he hoisted out what he called his jolly boat. It was as small and slight a boat as ever a Parisian beheld upon the Seine. Twelve of us, with the captain, went into it, besides four sailors to row. I need not say the boat was full: it was so full, that we could scarcely stir without danger. It must be noticed, that this river is a kind of sea, for it is more than four miles wide. Farther up it was still worse, for the same body of water being confined in a channel only half so wide; it rendered its course, much more rapid, and likewise very dangerous, owing to its sandbanks, with which our captain was very little acquainted. The gunwale of the boat was hardly two inches above the water's edge, frequently the waves rushed over it, and the least motion put us in peril of sinking. Yet this was but the least of our dangers.

We had taken this step to escape the last examination of our convoy, and to avoid Fort *Blaye*. Unhappily it was already day, and the man on watch on board the commodore saw us, and hailed us; merely to tell us, to keep off. Probably he thought as we hoped he would, that so small a boat

boat deserved no farther notice. At fort Blaye we were still more lucky : not a single word was said. We at length landed at Bec-d'Ambez. We were now in the department of *Gironde*; and there thinking ourselves, not only safe, but in a situation to fight with the enemies of our country, we were almost kissing the land of our deliverance. Alas, unhappy man ! thy joys are frequently as foolishly misplaced as thy griefs !

The captain went on to Bourdeaux. We among ourselves made him up the sum of two thousand livres (83l. 6s. 8d.) which he accepted. We purposed to give him a thousand crowns more, which we thought we could easily borrow in the town, where he would probably arrive only four and twenty hours before us. I do not think the richest of us had two hundred francs (8l. 6s. 8d.) in his purse at that time.

We stopped at the house of a relation of Guadet, but there were none there to receive us. We therefore went to a neighbouring inn, where Guadet, with his usual openness, told his name without any scruple ; so that consequently they could easily guess who we all were. This imprudence was the great cause of all the dangers, which almost immediately surrounded us. Thence our pursuers soon found us out, and soon we had not a moment rest.

When they had brought us the keys of the house, we went thither to converse at our ease on our situation. We had learnt strange things at the inn, which Guadet declared impossible ; we were told, that the Maratists had got uppermost at Bourdeaux ; that both the municipality and department had fled ; and that the representatives of the people were on

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their way in force. Whether these reports were true or false, we thought it not advisable that we should all venture into the town, before we learnt something more concerning them. Guadet, who was well acquainted with every street in it, offered to go thither, and would take Pethion with him.

They returned next day, happy to have entered unseen, and to have got out not apprehended. All the news we had learnt were true. There, as in other places, the honest men were ruined through want of energy. But a few days before, the good and brave youth of Bourdeaux had, in arms, gone to the department, requested permission to disarm the Franklin section, which was an arsenal to the factious. Instead of seizing this opportunity, the administrators answered, that they must wait with patience, use only gentle means, and so forth; and the very next day the Franklin section turned every thing topsy-turvy in Bourdeaux. Indeed the administrators had heaped fault on fault. In the very zenith of their power, they had made no resistance, but let the commissioners of the mountain, posted twenty miles off, take possession of the *Trompette* castle, with all its ammunition, stores, and provision, by four or five men bearing a decree. In the same manner, without any opposition, they had permitted the mountaineers to take fort Blaye, to dismiss the two battalions of Bourdeaux men placed there, and to substitute in their room two *revolutionary* battalions; which is saying every thing. Showing such weakness, they must inevitably sink under their active opponents.

At this period, all the sincerest, most enlightened, and most courageous patriots in Bourdeaux were hourly carried to prison. Terror prevailed so generally

generally, that, by nine o'clock, Guadet and Pethion could not even find a man, who would give them a night's entertainment, and it was with the greatest difficulty they could get one, who would run the hazard of conducting them out of the city.

Still, therefore, we had to think of personal safety. Guadet set off for St Emillion, the place of his nativity. There, beside relations, he had many friends, those companions of infancy, whom we think our sure friends, till adversity has put their friendship to the trial. He was sure of procuring an asylum for all of us; but he would not send for us, till every thing was ready; for it was requisite, that we should come as secretly as possible. After his departure, we shut ourselves up in the house of his relation. The neighbouring inn-keeper, a sly fellow, of whom we were not sufficiently mistrustful, wished very much to know what was become of us. He had been told that we were embarked: yet that very evening he came prying about the house, but luckily we had closed all the window-shutters. However we did not dupe him long; for, on the second day we were told it was whispered about, that we were hid in the neighbourhood of Bec-d'Ambez.

It was the evening of this second day that Guadet had proposed to return. But as we saw nothing of him, it rendered us very uneasy. Our present situation was every moment more dangerous. We heard, that the master of the inn, a hired Maratist, had just come from Bourdeaux, with some new faces; and that there was a great stir in the house, accompanied with whisperings, and private consultations. It was prudent in us to make some defensive preparations; we barricaded our doors and

windows, and divided our weapons, which consisted of fourteen pistols, five sabres, and only one musket. We were in all six men: for I ought to have mentioned before, that, when we went aboard, we found *Valady*, and one of his friends, who, however, was not a deputy; but, being tall, and having light hair, the Maratists in Gironde, whilst they knew us only by report, spread it abroad, that Wimpfen was with us, although he neither was, nor could be. Six men only, badly armed, but firmly resolved to die rather than yield, composed this formidable garrison, for the attack of which we shall find downwards that nothing less than artillery was prepared. Two thirds of the garrison went to bed in their cloaths: the remainder, that is to say, Barbaroux and I, kept watch all night. But the enemy, who would not march against us but in force, had not yet collected a sufficient number of troops. Had a hundred and fifty fusileers been sufficient, a simple requisition to the neighbouring national guards would have collected them in less than two hours, then we would not have been taken alive, but our death would have been inevitable. Fortunately it was determined to bring an army against us, capable of carrying on a regular siege; so nothing appeared that night.

On the following evening a messenger arrived from Guadet. He had found in his family only one person, who would venture to lodge us, and even he could only take in two. He *hoped* the next day to be enabled to dispose of two more, for whom he would then send; and so on, to the last. We had now only to decide, who should be the chosen two, to follow the messenger, when he
came

came to save them. We silently looked at each other. Barbaroux, always worthy of himself, was the first who broke the silence. "We know well," said he, "our danger here is imminent. Which of us all could think of saving himself, without reflecting, that to-morrow, perhaps, they, whom he left behind, would be no more? For my part, I will not abandon my companions in my labours, and the sharers of my glory. If only two of us can be lodged, let us all remain: let us die together. But if Guadet knew our situation, would he send for two only? Would he not feel, that the object of the greatest importance is to effect our escape from hence? A person offers two of us an asylum: well, cannot fix of us dispose ourselves for four or five days, in a room prepared for the reception of two? Let us depart."

While he yet spoke, some one came to inform us, that there was a great bustle, and a considerable number of people, at the neighbouring inn. About thirty officers had just arrived, and the landlord had said, that they belonged to a battalion of the revolutionary army, which was to pass this way on its march to Bourdeaux. In the mean time, several detachments of national guards had been observed in the neighbourhood, and a few brigades of gens-d'armes.

This news put an end to all consultations. Our guide descended the steps: we followed him in silence, and made a circuit to reach a boat waiting for two of us on the Garonne, about half a mile off: and it appears, that we had scarce got to the side of the river, when four hundred brave fellows, armed cap-a-pee, came with two pieces of artillery

to attack a country house, where they expected to meet with eight or ten victims.

Such was the glorious expedition of Bec-d'Ambez, where the *revolutionaries* signalized equally their courage and their address; and for which B——, I think it was, so greatly honoured his worthy satellites, in the pompous account of the transaction he transmitted to the convention; in which he said, in express words, that, "So active were the fans-culottes, that they surrounded the house, and found —— their beds warm!"

Whilst these gentlemen, sword in hand, flying colours, and lighted matches, amused themselves with searching our beds, we, in a much quieter manner, employed our time far better. We arrived at St. Emillion, after having crossed another river, the Dordogne, before Libourne, where fortunately the centinel was still faster asleep than the ferryman, whom it took us three quarters of an hour to awake.

Next day a person informed us, how narrowly we had escaped at St Ambez; and that B——, furious at missing so excellent an opportunity, and doubtless told by the ferryman, that we crossed the Dordogne, had just made a requisition of one of his revolutionary battalions, and in the mean time followed in pursuit of us with fifty horse. Thus it again it was necessary to flee. We got on a few gun-shots, and hid ourselves in a quarry, where there were no men working that day, it luckily being Sunday. We were soon joined by Guadet and Salle, who had been our messengers in Gironde, yet found no asylum for us.

We waited there for an honest fellow, who had been searching about in the neighbourhood since morning,

morning, to procure us a retreat. He came, at night, to inform us that there was not a single person who had the courage to admit us into his house. Poor Guadet was confounded. How often had he protested, that were every good and generous sentiment banished from all the rest of France, still it would take refuge in Gironde! how cruelly was he deceived by false friends, and unworthy relations! We had much need of sympathy: but he much more.

What, then, was to be done? Since we had been traced, and were accurately described, it was no longer safe for us to travel in company. Had we been, as in Finisterre, twelve more in number, and furnished with twenty good musquets, there would have been some difference: but there were only eight of us, and no other arms but pistols. We had nothing to hope from our strength; our sole dependence must be on our address: and of all the precautions to be taken, that of separating appeared to be the most necessary. My Lodoiska, I thought, should be at Paris: towards Paris, therefore, I proposed to bend my course. If I were to have the happiness of getting thither, I might get an asylum for two or three of my companions. Thus I was likewise so silly as to depend on my friends, whilst I had the example of Guadet before my eyes? My dear friend Barbaroux declared, that he was determined to share my fate; and Valady and his friend having joined us, we were in all four: Pethion and Buzot departed, to wander, I know not whither. Salle and Guadet purposed to go towards Landes.—Alas! for what purpose? Only to gain time. The horrible triumphs of the mount-
taint.

tain were so inconceivable, that we thought it impossible they could continue for a fortnight.

We embraced each other with tears in our eyes; and parted. Barbaroux was to pass for a professor of mineralogy, a science with which he was well acquainted; and we for merchants, travelling along with him, wishing to engage in the working of any mines, that he might discover. But merchants on foot, travelling by night! Three hundred miles to be travelled over, under cover of this poor fiction! Barbaroux so well known, and so remarkable! It was indeed a desperate project: but the protecting hand of Providence put a stop to it. After a walk of four hours, we found out that we had lost our way. The house of a parson was near. "We must knock at the door;" said Barbaroux. "Yes," replied I, whose thoughts were bent on nothing but Paris; "to inquire our way."—"Ah!" returned he, "could we but get something more!"

A worthy clergyman opened the door to us. We told him we were travellers, who had lost our way. "Confess," said he, "that you are good men under persecution, and under that title, take what accommodation my house offers, for four and twenty hours; would I could oftener welcome, and protect for a longer time, some of the innocent victims of unjust pursuit!"

How shall I relate in what manner we were moved by this reception! It demanded the fullest confidence, and it obtained it. At the name of Barbaroux and Louvet, the good man rushed into our arms, and wept over us for joy. We, likewise, melted into tears, for we found that Providence had led us, as it were, by the hand to one of those
so

so rare mortals, with whom Guadet had thought his department was filled.

He told us the next morning, that we might remain two or three days longer with him without danger; and that he would use his endeavour, in the mean time, to find us some safe retreat. At the expiration of this term, he let only Valady's friend depart, who thought he could easily reach the environs of Perigueux, where a relation of his dwelt, who he was sure would receive him, and who he doubted not would send for Valady. As my thoughts were still bent on Paris; I would fain have accompanied him, who was going forty miles nearer to it. The parson endeavoured to dissuade me from it: and Barbaroux fell on his knees before me to intreat me. O Lodoiska, it was them that preserved thy husband: for we soon after heard, that he, whom I wished to accompany, was arrested.

Our generous host kept us yet two days, though it was rumoured in the village, that the parson concealed some one. At length he conducted us to the house of a small farmer, who received us kindly; but it seems his wife was alarmed, at least that was the reason he gave us next day, when he told us we must not expect to stay with him. Our good parson took us away, and being unable to do better, he led us to a hayloft over a stable, belonging to a farm house, in which family there were sixteen persons. Only two of these were in the secret: the rest were going backwards and forwards to the stable all hours of the day, and sometimes even mounted the ladder to look at the hay, in which each of us lay; and in which we were forced to remain, buried even over our heads. The hay being new, was consequently hot: and the loft was so full, that there

was,

was scarcely a space two feet left for the admission of air; and what little forced its way in, was only through a very small window. To add to the misery of our situation, the weather, though in the month of October, was very hot and dry, and our two confidants were sent to a distance on some business so suddenly, that they could give us no previous notice of it. They were absent for three days. During eight and forty hours we got none of the coarse fare and small wine, we were accustomed to receive from them by stealth. The extreme lassitude, dreadful head-ach, frequent faintings, burning thirst, and great agony, we experienced, are indescribable. Once my fortitude having failed, and the courage of Barbaroux having deserted him, I took hold of one of my pistols, and looked at him with a languid smile, he followed my example. We both kept silence, but our eyes counselled each other fatally: one of my hands fell on his: he pressed it with a sort of furious ardency equal to that which inspired me. The moment was now come, that we should give ourselves up to despair: the signal of death was on the point of being given, when Valady, who had been watching our motions, cried "Barbaroux! you have yet a mother! Louvet! think of Lodoiska!" The sudden revolution these words produced, is inconceivable. Our fury subsided into tenderness: our weapons fell from our hands: our weakened bodies sunk down: we mingled our tears together.

But this sudden change only preceded another. "Lodoiska waits for me:" exclaimed I. "What do I here? Why do I here submit to so many humiliations, sufferings, and perils? If it be indeed for her sake, my staying here will not end them."

I ought

I ought to encounter perils, and endure hardships, on the road to Paris. I shall be on that road this very evening. That very evening! Madman! In one of our preceding nocturnal excursions, I had heedlessly fallen into a ditch: and considerably damaged the tendons of my ham. During our six days confinement, the absolute inaction to which we were reduced, the heat of the hay in which we were buried, anxiety, and weariness, had combined to increase the misfortune: on attempting to raise my leg, it gave me very acute pain; and my ham was become so rigid, as to be altogether incapable of flexion. Thanks to thee, Providence! that thus compelled me to remain.

At ten o'clock next night, when all in the farm seemed asleep, but the faithful dog, whose barking suffered us not to rest; we thought we heard a noise about the house, like that of two or three men walking and speaking softly: soon after we saw a great light in the stable, where we had never seen any before: at first we heard the voices of some persons speaking very cautiously; then a profound silence ensued: presently the sound recommenced without; and at last we heard some one mounting our ladder. Were we found out?—Was the stable surrounded?—We seized our arms.

A man, without either quitting the ladder, or coming near us, cried, "gentlemen come down." It was one of our confidants, that belonged to the farm: but he spoke not in his usual tone, his voice was so altered, hoarse, and furly, that it alarmed us more than any thing else. "What? come down?" said I to him—"Yes, come down."—"And why?"—"Because you must."—"But why?"

"You

—“ You are wanted.”—“ Who wants us.”—“ The parson’s kinsman.”—“ If it be the parson’s kinsman, why does not he show himself?” Here the man muttered out some silly reason I did not hear, and added in a brutal and threatening voice, “ In short, blackguards [f——], you must come down.”

This had a very threatening appearance. The imagination is very active. I immediately persuaded myself, that we were discovered and informed against; that some people had been sent to examine the house; and that they had threatened to set fire to the poor fellows hay loft, if he did not oblige us to come down. Barbaroux thought, no doubt, the same thing, for he whispered me, “ They shall not take me alive :” and Valady, whose courage was so overcome by fatigue and an incipient disease, that twenty times in the day he had confessed himself seized with terrors, and mortal fears at the thoughts of death, so that he never had the resolution to put an end to his own existence; but now, imagining that the fatal hour was come, he said faintly to us, “ Alas ! then, we must perish !” and perceiving the preparations we were making, he added, taking us by the hand, “ O my friends ! are you going to leave me ?” For my own part, I never thought the approach of death so near, in the most critical junctures of my proscription, except once afterwards at the gates of Orleans.

“ Citizen,” cried I to the man, firmly, “ we do not wish to involve you in any scrape : yet think not to draw us into any snare : we certainly will not descend till we see the kinsman of the parson, or you frankly tell us what you intend ”

Forgive me, reader, if I have made you feel any of the apprehensions with which our minds were
tortured

tortured: Pardon me, for they were groundless: it was only puffanimity in him, who was sent by our good friend the parson, and the cruel necessity of again setting out on our travels. At length the parson's kinsman made his appearance. He had kept out, lest he should be seen by any belonging to the farm. It seems one of the farmer's men, having heard some stir in the hayloft, had hinted his suspicions; so that before another day was past, it was probable we might be discovered by a man, whom we had every reason to fear. Our two confidants, alarmed at this, went and told the clergyman, that he must take us away immediately. The information arrived so late, he knew not how to dispose of us. We should be in a more dangerous situation at his house than any where; as information had just been given, that he concealed some one in his house. He ran directly to seek some hiding place for us: and in the mean time, to set the farmer at rest, who was terribly frightened, it was absolutely necessary to leave the hayloft, and pass the night where we could.

O God! if it was not thy will, that we should die, at least thou decreed, that we should undergo very severe trials. We were driven from the hayloft, when, as an abode, it was just become supportable, and as a shelter, necessary; the weather having changed that evening. The violence of the storm was a little abated: the thunder was heard no longer, but the rain continued to pour down incessantly, and a cold south wind blew. In addition to my difficulties, I could only drag myself over the clay ground upon one leg and a walking stick. Our guide led us into a little wood; and

N

there

there left us to get thoroughly wet and benumbed at our leisure.

The bad weather, however, did not hinder the exertions of our generous parson. A little before it was light, he came himself to tell us, that all his endeavours had proved vain; and as he saw it was not possible for us, in the place where we were, to remain undiscovered till next night, he would carry us to his own house, whatever might be the consequence. This offer we would not avail ourselves of, till he told us, that from his cock-loft, where he was to put us, we might easily come down into a back yard, by a rope fastened to the window, and thence escape over a low wall into the open fields, whenever any suspicious object was seen approaching the house, for which purpose one of us would be always on the watch.—Worthy man! He seemed glad to receive us again!

I was now overjoyed at the circumstance, which had constrained me to leave my wife behind me, and not bring her into so many severe trials, and ever-renewing dangers. If I found my constitution too weak to encounter them, she must, without doubt, have sunk under them. I should have been so unhappy, as to see her expire in my arms, before my death. Yet we presumed to murmur against the decrees of heaven, when it ordained our separation. O providence, how unsearchable are thy ways! how vain are the desires of man!

In the mean time we learnt, that Guadet and Salle, after having knocked without effect, at the doors of *fifty friends*, had found every kind of assistance, and a good asylum in the house of a woman, as compassionate, generous, and intrepid, as all those creatures, who are nevertheless called men, had

had proved themselves cowardly, selfish, and inhuman. From the moving description given us of the deeds of that angel of heaven, we found it was needless to ask her for shelter, if she could give it us. We need only to acquaint her with our situation. We sent a messenger to her, who quickly returned to tell us to come all three. She only advised us, not to come till midnight, and to use every precaution, that we might not be seen; as our safety with her must chiefly depend on our exactness in following these her conditions.

On our way we stopped at a clergyman's house, (a friend of the one we had left) where we had been engaged to supper. The reader must forgive these details: it was so long since we had known what it was to sup! Then the supper in itself was nothing, in comparison with the kind attentions, by which it was introduced. They had warm water ready, to wash our feet; a good fire, to dry us; all the necessary apparatus, for shaving, and restoring our hair to some order; clean linen; all followed by food light to digest, and cordial wine, poured out by a charming niece. It was really a niece; for none will suspect me of jesting. I mention her, that the reader may form some idea of the effect produced on us, by these frequent and sudden transitions from a painful and tardy situation, to one as rapid and delightful; and of the contrast between this kind and charming girl, loading us with civilities, and those insensible, gloomy, and threatening visages, which were taken up in laying snares for us, or coolly seeing us fall into them. At the house of this good clergyman, we thought our lot similar to that of those brave knights errant, who, after encountering monsters,

on a sudden find themselves in some enchanted pavillion, served by attendant fairies.

By midnight we arrived at the house of another fairy. There, with a thousand pieces of attention not less affecting, we were to find courage, constancy, and devotion to our service without bounds. Our two friends were lodged thirty feet underground; and the entrance to their subterraneous abode, not a little dangerous in itself, was so concealed, that it was impossible to discover it: Spacious as was the cavern, five men residing constantly in it might spoil the air, which could not be easily renewed. In a different part of the house, therefore, we formed another strong hold, more salubrious, almost as secure, and almost as difficult to be discovered. A few days after, Buzot and Pethion having sent us notice, that they had changed their retreat *seven times within a fortnight*, and were at length reduced to the last extremity.—“Let them both come hither;” said this remarkable woman. Nor let it be forgotten, that she was threatened almost every day with a general search; and she was so strongly suspected of being virtuous, that they often talked of imprisoning her. And every day some head or other fell under the guillotine, and the banditti committed horrible excesses. They were continually swearing, that they would burn alive, in their own houses, such persons as should be found to conceal us. They even talked of setting whole towns on fire. “My God! Let the searchers come!” she would say to us, gaily and unmoved, “provided you do not take upon yourselves the task of receiving them: I am only afraid, lest they should arrest me; and then what would become of you?”

Our

Our two friends arrived, and retired into the cave. Thus we were now seven in all; and the great difficulty was to procure us food. Provision was scarce in the department: our hostess could only get a pound of bread a day, but there were potatoes and kidney beans in the cock-loft. To save breakfast, we lay in bed till noon. A dish of soup made of pulse served us for dinner. When night came, we peaceably left our abode, and joined her. Our supper consisted sometimes of a small bit of beef, with difficulty brought from the market; at others of a dish of poultry from the yard, which could not last long; with one or two eggs, some vegetables, and a drop of milk; of which the could never be prevailed on to take much, that the more might be left for us. She was like a mother in the midst of her children, for whose sake she was sacrificing herself. Here we abode a whole month, notwithstanding the persecutions of an *intimate friend* of Guadet; who, knowing we were there, seized every method to drive us away; and whose cowardly apprehensions at length so overcame him, that he was on the point of blowing out his brains for fear of dying. I cannot relate all the lies, projects, threats, and dastardly manœuvres of every kind, by which he at length effected his purpose, without danger of betraying our astonishing friend: and if I could, the tale would only disgust.

It is not too late to let my reader know, that, on my arrival in Gironde, I had written to Lodoiska to inform her, without describing the great danger of my situation, that, instead of waiting for her, I was to use every possible method I could to come to her. After that, while at the worthy

clergyman's, when every avenue to my native city seemed shut against me, I wrote a second letter to my wife, in which I requested her to come and settle at Bourdeaux. A friend had undertaken to copy this letter, and put it into the post-office; but six weeks having elapsed, without my receiving any answer to it, it was plain that, either it had not been sent, or she had not received it. This rendered my desire of braving every obstacle, to reach Paris, still more ardent.

The critical moment arrived—The fatal day of a long, perhaps everlasting separation, from men who were for ever closely united to me by all that is most respectable in the tenderest friendship, the purest virtue, and righteous calamity. We quitted our retreat, no less safe than endeared to us, by the behaviour we had experienced, and divided into two parties, which soon again separated. Barbaroux, who had shared almost every danger with me, since we left Caen, now went with Buzot and Pethion, though as much grieved at leaving me, as I was at the loss of him. They travelled some miles towards the sea side, to seek a doubtful asylum. How sorrowfully did we bid each other farewell! Poor Buzot! he buried in the bottom of his heart deep afflictions, which I alone knew, and which I will never reveal. Pethion, the firm Pethion, how he was changed! How altered was the serenity of his countenance, how troubled the tranquillity of his mind, since he could no longer doubt of the enslavement of his country, since we heard of the imprisonment of the seventy-five, and the punishment of *our friends*! And my dear Barbaroux, how much he suffered. I shall never forget his last words: “Wherever you find my mother, endeavour

deavour to supply my place to her as a son: and in return I vow to you, that I shall never enjoy any thing, which I shall not share with your wife, should we chance to meet."

There was another amongst us that strove in vain to conceal the affliction she felt: this was our kind protectress. She wept, she bewailed the necessity, which obliged her no longer to expose herself to danger for us. "Cruel men," said she, alluding to her relations: "What violence they do my inclinations! I can never forgive them, if any one of you——" She could not finish the sentence: but her presentiment was too well founded: one of us was soon to perish.

We set out at one o'clock in the morning, Guadet, Salle, myself, and Valady, from whom we were very soon to part. We travelled with him a few hundred yards, on the road to the house of a relation, on whose humanity he placed some reliance. What a look he gave us, when we parted! I shall never forget it: there was death in his eyes.

I abode, then, with Salle and Guadet, whom I chose to join, because the place, towards which they were to bend their course next day, was twelve miles off, on the Perigueux road, and I felt a certain pleasure at the thoughts of getting a little nearer to Paris. To reach this place, however, it was expedient to make a circuit round Libourne, in which place we should have run great risk. To accomplish this, we must go through an intricate by-road, through which we were to be guided the next night, by a *friend* of Guadet, whom a sure confidant was to bring us. In the mean time we must find a place to pass the remainder of this night, and all next day. And therefore we proceeded to-
wards

wards a town at some distance, in whose neighbourhood there were a number of caverns, with which Guadet was acquainted. The safest of them, owing to it's size, he had told our confidant, was to be the place of rendezvous. On our arrival, we found the entrance built up. To be sure fifty others remained open : but how was our confidant next night to discover which of them we were in ? It was necessary to acquaint him of this : Guadet and I undertook the task, with no little danger. We had a village to go through, and there were some gens-d'armes lodged at the house of our confidant : it was necessary to awake him, without rousing these spies ; and this we accomplished.

When we got back to our grotto, we sought repose in vain. The cold and the damp defied sleep. Not till ten in the morning, did the thick darkness that surrounded us begin to clear away a little : we then retired to the most obscure extremity, where we could see what passed at the entrance of the cavern, without being perceived. Some animals came near, scented us, and withdrew : the most savage of all animals came too ; but luckily they did not scent us. They were men : they stopped but a moment to ease themselves of incumbrances, the smell as well as the sight of which incommoded us not a little. It indeed had been bad for us, if any of these peasants, more delicate or more modest than the rest, had retired to the further end of the grotto. Woe had betided us : for we could never have determined, for our own safety, to spill the blood of a man, of whose ill intentions towards us we could not be certain. Had such a thing happened, we had resolved, to present our pistols to the poor fellow, and keep him prisoner, till we
quitted

quitted our retreat : yet even then he might very soon inform against us, and thus effect our ruin. Of this we were sufficiently aware : but we had determined to run the risk : for though we might still experience more ingratitude from man, we would not dip our hands in innocent blood.

It is necessary to be proscribed, to know how difficult and irksome, it is, to have always your steps to measure, your breath to fetch gently, a sneeze to stifle, a laugh, an exclamation, nay the least noise, to suppress. Without having experienced it, it is impossible for any one to conceive, how painful, tormenting, and hazardous, this apparently so easy restraint, becomes by continuance. In our situation it was an unavoidable evil ; and even before we had felt the pulse of Gironde, I was well disciplined in the exercise of it, with my Lodoiska, when with our worthy original of Finisterre ; who, for our amusement and his own, kept us secreted in a closet, with a member of the club at our side, and a *g ns-d'armes* over our heads. An unlucky woman came into the grotto, to put our dexterity in these points to the trial. In the first place, being rather more modest, she came farther in : in the next place, being seemingly troubled with an obstinate *teneismus*, she made repeated, but fruitless exertions, so that her stay was long : lastly, as she was going out, she lost her footing on the wet and slippery ground. Stretched at length on the greasy pavement, the poor old woman found she was not able to rise. Long she attempted it, backing her efforts with a little soliloquy, which one would have thought diverting enough in any other situation : yet to no purpose ; and at last she called out for assistance. This soon brought to the place
several

several men, who passed their jokes upon her, long enough, and near enough, to give us much uneasiness. Things, however, cannot last for ever; for at length they helped the old woman to rise, and went away.

In the evening, our confidant came to tell us, that Guadet's *friend* could not, that is to say, *dared not*, travel with us four miles. Thus Guadet was obliged to find out the road, which he was formerly acquainted with, though never well. This was of itself a difficult office, besides, the terrible weather, the rain poured down in torrents, and, threatened us with a worse night, than the one we had passed, but necessity, sheer necessity, impelled us on. I found my resolution strong: repeated moderate exercise in our last dwelling had cured my leg; and my ham had recovered its former suppleness. Besides, we were travelling towards Paris: thus I felt my own vigour revived, and even some little satisfaction of mind.

We set out on the night, either of the 14th or 15th of November, 1793: O God, thou markedst it with too severe trials, for it ever to escape my memory.

Yet, whither were we going? Twelve miles farther, I have said. Twelve miles! were we then sure of an hospitable reception? At least Guadet had no doubt of it, and for this once I too was of the same opinion, that we would have nothing to fear. The family of the lady, to whom he was going to introduce us, had long been connected with his; and Guadet himself had extricated her, from a criminal prosecution, which deeply endangered her honour, and the credit of her relations. Since this circumstance, even long before the revolution, she had

had a hundred times told him of her gratitude, and a thousand times proffered him her services. Besides, we asked protection for four or five days only, after which period, our generous friend meant to receive us again, whatever might be the consequences.

At first, what we had feared, actually happened. We lost our way so very much, that, though we set off at seven o'clock, it was midnight before we had got on four miles of the by-way, after passing through roads so bad, that the mud, without any exaggeration, was half leg deep. I on this occasion regretted the loss of a strong sword-cane, on which I used to lean so often, and sometimes with such weight, that at length it gave way. Our fatigue may easily be imagined; but we had still eight miles to walk. Then we did not arrive at the end of our journey, till four in the morning, covered with mud, wet to the skin, and overcome with fatigue.

Guadet went and knocked at the door: in about half an hour it was opened a little way. A servant, who had seen him a hundred times, did not know him. On telling who he was, the servant told him, he would acquaint his mistress. In another half hour, his mistress sent word, that it was impossible for her to grant what he demanded, as they had a committee of superintendance in the village: as if she did not know there was a committee of superintendance in every village. Guadet persisted, and asked admission, for himself alone, in the first place, if madam wished it, that he might at least speak to her for one moment. Madam answered, that this was likewise impossible, and the door was shut.

We

We had waited an hour under some trees, so burthened with water, that perhaps they poured more on us than they kept off. When I got to this place the sweat ran off my face, and down my body, in streams, mingled with the rain, and the south wind which at first we thought refreshing, but soon found extremely sharp, blew on us. Ever since we had come to that place, our garments quite drenched with water, were turned like ice; for my part, I was freezing with the cold: and my teeth chattered in my head.

Guadet, in despair, came at length, and told us how he had been received. I scarce heard what he said, but it occasioned a terrible revolution in me: my perspiration was completely stopped; a cool shivering seized me. I fell senseless to the ground. My friends helped me on my feet, and tried to support me against a tree: but I was so weak, that even thus I could not stand: so that they were necessitated to let me lie on the ground, or rather in the water. Guadet ran again and knocked at the door: but they would not open it: he was obliged to speak through the key-hole. "A room and a fire," said he, "only for two hours: one of my friends is taken ill." This message was carried to the lady, who returned answer, it was *impossible*. "At least give me a drop of vinegar and glass of water:" cried my poor friend. But that, too, madam replied, *was impossible*.

Wretch! her name was—I should! I should tell her name! to hold her up to the admiration of those assassins that now tyrannise over France. But no: I will leave her to her own remorse, and I hope avenging justice will inflict no other chastisement on her! may she not meet, in her first agonies,

nies, some monster of humanity, that will refuse her a little fire, and a cup of water !

I could not indeed speak, but I still could hear, and I heard Guadet rail against human nature, and bewail his fate. This tended more to the revival of my strength than the greatest cordials could have done. I very soon recovered my senses, and was transported with rage. " Let us go," cried I : " let us flee : let us flee from mankind : let us flee to the grave."

Scarcely had I got up, when my blood began to warm with other ideas : I heard them talking of the means they purposed to use to regain their cave ; whilst my thoughts were very differently employed : " shall I hide myself from such wretches," thought I ! " no : I will triumph over them, or perish in the attempt." In the mean time we had got to the high-road, which was about half a mile distant.

Arrived there, I said to them : " my friends, how can you gain your dreary retreat before day ? I am sorrow to leave you in this distress : but I cannot assist you, and I am determined. A hundred times have I told you, that I think there are extremities, beyond which we ought not to drag on the burden of life. I have likewise as often told you, that, when I was reduced to that point of distress, when I think a brave man may die, instead of blowing out my own brains, I would set off for Paris. I know I have a very bad chance of ever getting there ; but it is my duty to attempt it. In this way only dare I seek death : my family, and my friends, whom twenty years have tried, have still this influence over me. You both know the wife who expects me. My friends shall know that, though the whole world deserted me, yet I

give them this testimony of friendship, that I despaired not of their fidelity, but made one last effort to flee to their arms. My Lodoiska shall find, that when I fell, my face was turned towards her. If, however, I shall prevail over a thousand perils, Guadet, tell thy cowardly friends, that I am thenceforward in safety, for I have still some faithful and devoted friends."

They held me, advised me, and intreated me; but I would not hear them. I soon stripped myself of every thing that could encumber me on my long journey. Stockings, handkerchief, and a suit of clothes were thrown away. My national great coat I kept; and over my hair I threw a little Jacobine wig, that I had preserved, and thus equipped, I was disguised pretty well. I embraced Guadet and Salle: I divided a few assignats which I had in my pocket book, with the latter, who was even poorer than myself: I embraced my friends once more, and we parted.

Thus I set off; and the reader may now contemplate a spectacle worthy of some attention: a man alone wrestling with fortune, and a world of enemies. Yet, I err, I was in company. The hatred of tyrants, the contempt of slaves, and of death attended me. Thy immortal affection, thy commanding genius, Lodoiska, drew me on. Above all, unwearied providence, every one of my steps was at one time preceded, at another followed, by thy protection, which is never refused to innocence.

It was four miles to *Mont Pont*, the chief town of the district, and as it was a dangerous place, it would have been imprudent in me to pass it in day light. My limbs were yet so benumbed, that I could

could not walk very quickly. Exercise, however, soon diffused over all parts of my body that heat, which had only fired my head and my heart. My blood, now warmed, had free circulation: my perspiration returned: I walked fast a long way; and felt no fatigue. Perhaps that inhuman woman's having repulsed us, saved me from distress. The sun was rising when I saw Mont Pont. Its inhabitants, to make sure work that nothing should come from Gironde without being thoroughly examined, had placed a sentinel at the entrance of the city on that side. I saw the man on duty, resting against a wall, under a kind of pent-house, motionless: I thought he saw me coming, and noticed me with attention. Not to create suspicion, I slackened my pace, and advanced softly; holding my wretched passport ready, which I intended to present him with a careless air; hoping, he would just look on it, and tell me to "pass on." He spoke not: for he was asleep. The muzzle of his piece rested against his stomach, the but-end was on the ground, and opposed my way. I stepped over it; and that I might not interrupt the young man's happy sleep, I continued to walk softly, without making any noise. At the end of the street I resumed my former pace: which awaked him, he cried, "who goes there?" Twice he called; but he might have done so ten times, ere I should have returned to give him an answer.

I intended to have got on much farther; but I had not travelled above a mile, when I felt about my left heel an acute pain, which struck me at once, like a flash of lightning. Hoping it would wear off, I endeavoured to walk on; but it became more acute, fixed, and extended under the sole of my

foot. It was most likely an inflammatory humour, forming in consequence of my checked perspiration, which had been thrown upon my lungs when I fainted at the woman's door, and which my late exertions had driven to my extremities. Whatever was the cause, however, it was with difficulty I travelled another mile. At a village inn I was served with a room, a good fire, and a substantial breakfast, which I stood much in need of.

Here I found ink, and a good pen, which I much wanted. My passport was from Rennes. In Gironde, a friend of our clergyman, an equally kind and skilful penman, had added to it four different *visas*, in as many different hands: one of these was from the office of the marine classes at l'Orient, another by one of the municipal officers of that town, the third from the marine at Bourdeaux, and the fourth by the new mayor there. They all certified, that they had *seen pass* citizen Larcher, such was my travelling name, and that I was an honest Sans-culotte. So far, was well: but I wanted some *visas* since those of Bourdeaux. I knew the name of the president of the committee of superintendance at Libourne: this I ventured to add, with a hand not very skilful in disguising itself: yet I did it tolerably well; and I acted wisely; for unless I had used this precaution I should have been arrested twenty miles farther on.

This passport, thus covered with signatures, you may suppose would pass me in the villages, but for the towns it was useless. It was too defective for townsmen always to be duped by it. The *visa* and seal of the district were wanting: and, every thing that came from Bourdeaux was much suspected in the chief towns of the districts and departments, of
which

which I dare say there were twenty on my road, in each of which there were some commissioners of the executive power; emissaries from the Jacobins of Paris, who knew me well, or what was worse, mountaineers, who knew me still better. It was my business therefore to regulate matters so as never to pass a town, except at day break, or in the evening; and to sleep in the villages. This would be attended with the inconvenience of making me sometimes be suspected; yet even this peril was less, than that to which I should be exposed, if I stopped in a town.

This afternoon, therefore, I was obliged to travel six miles, in order to pass *Mussidan* at dusk, and sleep two miles beyond it. At three o'clock I set off, a little rested, and thoroughly dry, but still tortured with my rheumatism. Soon the pain became so acute, that at every step my body was bent to the ground, and occasioned great exertion to raise it again. The diseased leg swelled, burnt like fire, and felt enormously heavy. To add to my difficulty, the road was in some places a deep slough, in others covered with rough flints, over which I walked as on burning coals. So painful was my progress, that after walking a few minutes I was covered with sweat, and then was forced to halt as long, standing in the greatest pain of body, and anxiety of mind, resting on one leg, which was heartily tired, hanging the other, and supporting my weight on a staff. Night came on, and I was completely exhausted, when I found myself in a little village, a mile short of *Mucidan*. I saw a little alehouse, and I stopped at it.

How good the people were, who kept it! "Ah, sir, you seem very ill;" They looked at my leg;

eagerly prepared the bath of warm water, which I desired; and ran to get some elder flowers, at my request. They would have me sup alone in a little room, because they were making ready a supper for a band of noisy furious revolutionists, and sick persons need quietness. I know not whether they suspected, that I had any reasons for wishing to avoid this company. In short, my landlady would give me her own bed: it was the best she had, and then I should be alone.

I was so tired, had suffered so much, had passed two such vexatious nights; my leg appeared to have so much need of as much rest as possible; my hosts were so attentive, their countenances so promising; (for I believe in physiognomy, and sometimes put a little confidence in a pretty face, and always in a good-natured one,) and they took so much care not to disquiet me, and to keep inquisitive eyes from me, that I thought I could not do better than spend a couple of days with them. Their attention slackened not one minute; but they were careful not to alarm me with the numberless questions, with which inn-keepers always beset one. They only said sometimes: "Surely, sir, you come from Bourdeaux!" and without waiting an answer, without making any further enquiries, or saying another word, they would lift up their hands and eyes in a very significant air. Once, indeed, the landlady noticed my clothes, which my late journeys had rather impaired, and said to me, "Ah, sir, one can easily perceive, that you have been accustomed to dress better than this. The compliment, however, did not much please me; as it hinted, that I had not yet got completely the look of a dirty Jacobin; which I was determined to acquire

quire. It was not till towards the evening of the second day I left this house. I sorrowfully quitted those good people; and, on paying my little bill, I felt a private displeasure at the very great moderation of their charge.

I entered Mucidan, at dusk. In the midst of the principal street is a guard-house on the right; but I slipped by on the left, whilst some waggons were passing between us. Thus I got safe through the town: but how was I to get on? I had nursed my rheumatism to very little purpose: for it grew worse: as I had taken little exercise, the swelling was so increased, that it ascended to the middle of my leg, and the pain was excruciating. How unlucky! I, who lately walked so stoutly, was now deprived of the use of my legs, when I had them to depend on chiefly for my safety. If I could only walk four miles in a day, what shadow of hope had I left? At the best, my enterprize was a very bold one, and this circumstance increased its danger very much. Was it possible for me to be more than two months on the road, to stop at more than sixty inns, and not be discovered? Yet were I allowed once more to embrace my Lodoiska! But I may now be too sure, that cruel fate has at length decreed our eternal separation. Thus I murmured against providence: may it pardon the weaknesses of man; who so often accuses it, only because he cannot see through its designs!

Affuredly I stood in need of true courage, during the two tedious hours I took to travel a mile and a half. At length, having arrived at a village, I called to some peasants, to show me the inn. One of them led me to a most wretched house, too like its master, who came, grumbling, and opened the door.

door. Casting his eye distrustfully over me, he asked my guide, in his provincial dialect, which I fortunately understood, "where did you get this man?"—"Why, faith, on the road:" replied he. To which the brute replied, "Very well: we will send him back thither."

I went in, and my host began again to smoke his pipe, without saying a word; spat almost upon my feet; set himself down directly between the fire and me; and seemed to have forgot that there was any one present. But this was not the case with the little woman, his wife: she addressed me in a very insinuating tone of voice: but there was something so constrained in her language, something so treacherous in her looks, something so hypocritical in her demeanour, and such an air of maliciousness about her, that prevented my being one moment duped by her. I could scarcely have come to a place more unluckily; at the same time I could not have been more readily put on my guard: I so well arranged my looks, my actions, and my words, the better to play the part I was thus unhappily obliged to assume.

Whilst breaking my omelet, this eternal prater stunned me with her questions, which she intermixed with insidious remarks. How much she sympathised with those good noblemen, those poor priests, those worthy merchants, who were carried to the guillotine by scores! This would not do. Then she began with Charlotte Corday, whose eulogy she pronounced, and on Marat, for whom, she thought, hanging would have been by far too good. Upon this I seemed to fall into a violent passion, and threatened her with the guillotine, in the true style of father Duchesne: and certainly I exhibited

exhibited a fearful picture of a Jacobin. This did not surprize her : she did not yield ; but continued her treacherous part with unceasing perfidy, and I persevered in mine with equal bravery.

We could not, however, sit up all night. I took the precaution to go to bed in my pantaloons, in which I kept a brace of excellent pocket pistols ; and I put my dear Lodoiska's valuable present under my pillow. Yet, formidable as this weapon was, which, from its terrible mouth, like a cannon loaded with grape-shot, I could discharge four bullets, and fifteen large flugs at a shot, and likewise contained a strong bayonet, I depended not chiefly on it. What inspired me above all with resolution, calmly to meet each day's rising dangers, and to hold up my head amongst the numerous crowds of my enemies, was a small quantity of capital opium, the precious gift of my universalist of Finistierre. This, made up into a few small pills, I kept wrapped in a piece of glove, next my very skin ; and so well hid, that, unless I were stripped naked, and searched with the greatest indecency, it was impossible to find them. Thus, in case of any unforeseen attack, or sudden surprize, when I could neither fight my way, nor kill myself with my pistols, a last and sure resource was left. At the bottom of the terrible dungeon into which I should doubtless be first thrown, I should escape from their bloody scaffold, by the aid of my invisible narcotic. I contented myself with the thought, that, by braving their rage to my last breath, I should disappoint their malice.

The next day I was not a little surprised, to find I had spent a good long night in the same place. It was after nine o'clock, till the landlady awaked me,

me, to ask whether I was not ready to depart. I told her, I was so well satisfied where I was, that I purposed to dine with her: and it was not her fault that ever I dined again. As I was swallowing my last mouthful, she went out, cantingly saying, that she would take payment when she returned, in a minute or two. In fact, she did not stay, but she brought with her a huge country oaf, proud of his magistracy, but more embarrassed with it. "This is the citizen, our mayor," said she to me: "he is come to look at your passport." I produced it with a satisfactory air. By the manner in which he inspected it, I soon found out, that he could scarcely read. He asked where the seal was: it was stamped, and I showed him the stamp, adding, that that was the only method of sealing in my country; and immediately I began a fine long dissertation on that manner of sealing, pretty frequently interrupted by large bumpers of my landlady's thin wine, a quart of which I had just called for, that citizen the mayor might honour me so far as to drink a cup with me. I had done well, and I observed in the course of my adventures, that the episodes were full as well liked as the piece itself. The malignant landlady perceived it too: the mayor was too well satisfied with my paper: this was not what she wanted. "I will go," said she, "and fetch citizen the attorney, syndic of the place: he can read writing off hand." He soon came, and was received as one with whose conspicuous merit I was well acquainted, took a third glass, but first of all was told one of my last tales, which citizen the mayor asked me to repeat for his colleague's entertainment. A second was the consequence of the first, and a third of the second, which was followed by several

several others, attended by the jingling of glasses, and bursts of laughter, with which my villagers' sides shook. Prodigal to them, but frugal to myself, although I filled their glasses every minute, I took care to empty my own as seldom as possible. By degrees, however, I grew somewhat merry, and became so much the better company. My stories, growing more and more diverting, made the n almost die with laughing. They forgot my passport, of which, however, I took care constantly to remind them. The landlady, who did not drink, was very anxious for its re-appearance. Re-appear it certainly did, but it disappeared again as quickly. *My duty and respect for the people's magistrates*, brought it into my hand every moment; but the publication of Marat's virtues, the great achievements of the mountain, the many interesting and amusing tales I told, hindered me from opening it: *without thinking* it always fell back into my pocket-book. I did not hesitate to take it out; but it dropt in again very quickly. In the space of an hour it performed this journey fifty times: fifty times they had a glimpse of it, but they saw it not once. However it was unnecessary. The more I spoke, bawled, swore, guillotined, insulted morality, justice, and public decency; the less desire they shewed to read my papers: they could not doubt, then, my being a good French patriot. At this my landlady was so enraged: that she went to seek a municipal officer by way of re-inforcement. Him, too, I forced to drink and laugh, and laugh and drink: but as for the passport, he, like the others, saw it—but at a distance. But the jade would not give it up: had it been only to sell her wine, she would have brought me all the municipality, one by one.

one. She brought two more recruits, of such a huge size, that they could themselves have emptied her cellar. Had they went on, I must have been buried in it. As soon as I saw them, I got up to pay the reckoning. The good wife, though she had only looked on, saw double. She counted on two quarts for one: I, who had to fear nothing, sent her a thousand times to the devil, and offered her for this once my passport; of which I ceased not to talk, and with which, I assured my new comers, a man might go to the very bottom of hell. This assertion none of their predecessors contradicted. The mayor, who, though I had given him an opportunity of reading it, had not done so, swore, that there could not be the least doubt of its goodness; though with much less emphasis than his two colleagues did, who had never read it. Loaded with their compliments, I paid the score already run up, and ordered another quart; and as soon as I had drunk a glass of it to the health of the two fresh auxiliaries, I took my leave, to the great regret of the company, sorry to lose so good a companion, and to the great vexation of the malicious landlady, much grieved at being obliged to relinquish all hope, for the present time, of the reward of a hundred livres, (*4l. 3s. 4d.*) promised to every informer.

Next day nothing new occurred. I saw not Perigueux till the day after, a dangerous place, it was in its neighbourhood that Valady's friend was arrested. Luckily the way to Limoges passed through a suburb of the town, where I was not molested: but it was very dark, when, overcome with fatigue, I stopt at a hamlet, two miles further on, called *les Tavernes*. The innkeeper was just going

going to bed ; but I had scarcely asked for a lodging, when he sought to see my passport. As soon as he saw that there was no *visa* from the chief town of the district, he called out, " I see it is from Libourne, *otherwise I would have slept you this instant* : but you have come past Perigueux, without presenting yourself to the magistrates : to-morrow you shall go back there." Could I but tremble ? I knew well, that there were several mountaineers in Perigueux ; where, likewise, all the public bodies had been *regenerated*, in Hebert's style. Yet I put a good face on the matter ; saying, I saw no other inconvenience in my return, than that of lengthening my journey, which was of some consequence to a poor fellow like me, already so bad ; adding, that I thought it unnecessary, and even impracticable, to have my papers attested at every place I went through. To which my landlord answered very laconically : " well, well ; you must go back ! " At length a kind of public carrier, who had an ingenuous, mild, and good natured countenance, took my part against the landlord ; with whom he remonstrated in a firm yet friendly tone : observing, that although the *poor man* had not thought of producing his papers in every town ; it would be cruel to make him go back, in his present condition ; that by unnecessarily troubling travellers, nobody would travel, which *would entirely ruin inn-keepers, trade, France, and carriers*. Our landlord, a little pacified by these words, did not repeat his awful speech : but, notwithstanding of all I could do, he did not say a single word, that tended to ease my mind : I even suspected, that all his behaviour boded me no good. For supper he gave me nothing but a morsel of brown bread, and a little

P- small

small wine. My honest advocate again pitied me: he offered me, and made me take the last remnant of part of a fowl, which he was eating when I came in. We then began to talk together. I know not how it was, divorce was mentioned: the good man at this fell into a great passion, swearing, that they should never make him leave his wife and children. I saw he was fond of them; and a few words informed me, that this man, of good birth, though poor education, was led by his own plain understanding and natural probity, to detest the present excesses. It was with a good deal of pleasure I learnt, that he was going to Limoges, with a little cart loaded with goods: and I intended to rise early enough to travel with him, unless the inn-keeper secretly intended to make me go back to Périgueux. The landlady, as I was going to a truckle bed, she showed me in the garret, told me, that I must pay her instantly for my wretched meal, and still more wretched lodging. How weak and ridiculous, at times, is even a philosopher! This circumstance, which indeed proved, that I acted the *fans-culotte* capitally, and that I could never have been known to be a representative of the people, touched me more strongly, than the approach of the greatest perils. To confess the truth, it was with tears in my eyes, that I gave this woman my poor assignat of fifteen sous, ($7\frac{1}{2}d.$) from which she returned me five; and when she was gone, I could not help exclaiming, "what pains am I subjected to undergo! to what humiliations must I submit! alas! to finish all perhaps at the scaffold!"

Think how imprudent I was, and of the agony that followed, when a noise occasioned by something moving in another sort of a bed, which I had

not

not noticed at the further end of my garret, let me know that some poor fellow was there; who, if he were not found asleep, could not but hear what I had said. Thus was my night's rest destroyed: anxiety introduced watchfulness: at length, the fever having left me at break of day, I fell into a state of stupefaction, which continued so long, that when I opened my eyes, I found my tutelary carrier had departed a full hour before; and my opium, which had loosened during my restlessness, I could not find. With what anxiety did I seek for this friend, now more than ever needed! what I endured till I discovered it? Perhaps of all the cruel occurrences of this melancholy excursion no one made me suffer so much.

I went down stairs, to limp out of doors, when, as I had got to the threshold, the innkeeper, already on horseback, called out to me, "I wish you a good journey! I am on the road to Perigueux." But beginning to reflect on the pains he took to tell me where he was going, without my having asked him, I was anxious to know, whether he really had gone that way: and on looking about me, I could see nobody on the way to Perigueux, but I saw a man on horseback galloping towards Thiviers. At this I was much alarmed: undoubtedly he was going on before to inform on me, and get me apprehended in the first town: I however proceeded, determined to ask at those I met. The first, of whom I enquired whether the man on horseback before me were not a tall man, with dark hair, about fifty years of age, in a gray coat, and on a black horse, answered Yes; and so said the next. I then came up to the carrier, whom I saw at the inn the preceding evening: he had gone

on but slowly, as he had many things to take up by the way. Forcing a smile, I bade him good-morrow, and said : " So our landlord is away before us." He satisfied himself by saying he is not. Prepossessed with my fears, I answered him not, but pursued my journey ; and a quarter of a mile farther on I met a traveller, whom I likewise questioned as I had done the others. " It is just such a man as you describe," said he, " but you will soon come up with him, for he has stopped at that large village you see at the foot of the hill." I could now no longer doubt of the mischief that was prepared for me by the traitor. To avoid, however, as much as possible, any risk, said I to myself, I had better, whatever pain, and however great the danger it may cost me, return to Perigueux, and show myself to the municipality. No doubt I had better present myself in that dreaded town, where my seeming voluntary proceeding will beget me some confidence, than be forced back to it, by the Jacobins of this village, where an informer has got there before me. Yet what an alternative ! How cruel the choice ! and how dirty the malice that obliges me to it ! At last, my resolution taken, I sorrowfully paced my way back towards the town.

I had not gone far till I met the carrier, who asked if I had lost anything. " Alas ! yes : my time and labour. I am going back to Perigueux. But how could you, in whom I reposed such confidence, deceive me on this occasion ? How could you league with that man, who is going to betray me ?"—" What man ?"—" The innkeeper. It was he that rode by, in a gray coat, mounted on a black horse. He is gone to denounce me at Pailissoux, and has bid you not tell me of it."—" It is all a
great

great mistake:" exclaimed the carrier. "I saw the traveller whom you mention: I assure you it was not the innkeeper: if he were capable of such behaviour, I would never put up at his house again." To this he added, in a tone of voice which falsehood never imitated, and with that look of sensibility, which malice never put on, "Harkye, my poor friend, I am sorrow for you: to think that you must return to Périgueux in your present condition, with one leg swelled up to the very knee! repose confidence in me, get up into my cart, make yourself a hole amongst the goods, and come and dine with me at Palisoux: I promise you, nobody shall say a word to you while you remain with me. For I will say as I did at first, you have not to me the look of a thief."

What a happy alteration of circumstances! the cart indeed shook me terribly, and at every jolt I was forced to hold fast with both hands, lest I should be thrown off: but my leg got rest: I had neither copious sweats, severe fatigues, nor acute pains; and then, if the good carrier should continue to protect me!—But I should soon see that.

We dined together: the time seemed very short. The more I talked with him, the more confidence I placed in him: and he, on his side, was more and more satisfied that *I had not the look of a thief*. This strange compliment, beyond which his eulogies did not go, could not misstriking me much. At first I thought it signified, that the good carrier, fully employed with his own business, had the good fortune to know no other foes; and probably his simple and ingenuous mind formed no idea of any other; but I soon found, that the landlord at *des Tavernes* had taken me neither for an aristocrat,

nor a Girondist, but concerning himself only about his own affairs, he had plainly thought me a thief. This was the reason why his wife had demanded payment from me before hand: and after I had gone to bed, my carrier had instinctively persuaded the innkeeper he was wrong; who would otherwise have had me taken up. My painful journeys through wretched roads, and in such terrible weather, had so changed my figure; and my arriving at the inn at such an hour; made it not difficult to account for his suspicions. However, my honest man had no reason to repent having taken my part; and he often told me, he thought I had not the appearance of a thief.

"On the other hand," said I, "I am their sworn enemy." We came to an explanation. I went on: "The thieves are the Maratists; those villains who guillotine tradesmen to seize on their effects; and who ruin trade by the law of the maximum, as pernicious as impossible to be executed; being really nothing but giving permission to robbers to ransack warehouses."—"Bravo!" cried the carrier, slapping me heartily on the shoulder. I continued. "I am a merchant from Bourdeaux. I openly braved the robbers: I exposed them publicly by their proper name: I persuaded a number of my comrades to combat them: we fought with them a long time, with great ardour: but at length we were overcome; they are seeking my head; and I am trying to escape them."—"Your health," cried he, striking glasses; and he did not drink the wine, but threw it down his throat. Then leaping for joy: "Rascals! Rascals!" he exclaimed, "A parcel of vagabonds, who never wrought in their lives, and eat up the property of those that do. They

They put my best horse into requisition, as they called it? And loaded the poor beast so unmercifully, that he was taken ill and died: He stood me twenty good guineas. And then that divorce! they have contrived that plan, in order to put my wife in a state of requisition too. But we will see whether any of them shall rob me of my wife? Aye, aye: I did wisely, in taking your part. You shall travel with me. I am well known all along this road; and in my company nobody will speak a word to you. Aye, aye: I thought indeed, you did not look like a thief."

To confirm him the more in his opinion, I paid our reckoning; and, begging him in future to pay them himself, I made him take an assignat of fifty livres, (2*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*) for that purpose; which he did not deposit in his pocket-book, without telling me again of his loss, of his wife, and his God, and saying four or five times, that he knew I was no thief.

On my account he would not pass the night at Thiviers, the chief town of a district. We went through it early in the morning; and I, stretched under the cloth which covered the goods in the cart, was not to be seen. My conductor had acquaintance at every inn. The inquisitive addressed all their questions to him; and he told them that I was a young man from Libourne, a staunch friend of his. In the villages, and petty towns, I did not use the precaution of stretching myself under the cloth: I rode openly, sitting among the goods, with my leg wrapped up in the carrier's coat, apparently much fatigued and in great pain, yet very bold and determined. Who, in such an equipage, and under such an appearance, could be suspected for

for one of the very famous proscribed representatives, pursued throughout all France? I was like nothing but a poor volunteer, just dismissed from the hospital, and returning to the place of his nativity on furlough.

This circumstance, and my presence of my mind extricated me from a very perilous situation, towards the evening of the third day. It was at *Aixe*, a little town, four miles from Limoges; where my conductor told me, there was no guard mounted; so I had not hid myself: when suddenly, on turning the corner of a street, we found a post just established. It was, at present, fine weather, and broad day-light, the sentry was not asleep, and, what was still worse, twenty of his comrades, sitting at the outside of the guard-house, surveyed me attentively. "Citizen, your passport:" cried the sentry to me. Upon which I lifted up my leg, without any hesitation, though with some difficulty: "There it is, you little b——;" said I, addressing myself to the sentry, a youth of sixteen; "go where I was, and get yourself wounded by the thieves in Vendee: then, coming back, go where you please boldly; your half-broken leg will be a very good passport!" At these words the delighted fans-culottes, burst out a laughing, clapped their hands and cried, "Bravo! bravo! comrade:" The little foldier, quite confounded, joined in the laugh: and my guide, eager to get on, plied his whip smartly; and as it was the first time I had seen him do so, I thought it the greatest proof of attachment he could show me.

The same evening we got into Limoges. My conductor knowing, that I must not halt at the inn, took me home with him; where I could not stay
without

without subjecting myself to danger, as his house was open to every body; though I was stationed in a back room, with a good bed, which I seldom came out of, but to bathe my leg in a pail of warm water, which I did ten times a day. Thus two days went over: the wife taken up endeavouring to re-establish my health, and the husband seeking some honest fellow, to carry me forward on my journey. How thankful I was to Providence, which seemed to have lamed me on purpose to throw me into the arms of such an excellent protector!

At the close of the third day, my conductor had not come home at his usual hour; when his wife came on a sudden and told me, with a mysterious air, that her husband had commanded her to bring me immediately to the inn in the suburb, where some carriers were that would convey me to Orleans. "No, no," said I, "you must be mistaken: carriers never set out to travel at this time of night! and it is not to the inn in the suburb I am to go. There is a guardhouse at the end of the suburb, which I must shun; as my dear friend has already informed me. Through this difficulty he will conduct me himself: he has pledged his word to do so: I can trust him; and I am sure he will not forfeit his word." At this she began to weep; confessed, that she had begun to be alarmed; and intreated me not to vex her husband, by relating to him the *little trick* by which she had endeavoured, *to get me out of the house* during his absence.

Little trick, vain woman! let it be so: yet, had I followed your advice, I should have been cast away in the very mouth of the harbour.

Almost

Almost at that moment her husband came in. His eyes sparkled : never had I seen his countenance so animated ; fain would he speak, but he could not. At last he clapped both his hands on my shoulders, thrust his rough beard against my cheek, and squeezing my hand so hard, that the blood was almost starting from my fingers, he cried out, "it is done : you will depart to-morrow : an honest fellow *will trundle you* to Paris : he knows you are *contraband goods*, and that you must be *smuggled* along the road. How happy I am !"

Good man ! how much happier would he have been, had I told him who I really was ! But to have entrusted him with this secret would have been telling his wife, from whom he kept nothing secret : and in the terrible fear this would have excited, it is very easy to conceive, how many other *little tricks* she might have invented. I am almost sure her head would have turned, and next day, before I had got twenty miles on my way, her husband, the honest lad, and me, would have been ruined. It was with regret, therefore, I was obliged to conceal this from my worthy friend.

Before two in the morning, he called to me ; that we might have time to drink our bottle a piece, make a good hole in the black pudding, and swallow a dish or two of strong coffee above all, to promote digestion. Could I refuse this early breakfast, to which I got so hearty an invitation ? Then he was so pleased to drink his glass with me ! Yet I perceived his joy was not wholly unmingled with sorrow. There must be something more than regret at parting with me, for thus he delivered me. At length I found out, that his wife, whose terrors had increased, had not dared to sleep in the
house

house that night. "I am very vexed at it:" said he: "for as soon as I have seen you on the road, I must set off myself. I am going to Perigueux: the journey will take me some days: and then one is so desirous of chatting a little with one's wife."—I am persuaded he was as fond of her, as on his wedding-day.—"However," continued he, "that must be put off: I shall see my wife when I come back, but I may not again have an opportunity of saving the life of an honest man."—I know not whether the reader will be as much moved as I was: but I attended to him, I silently admired him, my eyes swimming in tears.

When we had eaten and drunk our fill, we departed: but I was first obliged to let him stuff my pockets with bread, meat, fruit, and chesnuts: he likewise made me a present of a pair of worsted gloves, and a cotton night-cap, which I accepted with a deal of gratitude, and which I still preserve.

As soon as day began to dawn, we made a pretty long circuitous tour, to shun the guard-house, and all the out-posts. A mile further on the road we came to an alehouse, where my new guide expected me.—After my good friend had given me to his charge, and a hundred times repeated his recommendations, he embraced me even with tears. I wept likewise: but how sweet are tears of gratitude!—At length! we bid each other farewell!

Farewel, thou worthy, humane, and generous man! such as all good fans-culottes ought to be, and such they all would be, did not villains pervert their minds. It was necessary that he should be persecuted in my sad country, because on his simple and rustic heart is bestowed all the virtues, to which the sublimest philosopher seldom attains.—

Necessary

Necessary that he should be persecuted!—O God of justice, let him find in his misfortunes all the lenity which I experienced !

My new guide answered the character exactly my former one had given of him: an honest courageous lad, well disposed towards me. But by a single glance at his carriage, I found it very different from that of my carrier, and that I would often be in a very perilous situation in it, and almost always in a precarious one. In the first place his carriage was so weighty and heavy laden, that we could not travel with much speed: and in the next place, I had seven companions to travel with; and what companions were they!——seven of very discordant dispositions, agreeing in one point only, they gloried in Jacobinism, and were not a little Jacobinized.

Such were the travellers, who were expected, solely from the desire of pleasing their conductor, who were to keep my secret throughout the whole journey, and even to run some risk themselves for my sake on many occasions. At the entrance into a town, at every guard house, at every post, at every place where passports would be sought, I was to lie stretched at full length in the bottom of the caravan, half my body covered with the clothes, the great coats, and even the bodies, of these hearty mountaineers, and the other half hid under the petticoats of their Maratist wives.—Thus it was purposed to pass me every where: there was no other method.

Imagine yourself in my place one moment, you will then have some idea of the ticklishness of my situation. First, there were circumstances to me very dangerous, under which I must assume to my comrades

comrades the appearance of a man who braved every thing. For instance, as soon as the passports had been seen at any place, I was thought to be out of danger: and as the inn where we stopped to dine, or to sleep, was generally the best in town; and of course, the most frequented by travellers, I had particularly to dread meeting with some deputy, some commissioner, some one of those travellers in post-chaises, with most of whom, being people under government, I was well acquainted. In such places, however, I was forced to appear tranquil, for had I suffered the smallest part of my apprehensions to transpire, it would have been whispered: "this man is well known! is he an emigrant? is he a person of consequence?" and very soon it would have been said aloud, without reserve: I was forced, therefore, never to take any other precautions, or testify any other fears, than those of an obscure deserter, than whom I was supposed to be nothing else. It had been fatal to me, if my companions had suspected whom I was: some would have trembled with fear; others would have been ready to tear my eyes out; and I do not know if even my conductor could have dared to remain firm, notwithstanding the temptation of the reward I had promised him, the recommendation of my good friend, who was his friend also, and the hatred he bore to the tyrants of the day.

In the next place, amid the little factions, which divided our company, I was obliged constantly to beware of siding with either party: it was my business, neither to espouse the part of, nor displease any one, but to be civil to all, and gently make my way amongst them. Endeavour, by art more profound than that of the most experienced co-

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quette, to gain the good will of every one, and make all their hearts mine. I had not merely to read an enemy: but one indifferent person was sufficient to ruin me. My safety therefore required, that each of these discordant originals should be interested in my behalf, and very soon each of them was so.

At supper I held out glass in hand with the cavalier; with ——— with ———. They were all delighted with me the very second day.

But these minutiae will be forgiven me, since never was man in a like situation, and henceforward I will not digress so frequently from my narrative.

During the first two days every thing went on well: no one concerned himself about us. But by noon of the third, the mishap of Aix was renewed. I think it was at *Bois-Remont*; a paltry village, composed of five or six cottages. Who could expect a centinel there?

It had frozen, and it was still very cold: to warm myself, I had alighted, and was walking with the cavalier. On a sudden a centinel came. I advanced to him with a "what are you doing there comrade? You do not seem to sweat." He laughed. "If you would have me a little hotter," answered he, "you have only to fetch me a glass of wine." —"With all my heart: I will go fetch you one." —I did not carry him a glass myself; but I sent him one. In the mean time he looked over the other passports, and entirely forgot mine.

"Why is there a centinel in this little place?" said I to the postmaster, who kept an alehouse, dignified with the title of an inn. He answered, that as the Vendéans were increasing much in number, and, advancing on that road, they were obliged to be
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on the watch ; so that, for the space of sixty miles there was a guard in every place we should pass through. On this our carrier looked grave. Beyond Limoges, he had reckoned only on being searched once at Chateaux-Roux, and four or five times between Orleans and Paris, which was a very suspicious road. Thus he found there would be more difficulty than he looked for, to carry his contraband goods. On this occasion I found out, that beside being very courageous, my man had more penetration and address, than is in general to be met with in his station. " You manage very well with those folks," said he to me in a whisper, pointing to the rest of the passengers : " Go on the same way with them, and be not afraid of my flinching. Were you the devil himself," added he squeezing my hand, " I would carry you through." For this I thanked him, and said, that the more his difficulty increased, I would increase his reward. " That as you please," replied he : " you are an honest man, and I am glad of it ; but do not trouble yourself ; we shall meet again, and then we shall settle."

We stopped next evening at the entrance of *Angenton* : but the carriage was not searched, the officer only looked at the papers which were produced ; whilst I, lest I should be called upon, lay hid under a heap of clothes and petticoats. I did not peep out from under them, till we got to the inn. There we found all in the house full of the afternoon's news, which they related to us, without much pressing. Two volunteers had been taken up, about midnight, in a by-road near Dufay, whose sole passport was a permission, which appeared not altogether formal. They were kept under confinement till day, when twelve national guards

took them in charge, to carry them to Argenton, that they might be better examined. A little distance from the town, one of them made an excuse to retire for a few yards, which he was allowed to do. Being on the bank of the river, he glanced at its depth, threw a knife to his comrade, bidding him try to make use of it, and leaped in. They in vain endeavoured to save him, and fought him in the water for two hours to no effect. His companion was thrown into the town prison. This tale made me tremble, for I knew, that Guadet and Salle had long entertained the rash project of travelling through France with a forged permission, as soldiers going to join the army of the north. On their arrival at the frontiers, they were to proceed through the Netherlands to Amsterdam, there to ship for America. Alarmed for my friends, I enquired what sort of men the volunteers were: and the descriptions given me were nearly such as I dreaded. Alas! was it really Salle, who sighed so near me in prison? and had my beloved Guadet found his grave in the Creuse? I have never heard of them since that time*.

Although my spirit was depressed with this new subject of disquietude, I was obliged to assume a degree of joy. At supper, the appetites of my companions made them so eager, that they did not perceive I could not eat; but the cavalier soon found out I could not drink. He had already begun

* I am now too well informed, that it was not in the Creuse, that they perished, but in Bourdeaux; in that very city, which had been defended, and by their bravery and talents honoured. Unhappy city! when wilt thou rear statues to them, in the place where thou erectedst their scaffolds?

gun to hob-and-nob with me : conceive what I suffered.

The next day we ran some risk at Chateaux-Roux, which was the chief town of the department. The passports were carefully examined : then one of the Jacobins on guard raised himself up, I will not say at the door, but at the entrance of our caravan, to make himself sure, that there were only six passengers ; *for fear some Girondine should escape them* : such were his words. Fortunately all necessary precautions had been taken ; coats, cloaks, petticoats, straw, bandboxes, bundles, men, women, and children, indeed hid me, for they covered me, and almost stifled me : I did not stir, nor did I breathe, but my heart palpitated greatly. At length our inquisitor went off with a dissatisfactory air, and indeed he had reason for dissatisfaction, as, notwithstanding all his vigilance, a Girondine of the deepest dye escaped him.

It was decreed, that in this very town of Chateau-Roux, I should begin to go through trials of another sort. In Gironde I was told of the event of the 10th of Brumaire (October 31) ; namely, the juridical assassination of our twenty-one unfortunate friends, most of whom were founders of the republic ; others were left, who could escape ; at least I was very willing to hope so. This evening, at Chateau-Roux, a man seated himself, at our table. We asked him if there were any news. " Madame Roland has just been guillotined : " said he. What a stroke for me ! I bore it, however, as well as possible.

The Parisians, then, had suffered that heroic woman, (who herself, in the beginning of September, dared to take up their defence, and thunder

against the assassins with her immortal pen,) to die on the scaffold ! however, her last words were preserved. After having heard her sentence, she said to the villainous revolutionary tribunal : " Since you think me worthy to share the fate of those great men you have assassinated, I will try to bear with me to the scaffold that courage they displayed." As they dragged her thither on a wile sledge, the mob, torpid either with pity, admiration, or fear, were silent. Here and there only a few hired wretches, placed for the purpose, called out, " To the guillotine with her !" She, with gentleness and magnanimity, replied : " I am going to it : I shall very soon be there ; but they, by whom I am sent thither, will soon follow me. I go innocent : they will deserve the punishment : and you, who applaud my fate, will in the same manner applaud their's." They had given her, as a companion in her death, or rather glory, citizen Lamarche, a weak-minded man. By the side of that woman, smiling at the approach of death, he was overcome with terror. She comforted and consoled him ; and, at the foot of the scaffold, with an attention worthy of her great mind, she bade him " go first ; and spare yourself at least the pangs that the sight of my blood would occasion."

Thus I was told she was gone. That woman, the least of whose merits was that of having united in herself all the graces, all the charms, all the virtues of her sex ; that woman, whose rare talents and masculine virtues would have honoured the greatest men,—was no more. My Lodoiska had lost her choice friend, her intimate, her worthy friend. She had momentarily embellished her country, and sought to deliver it from its chains,
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only to be a striking example of the blindness and ingratitude of mankind.—I heard she had been butchered!—yet I was forced to preserve an unmoved countenance, though I had heard the dreadful news. To keep my countenance unmoved, did I say? It was necessary, that I should mingle with the cruel joy of my misled companions: yet I felt, I possessed not the barbarous courage. When I heard her name mentioned, I could not help murmuring forth a few words of eulogy and pity. It was trial enough to refrain from tears. Good God! what torture!

The nearer we came to Paris, we met the more people coming from it. On this account my situation became more dangerous; and it became still more painful. Searched two or three times a day, and the more imminent danger of being known, formed the smallest part of my ills. The news we were told, filled my mind with despair. Two days after, at Vierzou, I was told of the death of *Cussy*; who had suffered immolation in Gironde. The next day, at *Salbris*, I was informed, that *Manuel* and *Kersaint* had been assassinated at Paris. In two days more, not far from *Ferte-Lovendal*, I learnt the fate of *Roland*. When he heard the news of the death of his wife, he was no longer able to bear the burden of life; and that nothing might lead to a discovery of that friend, who had protected him, he went and stabbed himself on the high road to Rouen. Amongst other papers found about him, one had on it the following words: “traveller, respect the body of a virtuous man.”

The tragical end of *Lidon* deserves to be particularly detailed. He was attempting to make his escape from *Gironde*, to *Brives*, the place of his nativity.

tivity, he had not gone far, when getting tired, he wrote to a *friend*, for a horse. This wretch was turned a Maratist; and indeed his behaviour proved he ought never to have been any other. Monster! he carried the letter of the too confident Lidon to the committee of superintendence of his commune, of which he was president, and sent not a horse, but two brigades of gens-d'armes. Lidon defended himself with bravery; and after having killed three of them, he stabbed himself.

Such were the tales, to which I was daily obliged to listen, without taking the least notice of them. None but he, who has known a similar punishment, can form a proper idea of it. O Lodoviska! had it not been for the remembrance of thy love, what could have prevented me from terminating my tortures? Yet whilst I smothered within my bosom so many sorrows, hoping to reach thee, how was I certain, but my pains were all to no purpose? Had you even been admitted into that Paris towards which I was slowly advancing through so many trials? Would not the bitter enemies of all talents and virtues have pursued thee, sought thee, found thee? Heavens! perhaps they have already sent thee to thy grave, as well as citizen Roland!

Such were the dreadful reflections, that I could not, for some days, drive from my thoughts. I was of all men the most perplexed, the most impatient, the most tired of the burden of life. Perhaps even this was more of providence's mercies. Perhaps, through the numberless dangers I had yet to undergo, before I could get to my native city, it was good that death, which was about to press me so closely, always near, should appear a blessing to me.

I had.

I had just passed the frontiers of the department where a whole people, free in its choice, had sent me to the convention as its representative: the arduous task it had imposed on me, I had fulfilled, perhaps with some courage: yet I arrived in it, a disguised, proscribed fugitive, happy if I would be permitted to pass undisturbed. In *Orleans*, its chief town, my bitterest enemies had long dwelt. These villains, bought by the foreign faction, a long time without bread, and without resource, though now invested with power, and wallowing in wealth, yet still covered with contempt, hatred, and guilt, knew me too well; but, a few days previous to the 31st of May, they had heard me declare my sentiments for the last time in the assembly, which then retained at least a shadow of liberty. They had seen me mounted on the national tribune, thundering forth against them and their crimes. Should one of them get the slightest glimpse of me, I was known: were I known, I had not twenty-four hours to live.

The gates of the city were kept shut, as necessary for general safety. In consequence of a search that had been made the preceding night, forty fresh companions in misfortune had been added to the five hundred already in reserve for the scaffold. These, too, were all *Louvetines*, and thought worthy of the hastiest death. Thus in this embarrassing strait, through which I must pass, my name alone was sufficient to subject any to death, who were suspected of attachment to me.

After having gone through the usual examination, to the danger of which I was now accustomed, we were allowed to enter the city. I was indeed impatient to get out of it; but the unlucky carrier

carrier had parcels to deliver, and likewise parcels to take up. Four hours we staid with impunity in this place, where I could not without rashness remain ten minutes.

We at length set out. We were stopped, passing the barrier of the bridge. "Our passports have all been seen:" cried the cavalier. "That is not the point in question," said the officer on guard: "let every one alight."—"Why?" asked a tradesman's wife.—"Let every one alight:" repeated he, in a more commanding tone.

They were obliged to obey the order. And the men came out. "This will not do:" cried the officer: "the women must come out too; there are men, who can easily put on women's clothes."—"I assure you their passports have been shewn at every guard-house and port, and are perfectly agreeable to form:" said the carrier: but the poor fellow's voice was terribly altered. How I compassionated him! how angry was I at myself, for having brought him into this dilemma. The officer replied: "who talks of passports? I do not want passports: *I must see faces. We know, what you do not.*" And a third time he exclaimed, but in a threatening voice, "let every one alight." To this, after a moment, he added: "let nobody stay up: I give you warning, I shall look in. You women, there! you women!"

I now thought my labours would soon be at an end. "I had probably been recognised somewhere:" thought I. "I have been denounced: and no doubt they expected me. Yet I would do well to show myself, for all these honest people's sakes?" This thought no sooner entered my head,
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than it vanished : for how would my showing myself have benefited them ? Would they have been less culpable in my persecutors eyes, because they had not got me conveyed to Paris ? The adventurous undertaking was so far advanced, that, even for their sakes, it was my duty patiently to await the end.

The women, who alighted, in taking with them petticoats they could not leave behind, had left half my body uncovered. Quickly, but without noise, I threw a little straw over my legs and belly, and the cavaliers great coat which he had left behind. I then pulled over my head and breast again, in the best manner I could, the bundles and band boxes, under which they had before been buried. Then I peaceably drew my pistol from my bosom, where I always kept it, and placing the muzzle in my mouth. I gave one sigh to my ever dear country, one tear to my adored wife, one thought to that providence which requites both good and evil, and looked for my last moment. O how slow was its approach ! how long did a moment then appear !

Seven or eight minutes, to me half an age, painfully dragged on, whilst the cruel inquisitor scrupulously examined every face. At length he cried : " is there nobody else in the vehicle ? " and at the same time he jumped in. I both heard and felt him enter. He placed one of his feet on one of my thighs. His hands tumbled over the large packages heaped behind the back-seat : he struck the seats with many blows, at the foot of which I was lying among a number of little bundles. Protecting God ! his feet could not feel me, his hands could not touch me, his searching eyes doubtless passed over me, but he did not see me. Had he
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stooped the least way, had he looked upwards from below, had he deranged a few straws, or lifted up the flap of the great coat, all would have been over with me, my pistol would have been fired, I should have fled from Lodoïska and my country, and plunged into immeasurable eternity!

"Faith, we had a nice escape!" exclaimed the carrier to me, yet pale and faint, though we had been a full quarter of an hour from the bridge. The cavalier, whose voice faltered too, asked me why I did not show myself, as they were not examining passports. I had heard an indistinct sound; but, as my head was buried among the bundles, I knew not properly what was said. The reader will see this falsehood was necessary: as they would have thought it very singular, that I would not knowingly let my face be seen; for I could not pretend to suppose, that a particular description had been sent thither of me, a mere deserter, and that the search after such a poor fellow could have been of such importance. It was likewise necessary above all things to avoid the suspicion of my companions.

I was just going to quit them at *Thoury*. Long I hesitated, whether I would strike off to the right, and go through *Pithiviers* to *Nemours*; where Lodoïska might have retired, and where I imagined I had still a number of friends. I did not, however; prevented by my good genius: for I have since learnt, that several of my unfortunate friends were imprisoned, and the rest fled. The dreadful spirit of Maratism had gained over, *in it's own way*, fifteen or twenty turbulent persons, in that little town, in which I had long seen the most peaceable dispositions prevail. There, as elsewhere, that

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band ruled by terrour. As I had formerly dwelt some little time in that pleasant spot, many of its tyrants were perfectly well acquainted with my person; and had I appeared there, I doubt not but I should have been apprehended.

How near being so was I at *Etampes*? In the first place, the search was very strict: though less alarming than that at Orleans, very like the one we had undergone at Chateau-Roux, but more tiresome. At Chateau-Roux, an over-curious Jacobin mounted the step, and put his head into the carriage. In this position he read the passports: after which, looking round, and reckoning by his fingers, he was a long while before he could satisfy himself that there was as many passports as passengers. Then, after he had counted them over two or three times, he asked, whether there were no one else in the carriage: but they were very careful not to tell him, that there was yet one thin person, who wished he had been a great deal thinner, was almost smothered under those whom he had reckoned, that two women trod on his legs and thighs, whilst his breast was pressed with the whole weight of a girl, and his head crushed by a soldier's knapsack. He was not told it, yet it is a wonder he did not perceive it, for he very often leaned on the knapsack, to balance himself.

We got through at length: but we found there was a considerable stir in the town. The principal street was filled with soldiers: the drums beat a march: a person on horseback, to whom the municipality had just made their obeisance, was passing the ranks, to receive the salutation of the troops. To add to our disgrace, the carrier was ordered to stop, till the ceremony was finished;

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and the cavalier's wife, being extremely curious, persisted in keeping our curtains undrawn. I hid myself as well as I could, that I might not be seen by the multitude, of which one single man was sufficient to ruin me.

In the mean time our carrier had learnt the cause of the stir. It was a mountain-commissioner, who had been some time in the town, which was the chief of the district, and was to go this evening to *Arpajon*, in order to reach Paris the next day; and the commune could not let him depart, without shewing him some mark of their attachment. They hoped to keep him a few hours longer, as certainly he would take a parting bottle or two with the Jacobins of the town. And who was this Jacobin? —

One of the most dastardly exterminators, as cruel and furious as any in the whole mountain; and of course he was a mortal enemy to me. It was — !

Thus, after we had been six months together in the assembly, we met in the same town, in the same spot, and I may say, almost face to face. Yet what a contrast! I, for having willingly sacrificed perhaps some talents, all my simple pleasures, all my favourite occupations, all my fondest attachments, my relations, my friends, and even my beloved Lodoiska, for the good of mankind, found myself a fugitive, clad in poverty, forced to practise the most humiliating and meanest expedients, and threatened with the death of a criminal: whilst he base, ignorant, corrupt, cowardly, ambitious, like the rest of his despicable faction, found himself surrounded with honours, regarded with respect,
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and enjoying the favour of his constituents. Ignorant, wretched people !

Had that knave, prompted by his malevolent genius, come but two steps nearer that open caravan, from which I heard the sound of his march, what a prey would he have taken ! what an agreeable present for the foreign courts, and the tyrants of the mountain !

On this occasion I found that my conductor, ever since the adventure at Orleans, if he did not think himself certain, at any rate, had a strong suspicion, that I was a person of some consequence. When the whole procession had gone by, he said, fixing his eyes on me very significantly, "here is a pretty *burly-burly*, shall we continue our march ?" On account of my companions, I affected indifference, and carelessly answered : "there is certainly a deal of people here ; they will, without doubt, all dine at the inns to-day ; and it is very like we shall get nothing to eat at the one where you put up."—"That is just what I thought," said he : "you are very right : " and at the same time, notwithstanding the murmurs of the soldier's wife, who would have had no aversion to display her charms in the crowd, his whip gave the signal for proceeding.

Thus we went on four miles farther, to *Etrachi*, where, though a little village, we sat down to table with ten other travellers. Some had come from *Tours*, others from *Orleans*, several from *Toulouse*, and a *Parisian* artilleryman from the eastern Pyrenees, where he had left an arm. They were all on their way to Paris ; as we approached which, we came up to people of all sorts more frequently, and in greater numbers. Am I certain that none of them

me? How was it, that I was not denounced? It was not thy will, inscrutable Providence; for what purpose, then, hast thou reserved me?

I had just begun to eat hearty, as I was pretty well appetised, when I heard the street resound with the cry of "long live the representative of the people; long live ———!" We were in a room on the first floor, for the parlours were full of the village fans-culottes; fifty or sixty wretched figures, who expected the representative, glass in hand. Dextrous at seizing occasions of the meanest seduction, he would not grudge to pay for a few hundred bottles as he passed by, nor to stop a little to take a part. Perhaps, too, like some of his stamp, prompted by an instinctive propensity to act the spy, even more than a desire of popularity, he would show himself at the travellers' table. Should this happen, I had determined how to act. I listened attentively. If I heard any one coming up with a bustle, I was to quit the company, under pretence of a pressing necessity, and keep out of the way a few minutes.—This sudden step would be attended with some danger, as it might create suspicion: I was aware of this, but I had no other resource.

It was, at present, a false alarm. They had mistaken a servant, sent on before, for the representative. But if the courier had passed, it was likely the master was not far behind: at least they firmly believed it so, at the inn, and every moment I heard a "there he is! there he is!" You may conceive the terror of mind, in which I finished, or rather did not finish my dinner, every article of which, perhaps very good, appeared to me, from that time, very bad. To my great consolation, we had

at length dined; and a few hours after, we got into *Arpajon*.

The inn-keeper, though he used to lodge our conductor, refused to accommodate us. Two diligences had got in before us: besides, the representative of the people, and all his *retinue*, were to sup and sleep there. "I cannot go farther," whispered the carrier to me, looking sorrowfully: "it is dark: Lonjumeau is yet six miles off; and one of my horses is lame. I will go and try the other inns."

They were all full. "I am going to insist on being received here," said he to me: "They must get me lodgings; they are obliged to do so. But I am not a little troubled on your account!" Then looking at me stedfastly, he added: "this deputy knows you, perhaps?"—"Probably he does: at least I know he has often reviewed our battalion."—"Aye, aye:" replied he, shaking his head: "I understand you." Then, after a moment's consideration, he said: "You have submitted to many hardships of late, I believe, which you are not used to: could not you sleep to-night in the stable, upon straw?"—"A good thought—yet it would look suspicious?—What would not the rest of the company think of it?—no: it will not do—go you to the inn-keeper, prevail upon him to give us lodgings, and leave the rest to me."

He was obliged to admit us: but he warned us, that we should certainly be awaked before midnight, and must then give up our beds. Supper we should have immediately, at the travellers' table. Here likewise we had persons from Orleans and Tours, with others from Anjou and Poitou, and three Parisians. These were far too many. Immediately I was seized with a violent head-ach:

notwithstanding my bad dinner, I was contented with a chop, which was soon dressed; and then I chose a sorry room nearest the sky, and the worst of all the bad beds; satisfied, that neither the representative of the people, nor any of his retinue would disturb me, till they could not get another bed in the house. "Tired and ill as I am," said I to the servant, "I had rather do my best to sleep on this miserable bed, than be obliged to rise again in two hours time, and spend the rest of the night in my clothes." The chamber-maid thought I acted wisely; and my anxious friend the carrier, who watched attentively all my motions, squeezed my hand, telling me it was a pleasure to serve a man, who has all his wits about him like me.

Wearied out with the alarms of the day, I discoursed very learnedly with my *bolster*, on the troubles of life, and the comforts of death. I had the means of the latter in my power; for I had satisfied myself, that my opium was safe, and my pistol in good order. Thus resigned, I slept soundly. When I awoke, I did not ask, whether the representative of the people and his retinue were come. Day had not dawned when we set out, and at that time my enemy surely would not think of leaving his bed.

At Lonjumeau, so violently Jacobinical, we underwent a more threatening examination than that we came through at Etampes. The event, however, was the same: the same malignance and stupidity on the one side; the same boldness and success on the other. Our dinner, at the *Croix de Bernois*, gave me great uneasiness. There was a large company at table: one of the guests, who had been considering me very attentively, said to the landlord,

landlord, (I do not remember on what occasion) in what I thought a very affected voice, "Do you take me for a writer of romances. I do not deal in romances, for my part." This he said several times. Did he intend to allude to my *Fabulus*? Whatever he meant, he whispered a few words in a friend's ear, who immediately began to hum some of the verses in one of my well-known romances:

"Is it fear or indifference?"

"I wish I could guess."

(Est-ce crainte, est-ce indifférence?

Je voudrais bien le deviner.)

Were these lines introduced by mere chance? But even if these two men did know who I was, I had no great ground for alarm. My enemy would not have told me by raillery, that he knew me. Thus, my reason revived my courage, and I ventured towards Paris.

We dreaded the search at the barriers, and took a number of useless precautions against it, for we were suffered to pass without having a single word said to us. In *Enfer* street I repeatedly thanked my fellow-travellers, and under the walls of the *Char-treux*, a very unfrequented place, I was set down. "Honest friend," said I to my conductor, "you have had some danger; but between God and ourselves, I assure you, you have done a good action. Why am I not able to reward you according to my wishes!" I gave him all the livres in assignats I had left, which amounted to one hundred, (4*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*) and which I had promised him; and I added to them a gold watch worth six times more, saying, I would not forget him, when we met again, if ever that happened. "For your sake, not for mine, I wish it may," said he, "I should have been satis-
fied."

fied, had you given me nothing." He squeezed my hand, and would fain have embraced me, but I made him a sign, that it would be imprudent, and walked away.

A tavern was near, at which I remained, whilst the cavalier went to get me a hackney coach. He soon brought me one, into which I stepped. Thus was I, alone, in broad day, at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th of December, going from one end to the other of that ungrateful city, in which I had so many weak partisans, and so many bitter enemies.

There, however, I hoped to meet with my Lodoiska; or were she not there, I should at least hear where she was to be found, and what other dangers I had yet to encounter, before I could embrace her. I was on my way to her friends and mine, our sure, our devoted friends, whose affection had been increasing for twenty years. No doubt, they thought me for ever lost; they would shed tears of joy, when they should see me. Why then did not my heart expand with joy? What was the meaning of the painful presentiment, which afflicted my mind?

The greatest peril yet awaited me, at the very place where I sought an asylum. My intimate friend had removed from that dwelling. Having no suspicion of this, I had discharged my coach at the corner of the last street, and went to knock at that door which I knew so well. A little boy of seven or eight years of age, whom I recognised to be the son of a deputy, who had frequently brought him to the national assembly, came and opened the door to me. "What is the meaning of this?" cried I: "is not this citizen. Bremont's?" (Let me be allowed.

lowed thus to hide the name of the friend, for whom I inquired.) The child answered "no."—"Who lives here, then?" said I to him.—"My papa: here he comes."—In fact some person was coming from the adjoining room. I asked no more: but ran down stairs, through the court, and into the street. A servant was going into the house: I enquired of her, where citizen Bremont now lived: and when she informed me, I repaired thither on foot, with my face exposed. Luckily it was not far, and I flew, rather than walked.

I reached the house, and the door of the apartment; to which I was directed. The first, the only voice, that I heard, was that of Lodoiska. I rushed in: she screamed out, and threw herself at my knees, embraced them, rose, pressed me to her bosom, wept, and sunk in my arms. I feared nothing: for her tears were tears of joy, of extasy, of that extasy with which I am agitated, which fills my soul as well as her's, which mingled together our sighs and sobbings. O God! thus was I completely repaid for all my misfortunes, amply rewarded for all my labours!

The mistress of the house, the nephews, the niece, all ran to us. They embraced me, they wept with us. This scene was indeed grateful to my heart, but it was of short continuance: at length it was perceived, that I needed change of linen, of dress, and that I was pressed by wants of every kind. I was shewn to the most retired chamber of the apartment: it was that of Lodoiska: she and I went into it. No one followed us; apparently from the delicacy of friendship. O my wife! my adorable wife! who could paint the transports thy carresses bestowed on me? I leave them to be imagined.

gined by them, who like us have felt the flame of true love.

So many journeys, however, so many fatigues, so many dangers, and likewise that grateful joy, that vivid happiness, which succeeded them, exhausted a feeble body which could not support such agitations. A bed was ready for me, and that was the bed of my wife; there at length was I delightfully to repose a head, which came through such various perils. My wife had gone out for a few necessaries, of which I stood in immediate want, but she soon returned with a dejected countenance. "We are almost alone in the house," said she to me: "the young people are gone out. Our niece too: she took her cloak in my presence, and did not even bid me farewell. I dare say she is gone but a little way off; and will soon return; but could she not have staid one moment?"—I, not in the least suspicious, repeated after my wife, "no doubt she will soon return."

But she did not return: we were both mistaken: that young woman, so engaging, so dear to me, who had been brought up under my own eye, for whom my wife had conceived so tender an attachment, and who in more prosperous times we did intend to have adopted for our own child, was gone not to come back. Dastardly fear had begun to curdle the heart's blood of all around us: she already abandoned us: she, whom we intended to make our own daughter, left us, never to return.—Since that time my wife has seen her but once; I, never; but let whatever come about, I will never see her again. Ungrateful girl, she, above all others, has henceforth closed my heart to friendship.

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It was half after ten, and I was sound asleep, when my wife came, and said to me: "O my friend, summon up all your courage, for you never had so much need of it. I have to announce to you the most cruel, and unexpected of all your misfortunes. Bremont, who is just come in, *gives you only half an hour to quit his house*. I repeat his own words to you. The companion of your father in his infancy, who has known you from the moment of your birth, our friend ever since we have learnt what friendship is, refuses to protect you, is afraid to see you, sends to the square of the revolution!—Collect all your strength!

Is it really possible, am I awake? Is it not only a frightful dream, that disturbs my mind? I exclaimed, endeavouring to collect my scattered thoughts, to rouse all my faculties: I could not at first credit the testimony of my ears and eyes: ten times I looked around me, and felt the things that were within my reach, to satisfy myself that I was awake. At length, I found, too sure, that I had not the happiness of being in a dream, it was really my wife, who stood before me; and it was she that uttered the cruel words I had just heard; for I saw her motionless, with grief, her eyes fixed, too much moved to get any relief from tears and striving to suppress her groans. My unutterable surprise was quickly succeeded, by the most ardent imagination, just bursting forth. Lodoiska plainly perceived it. "I depend only," said she to me with a tender voice, "on your courage. One consolation, however, remains to me. You are no longer in Gironde, totally deserted, and alone. You will not have to suffer the pang of dying far from me, nor shall I have that of seeing you die: for we shall die together." Her soft
accent,

accent, and bold words, calmed my disorderly agitation. I was already of opinion, that some privileged, faithful, generous, and magnanimous beings, still exist. Already I more tranquilly cherished the indignation I was inspired with, at the cowardice of man.

To be sensible of the barbarity of this order to quit the house in half an hour, it must be remembered, that after the beating of the retreat, or, when the clock has struck ten, every one found in the streets of Paris is taken to the next guard-house, where he must produce his *card of surety*, on which is written his name, that of his section, the place of his abode, with a description of his person. My old card, with my own name, could not now be used; and I had no other, that would serve me, as Bremont very well knew: to drive me out of doors thus, as my wife observed, was putting me on the scaffold.

“What my friend, are we to do now?” continued Lodoiska. I answered her with a calm and determined voice, “tell him from me, that I ought this instant to crawl to his door, and shoot myself on his threshold. Let him not be afraid, however: he shall be so happy as to learn, that I died without bringing him any trouble. Yet I think the dangers I have run, to throw myself into his arms, give me liberty to demand a few hours respite, and to have some time for recollection, before I put an end to my sad fate. Tell him then positively, that nothing on earth shall carry me from this house alive at this hour; as nothing shall hinder me from leaving it, with the most proper preparations, to-morrow evening at seven o’clock. If fear has completely turned his brain, let him spend the night
else

else where! some one, who has been his friend for thirty years, will take him in for one night, as he is not proscribed! he may then insist, exclaim, and threaten. If so, add, that there is only one method, by which he can make me quit this place, before the time I have appointed: after the lesson he has taught me, let him teach me another; let him go himself, and inform upon me; let him bring my murderers to me, rather than send me to them."

He knew I was capable of keeping a resolution I had formed. When my wife had communicated this one to him, he turned pale, immediately went out, and came not home again till the day after we left the house.

Lodoiska, however, came not back to me alone. Mrs Bremont came with her to console me, accusing her husband of inhumanity. The necessity of abandoning me, to obey him, she said, wounded her deeply. What would become of me? She bathed me in tears. I was surprised to see Lodoiska so indifferent to see the protestations of friendship she lavished on me. When she had left us, my afflicted wife explained to me this cruel mystery. She had every reason to think, that it was Mrs Bremont herself, whose influence over her husband we both knew, and whose power was greatest when he was in fear, had persuaded him, weak as he was, to use his endeavour to turn me out of doors. Then, indeed, we only strongly presumed it; but since we have been assured it really was the case. What an execrable assemblage of barbarity, falsehood, and treachery! O Guadet! poor Guadet! cried I: you complained of your *friends*, did you but know mine?

Yet in the midst of these horrors Hymen consecrated one night to Love. Yes, Hymen: for was it possible that any contract could be more sacred, than that which we had signed, and to which we had sworn, before our unhappy friends? To what civil authority could I, under proscription and wretchedness, present myself, and acknowledge a legitimate spouse? At the time when she united herself to me, we could find no altar in our cruel country but the guillotine.

Alas! would this happy night be succeeded by others like it? Was not the terrible day approaching, when the delightful ties, by which we were but just knit, would be broken by that, which only could dissolve them? "One comfort at least remains," said my dear Lodoiska, "of which we cannot be bereaved: we shall die together. In the mean time, attend to my plan. To-morrow I will endeavour to get a lodging in this remote quarter: I will take it in my own name: and you shall come to it. I know, that the neighbours will be very inquisitive to know who is the new comer: they will soon discover who I am; and then, even if I should not be suspected of protecting you, to find in me the friend, the lover, and the companion of the labours of Louvet, will be sufficient reason for them to condemn me to death. To punishment, however, they shall not carry me; with you I know how to shun the scaffold. In the mean time observe, we shall gain a week, perhaps a fortnight, nay, possibly a month. O my friend, how much more of life cannot we enjoy in that short space, than many, who die of old age? Like St Preux, you and I may say, 'we shall not leave this world, without having tasted happiness.'"

I clasped

I clasped her in my arms, pressed her to my heart, devoured her with kisses, whilst my eyes shed tears of delight. "If, however," said I to her, "it be not impossible, but some future day life may be less burdensome to you, without me, if time"——"Whence this suspicion?" exclaimed she, interrupting me: "how have I deserved it?" She broke from me, clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven. "No, I swear, that without you, life is to me a torment, an insufferable torment! Alone I should soon die, I should die with despair. O let us, let us die together."

I could not get myself prevailed on to pass over this detail, which perhaps may be thought tedious: yet let me be excused for it, since those moments were the most delightful, yet melancholy of my life.

Next day, before seven in the evening, the brave young man, who had received me before my departure from Caen, came and took me home with him once more. He could lodge me only three days: some Maratists lived on the same floor with him: and the wall, which separated the two apartments, was so thin, that the least motion in the one, could be heard in the other. A female friend of Lodoiska then took me in, but she was so much frightened in the course of one day, that my wife was obliged to fetch me the day following, though the hiding place she was preparing for me in her new lodging was not yet finished.

My Lodoiska's delicate white hands had never been accustomed, as you may suppose, to handle the plane, the saw, or the trowel; yet, in five days more, she finished, without the least of my assistance, which my short-sightedness rendered me to-

tally incapable of giving, a piece of joiner's work and masonry, on so correct and neat a plan, that her first attempt might have passed for a finished work of a master. Unless some one were known to be hid in that box, which appeared to be a solid wall, in which a single crack could not be perceived by any one who knew not of it, I might defy the scrutiny of the sharpest eye.

From that time we were perfectly safe from those general visits, which the sections occasionally made within their limits. They were made in the day time, they sought no particular object; and they were confined to an examination of each apartment. In such case, my hiding place was a secure protection: to it I fled on the first whistle of the porter. If any one knocked at our door, without our hearing the whistle, my wife, purposely very slow and heavy in her walk, would never open the first of our three doors, till I had got time to go to the farther end of our fourth room, and let myself slide softly into my cage; into which I got in much more easily and commodiously, than I could get out. For the latter, she rightly considered, I should always have time enough. If it were any troublesome visitor, of whom in our adversity, we had but few; or a gossip, who is to be found at all times, a neighbour, for instance, or the porter's wife, who often came, either for curiosity's sake, or for want of something to do, and would sometimes stay an hour or two; I was provided with a resource. O Lodoiska, to be two whole hours, without a sight of thee! it was indeed a banishment, and I endeavoured to soften its rigour. In my retreat, which was tolerably large, I had a bench for a seat, a mat below my feet, a few mat-

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ches of phosphorus, to light a candle, the daily newspapers, and, however strange the contrast, Virgil's Georgics, Delisle's Gardens, and Gessner's Idyls. I was provided also with pens, ink, paper, and some provisions, for fear of accidents. When I wanted air, I introduced it through a kind of valve. Many *outlaws*, in order to enjoy my retreat, would have agreed never to leave it!* Nor did I quit it, till Lodoiska gave me the signal we had agreed upon; and we then embraced, as if a long absence had intervened.

There were neighbours beneath us, as well as on the same floor. The partitions and floors were thin. To prevent the sound of what passed within from being heard, we had spread a thick tapestry on the one, and a stout carpet on the other; that I might freely walk about, and run, if needed, without being overheard. Lodoiska, with her usual ingenuity, had made me some good coarse woollen slippers, with strong soles of hair cloth, which answered for shoes. Many other less remarkable precautions had been taken, and nothing was neglected.

But yet, excellent as this retreat was, and all our other precautions, they would have answered no end, had a search by order of the committee of general safety, or of the municipality taken place. These orders were issued against a certain dwelling house, and suspected persons, who were intended to be apprehended. Imagining that nothing could ever point out to the searchers, that, notwithstanding all their rage, a prey so ardently coveted was

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there;

* For important reasons it would be improper to describe the invention here. I have no occasion for it now; but it has not been useless.

there; yet there could be no question, that my wife's features would soon be recollected, and still sooner suspected. The municipal Hebert, or the conventional Amar, who were both her personal sworn enemies, would one day or other send their assassins on her. Fortunately these, with all other villains, hated the light; and never set out on their expeditions, but under the cover of darkness. Should any one knock at our door, in the dead of the night, what was our determination? Both of us to retire to the retreat, would have been inevitable destruction. Let us conceal ourselves ever so well, we should not be so in reality, when the inquisitors came, certain that we were somewhere about the room. A fire of wet straw would have suffocated us in our asylum; and nature, which mechanically resists suffocation, would deliver us up to the guillotine. We would have been betrayed by the noise of our convulsions, and thus have fallen alive into the power of our executioners. "No, my brave associate," said Lodoiska: "Should any body knock during the night, we will not open the door to them. We will not contend a moment with death on any account. Should they force open the first door, there are still other two thick, strong doors, each having a lock and bolts. Keep your pistols below the pillow. Not to be used on the assassins: why defile our hands with their vile blood? Let us go down to the grave unsullied. We shall at least have time enough to take a private *quietus*. Let me only intreat you not be the first. Let me die but one instant, one instant only, before my husband."

We have often fallen asleep, next to certain, that we should open our eyes in a little, to shut them again.

again for ever. Often, when one of the lodgers, coming home late, knocked loudly at the door, suddenly awakened by the noise, and hearing the coach-way gate grate on its hinges, we have embraced, and laid hold of our weapons!

How great was our joy, when a returning fun conveyed to us the delightful certainty, that we had yet another day; that we had at least sixteen hours to live together! What a length of time in love's callendar! She rose, my Lodoiska rose every day more charming than the former! She was every day more anxious about my safety, and more attentive, if possible, to my wants, her cares for me were renewed every dawn. A little girl in whom we had confidence, more trusty, alas! than all our other friends, came to assist my wife in the little household matters, which were done in less than an hour. She purchased food for us; though Lodoiska was also obliged to go herself, for in those days of scarcity one person could not procure a portion for two, even at any price. My wife would thus go out! yes: alas! we separated for a few minutes! for ages! she would go out, and leave under the protection of her three keys, and my intrenchment, her invaluable deposit, with the constant fear she might not find it safe at her return. And what were my fears, till she entered! At last she would return, and that for the day. How sweet the repast dressed by her lovely hands! I laid the cloth; and I carved, though my eye-sight would with difficulty suffer me to acquit myself tolerably of the office: there were indeed reasons for my persisting in it; as, had I left it to her, she would have given me the whole, lest I should not have sufficient, unless I had sometimes put myself

in.

in a passion. After we had dined, she read to me; then played on the piano-forte; we had next a game at chess; and amidst these amusements we carried on agreeable conversation in a low tone of voice. Finally, we supped together alone, for few people were prompted by curiosity to disturb our dangerous retirement; and went to rest; anxiously wishing, that no savages would come to tear us from the delights of another day.

The joys of those too fleeting days would have been undisturbed, could I have prevailed on myself to comply with the anxious wishes of Lodoiska; who always entreated me to forget the newspapers of the day. But I could not restrain my anxiety about my unfortunate friends? and how often was my mind tortured with dreadful information! They were one by one unhappily discovered, and butchered without mercy.

In the first place *Lebrun*, formerly minister for foreign affairs, was seized in a cock-loft, disguised as a labourer, and was put to death with scarcely the trouble of examination.

Next *Bougon*, who had been administrator of Calvados, and, on the defection of his department, sought concealment in Fougères, where the tyrants seized him. Before they executed him, according to their method of calumniating those whom they murdered, they reported, he was seized among the rebels in Vendée. This Bougon was the very person, whom Charlotte Corday has immortalised, by naming him in the letter she wrote to Barbaroux.

Claviere, the minister of contributions, luckier than the other two, was fortunate enough to put a period to his own existence, before he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal. His virtuous
wife

wife did the same. A subtle poison, which they obtained, it is said, by the friendship of C——, united her to her husband. Most of these republicans had wives worthy of them, whom they made happy, and by whom they were adored. This furnishes with a complete answer, which they that regard their memory may make to those vile libellers, who, not only calumniate them in their public conduct, but dare to attack their private lives and behaviour.

Rabaud St Etienne, who had been artfully concealed in Paris, was sold, report says, by the base avarice of a woman in whom he confided, and who had long been his servant. The wife of *Rabaud* imitated the wife of *Claviere*, but her end was still more dreadful. She sat down on the brink of a well, by which means the pistol, which she discharged at herself, precipitated her to the bottom of it. She died in this way, as it were, two deaths at one time.

The generous-minded *Bois-Guyon* fell a sacrifice with *Girey-Dupre*.

But how bravely did *Girey-Dupre* fall! The tigers of the tribunal proposed to make his attachment to *Brissot* an accusation against him. "Were not you his friend?" said they. He replied, "Yes; I esteemed him: yes; I still respect and admire him. He lived like *Aristides*; and he died like *Sydney*: my only wish is to share his fate." As he was led to the place of execution, he sung with cheerfulness the death song he had composed. As he passed by the end of *St Florentine* street, he saw *Robespierre's* mistress, sisters, and other savage accomplices of his, at the windows of *Robespierre's* room: "Down with tyrants! Down with dictators!"

tors!" cried he; and this his prophetic cry he repeated, till they were out of his sight. He died, as he had lived, a pattern of bravery and civism. His last prayer was for the welfare of the republic*.

Custine, the general's son, was murdered, like his

* *Bois-Guyon* and *Girey-Dupre* were seized at Bourdeaux, together with the representatives *Duchatel* and *Cussy*. All the four were seized by information of one Mahon, an aide de camp to Wimpfen. This Mahon had taken refuge in the same city, with the wife of that Puyfay, whom I have already mentioned. In what place he now drags on existence I know not; but wherever he lies hidden, remorse will sting him, and shame will overtake him. Base informer! he occasioned the death of four good men. At his time of life, for he is still a young man, how could so much baseness and barbarity meet together! yet why should I wonder? he was a pupil of Wimpfen.

This wretch would have occasioned us other irreparable losses. *Marchena* and *Riouffe* were seized with the four proscribed persons, just mentioned: they both languished fourteen months in the prisons of Robespierre. How was it, that they were not put to death? Men of talents, virtue, learning, undaunted courage, and ardent civism, they had every claim to the scaffold: but that *public assassin*, alias the *public accuser*, forgot them in the immense crowd. By the same accident the lives of many worthy republicans were preserved; the cannibals could not devour all; such masks required more time.

There is one circumstance more worthy of remark. *Marchena*, the valuable friend of Brissot, wrote repeatedly to *Fouquier*: "You have forgot me: I am waiting on here to be guillotined, and I desire it." He was however forgotten: they no doubt supposed him a madman. How could the members of the tribunal form an idea what contempt of death, and enthusiasm of virtue could effect.

Riouffe, has however made a noble use of his lately recovered liberty. He has published *Memoires d'un Detenu*, "Memoirs of a Prisoner;" a pamphlet, which cannot be too frequently read. Not only on account of the talents it discovers, but for the historical facts with which it abounds.

His father, for having served the republic too well, now no more a republic. He was a young man of great expectation, whose eulogy Mirabeau has given us in his Secret Correspondence concerning the Court of Prussia. He died with a smile, as a man praised by Mirabeau should die.

Mazuyer, whose crime was disconcerting the villainous hypocrisy of Pache, the mayor, by a spirited sarcasm, was beheaded for a witty saying.

And lastly, *Valady*, whom I left in Gironde, and who I suppose was given up by the relation on whom he relied. I observed in the papers, that he unluckily passed by Perigueux a few weeks after me, and was stopped in the neighbourhood, where I had ran the same hazard. Carried back to the very town, to which I was also nearly carried back he was examined, questioned, stripped of his disguise, and led first to *Roux Fazillac*, and then to the scaffold! Alas! though the least engaging of the seven, he must in my opinion, have occasioned great regret to that angel of heaven in Gironde, who, miserable at our leaving her house, said, "if one of you should perish, I shall never more know comfort in this world."

She was a real friend. But, what comfort was afforded me by mine, those Parisian friends, on whom I had such dependance, in the midst of the distresses I underwent from so great losses? or what protection did they give my Lodoiska?

We had a few visits from Mrs Bremont; and it is pleasant to me, to mention, that her husband, after reflection, returning to himself, to the natural goodness and generosity of his heart, exposed himself to greater danger in keeping us in some security where we were, than was necessary, had we continued

tinued at his house. The companion of my infancy, came not near me till a fortnight after my arrival; and in the space of two months I had only three visits from him.

There were other friends, intimate ones too, to have concealed from whom, that we were in Paris, I should have considered as doing them injustice; and who were fully sensible, that at a time, when every thing nursed suspicion, a young woman, nearly unknown, suddenly appearing from scarcely any one knew where, and settling herself in an apartment alone, would soon be suspected; more especially if she were never visited at home, and paid no visits abroad, though professing to have many relations. The neighbours around, the porter, every inquisitive person, and every spy, would say, she is an adventurer, an emigrant; or at least a suspected person with whom nobody chooses *to have any connection*: this was enough to attract the notice of the revolutionary committee of her section, and, sooner or later, to cause her be apprehended. This they knew perfectly well: yet to this they paid no respect. None of them appeared at our door: not so much as once; so that it is no untruth, to aver, that our friends absolutely took every step in their power to ruin us, except informing. However, if they denied themselves the pleasure of visiting us, they did not lose that of talking about us. Our situation was the uninterrupted subject of their conversation, and of their apprehensions. I was very unlucky; and undeservedly so: on this point they were agreed: but they pitied me in a whisper, for not having courage sufficient, to put an end to my distresses; for not shewing enough of friendship to my friends, to ease them, by dying at once, and thus

thus deliver them from the fear they were constantly in of seeing me die. They considered my wife as a very *extraordinary* woman; and in this I confess myself as agreed with them: but then they added, she was *very selfish, extremely so*: and this, not because she exposed her own life to save mine, but because she obstinately persisted in her endeavours to save me, against all hope, and thus would at last bring all our friends into trouble. Good-God! such friends! How they have taught me to distrust the name!

Happy there still existed a man, who, during all the course of my literary and political prosperity, had never assumed the title of my friend, but who practised all the offices belonging to it, whenever I had need of them. Ten years prior to this, when I hardly knew him, I had rendered him a slight service, but of some importance to him, as it was done in time of need. As soon as he came back to Paris, and had learnt I was there, he flew to me. He visited me every day. In vain we beseeched him not to come so often: he came again and again, now under one pretext, then under another: to-day he was passing the door: to-morrow he had some pleasing news; another time he came to bring some article which he thought we needed. He was very anxious to find some means of extricating me from my wretched situation; and whenever an opportunity offered of serving me, he considered himself the happiest man in the world.

When, fallen into the profound abyss, we see no means to get out of it, without endangering the faithful friend, who from its brink calls us, and puts forth his hand; we turn aside our eyes, we are afraid to think of any thing, we are afraid to de-

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mand any thing : but for another, but for a beloved object, how readily we invent means of help, and how eloquent in soliciting them ! My Lodoiska, since she could no longer look towards America, saw no retreat for me, but mount Jura. Reflecting on this object, it occurred to her, that F——, I give him the name I now carry, for he is worthy of it, possessed, beside the good will of which he had given proofs, all the necessary means of enabling me to get to that land of promise ; means which I must not relate, lest I should bring him into trouble : and this by a strange agreement of the most singular occurrences and accidents ; so that Providence seemed purposely to have preserved this friend for us. He was indeed a real friend. Such beings therefore do still exist : and am not I very ungrateful, who appeared to doubt it, who bitterly complained of mankind ? For, however scarce those privileged beings are to be found, who indeed honour the human species, I have never wanted one when I needed them ? Has not uniformly one of those beneficent, good, generous, and intrepid men come forward to save me at the very moment I wanted their assistance ? Let us then forget the selfish herd, and think of none but heroes !

My wife considered well her plan, and digested it thoroughly. As soon as F—— came back, which was next day, she revealed it to him. He eagerly embraced it. From that moment he had no rest. His mind and body were continually at work. No step cost him any thing, no labour gave him trouble, no obstacle could hinder him, no danger could terrify him. Such ardent zeal !

such

such strong affection! such greatness of mind! it will never be effaced from my heart.

In less than a fortnight, however, his indefatigable exertions prevailed over every difficulty. The 6th of February, 1794, after I had been two months in Paris, every thing was ready; disguise, passport, and carriage. As soon as next morning had dawned, we set off. I say we, for he travelled with me to the mountain, resolved to settle me there, or share my fall. Lodoiska's undaunted spirit left her not during all our preparations: but having surmounted every obstacle, the hour of separation fast approaching, the renewal of my dangers just commencing, the tenderness of love was awakened. Often, on that day, she said to me: "but what if we shall never meet again! if, endeavouring to save thee, I should cause thy destruction! how I shrink at the thought! Do not go: leave me not: alas! have not we determined to perish together!"

Once in the course of the evening, while she went to give some necessary directions, she had shut me up, she had left me for a few minutes; which I occupied in writing to her. That the reader may entertain a proper idea of our former situation in Paris, and of our vain schemes for the future, I will here insert an exact copy of the letter; from whence will soon be found, by what means the original fell into my hands.

TO LODOISKA.

*From my hiding place, at Paris, February 6, 1794.
seven o'clock in the evening.*

To-morrow, my beloved, I shall depart for the cottage. Through what path will Providence have led us to that of all our wishes! It seems to have been necessary, that first, the benefactor and the victim of my countrymen, cowardly, deserted by all my false friends, I should find myself alone at the bottom of the abyss, into which those villains, the oppressors of my country, had precipitated me. Yet no: I was in company. Something more consolatory, more strong, more helpful, than my courage, my love, or even my innocence, was left me: thou wert left me, my well beloved!—and every day hast thou protected me, thou hast saved me, at the peril of thy life!—What extreme happiness! each day, each night, surrounded with the most imminent dangers, our weapons lay always under our pillow, one foot as it were in the grave, but our minds free from reproach, our hearts full of love, we have constantly tasted that exquisite bliss, which few mortals know, and with that undisturbed tranquillity, which none but the brave and good can enjoy: for thou, my beloved, my worthy wife, thou art the most amiable of women, yet art thou good and brave. By our happiness we have defied, we have punished our tyrants. Always prepared for death, we have emptied our cup of life. In our intoxication, we should have emptied the cup of love itself; were it not, that a passion like ours, proof against time and suffering, is inexhaustible. Thanks to thee, Liberty, thou idol of my heart,
adored

adored perhaps as much as my wife herself, we have found means to enjoy freedom in the private retreat, in the profound obscurity, in which the oppressors obliged us to bury ourselves.

But such a state could not be lasting. Of the numberless precautions necessary for our security, one neglected might ruin us. There Providence succoured me. O my beloved, still it was thou,—it was thou, thy star was the lord of the ascendant, it was thy over-ruling genius, that called me from the most distant corner of Gironde, where the snares of death surrounded me on all sides, and incessantly called for me. With my face uncovered, my countenance erect, my weapon in my hand, and my mind ever bent upon thee, I passed through the midst of their committees, their commissioners, their satellites; and that herd of assassins. Had it not been for thee, I had perished there; it was thou likewise preserved me here. Nothing can tire thy patience, when thy husband is its object: nothing can baffle thy courage, in resisting oppression: and thy prevailing eloquence raises up deliverers for me. O my best beloved, if this undertaking, commencing so favourably, should terminate unfortunately, be not, I beseech thee, unjust, afflict me not with the cruel pain of accusing thyself. Tell thyself, repeat it to thyself, that I should inevitably have perished here. Yes, if I escape, it is through thee: if I fall, it is fate, it is the decree of destiny. Blame only —: no; blame him not: hasten to come to thy husband with the tranquillity of innocence: let us meet again in the grave.

Yet, mistake me not: I am led to frame these suppositions merely from thy being so apprehensive for me. For my part, never was I so confident.

Fear nothing; indulge hope; I shall be saved. I am saved: heaven owes as much, perhaps, to the sacrifices I have made for the happiness of mankind, but more especially to thy generous constancy, thy unfortunate love, and the magnanimity with which thou hast devoted thyself for my safety. Long have I laboured, thou knowest, my love, to get us a cot*: I am now going to fix on one. Within the space of six weeks I shall there fold thee in my arms. There at last we shall live in that rural felicity, which I have always so eagerly wished for: there I shall taste the delights of a retirement, in which I shall be only thine; and the charms of solitude, which I have sacrificed so long to my ungrateful country. My friend, hearken to the prayer, which I offer up to thee on my knees: take care of thyself. Thou well knowest I leave behind me my best half. Take care of thyself, and pay no regard to thy business, if it cannot be done prudently. Let us be still poorer than we are, if we may be the more speedily united. Think of the extreme anxiety, in which I shall languish.—But I hear thou art returned. How much I had yet to say!—Adieu! I adore thee. Take care of yourself. I go before, to wait for thee.

The 7th of February, at six in the morning, I began again my adventurous travels. At the end of Charenton-street I left my wife in the hackney-coach, in which she would come with me. There we parted. I was to be pitied; she was much more

* Thus we styled the retreat, in which, during a space of ten years, we had earnestly desired to leave the bustle of the world, and give ourselves wholly up to love: and such a hiding place, my friend then assured me, I should find in mount *Jura*.

more so: the person left is always the most unhappy. Prudence made it necessary that we should part somewhere on this side the barrier, which it was necessary for me to pass alone and on foot, that I might be the less strictly examined. From the fore window of the carriage the anxious eye of Lodoïska followed me: she trembled lest I should split on the nearest rock. She saw too well, that I was stopped by the sentry: but she soon saw, that I produced a card not my own, with an assured air, and passed with a smile of friendship.

How warmly did I partake of thy joy at that moment, Lodoïska! yet what did I not fear from the speedy alarms, that were to follow? Many more dangerous difficulties remained for me to get through, and thy looks could no longer attend me. How much did I sympathize with thee! The period of cruel absence, then commenced. At least neglect no means of diminishing it. Six weeks hence, in thy turn, for thou hast promised me, six weeks hence, at farthest, present thyself at this gate, take this road, on which I am gone before thee. Hasten, quit that city, where we so long thought we should find our tomb. Before the end of March, come and join me in that country, where, we are told, tranquillity, safety, and hospitality dwell.—Alas!

In *Charenton* I found my good friend expecting me. We went together into *Villeneuve-St-George's*. Fortunately I had used the precaution, to prevail on my wife, to consent to my setting off a day before the coach, in which a place was taken for me from Paris to Dol; so that I might walk some more than twenty miles, and wait for it at Melun. This was a sure way to diminish the dangers of my departure.

departure from Paris, and being much less exposed in its terrible environs. To it we owed our safety at Villeneuve-St-George's. A commissioner of the executive power dwelt there, to examine all public machines as they went through, and all passengers in carriages. I learnt his name, which I have forgotten; though I remember he was a Jacobin, who would very likely have known me: but there was no fear of his affronting a couple of honest fellows on foot with the honour of a commissarial examination. We were only conducted to the officer on guard, who slightly examined our papers, and permitted the two soldiers to go on without difficulty. And we really were like soldiers, for F—— was dressed exactly like one: and I had a large pair of black woollen pantaloons; a short jacket of the same, a three-coloured waistcoat; a Jacobite wig, made of short, straight, black hair, newly made for me, which fitted me so well, that any one would have sworn it was my own hair; and lastly a red cap, an enormous sabre, and a large pair of mustachios, which I had allowed to grow ever since I had been secluded. There was certainly nothing I could be more unlike than a fine gentleman in this dress, which was at that time fashionable among the *great patriots*, and was termed a complete *carmagnole*.

I was able to undertake, and I made out, this journey of twenty miles with ease; for two months rest and care had cured my rheumatism.

The next day all the passengers in the stage coach, which I joined at —, were carried to the municipality. A member of the committee of superintendence examined the passports. I gave him mine;

mine : he read it attentively, looked at me steadfastly, and, before he gave it me back, he asked for those of my companions. He looked over them one after another, returned them, but still kept mine, separately in his left hand, which he drew back, every time I put mine forth to receive it. " Stop a moment : " said he to me, whenever I offered to take it. I began to be rather uneasy. My companions had been already sent out, and I remained alone with the inspector. " You are going to join your regiment ? " said he. — " Not at all : you have read my passport : I am going on business. " — He looked at it again : " O aye : on business. " — " Give it me, then : " cried I, holding out my hand. — " You are in great haste : " replied he, drawing back his. — " Which you do not seem to be. Do not you see, that you have dismissed all the other passengers, and that the coach will set off without me ? " " But have you nothing to say to me ? " " No : " replied I bluntly, in the style of the day, and of my dress. " Well, then ; I have something to say to you. " — " Sacrebleu ! say it, then, at once. " — " I have to wish you, " said he, squeezing my hand, and giving me my passport, " a safe journey with all my heart. " " Adieu ! " cried I, adieu ! asked nothing more, and ran to the coach.

Was it my dress alone that procured me this civility ? Did he take me for one of his acquaintance ? or rather, though I knew him not, was not he well acquainted with me ? These questions the reader will ask himself, as I have done a hundred times, yet I have never been able satisfactorily to answer them.

I cannot faithfully detail all the whimsical adventures of this journey, without endangering the generous

nerous companion of my dangers. I shall, therefore, at once, leap on to —; and of what happened to us in that place I shall only observe, that the coach stopped there, but we had the prudence not to stay two minutes. I knew that a mountaineer representative dwelt there: we nimbly avoided the guard-house, whence, perhaps, we should have been carried to the municipality, thence to the committee of superintendence, and lastly to the representative himself.

From this place to — the distance is more than twelve miles, which, however, we walked, notwithstanding the terrible weather; and to add to our vexation, the great shower, which deluged us in the plain, foreboded a plenteous fall of snow on the mountains. On quitting — we began to mount the Jura. We were informed that the snow was at the shallowest places three feet deep on the road. At five o'clock in the morning we ventured into it.

Before the end of a wearisome day, I took leave of the generous F——. Delighted with the accomplishment of his undertaking, he returned to carry the welcome tidings to my impatient wife. O may he long enjoy happiness in Paris! In the midst of the crimes, that over-run my country, may his virtues be unknown, that they may not be punished. One reward at least he will find: that inward joy, that delicious sensation, which follows a good action courageously performed, will not cease to fill his heart; and gratitude will never die in mine. Adieu! my friend.

I went on a few steps, and entered my retreat. God, if he will look down one moment upon me, must find pleasure in one of his works. The sight
of

of a free man, a good man, snatched from the sword of dictators and of robbers, cannot but be a pleasing spectacle to his justice. But will he extend his protection to me only? Will he leave a number of people under the yoke of the most infamous oppressors? or, to chastise a misfed multitude, will he suffer other tyrants to be replaced by those? Thus, scarcely extricated from the most imminent dangers myself, my anxious eye was turned towards my country: thus I uselessly formed wishes for its deliverance*.

From the impenetrable asylum, the deep cavern, in which I had buried myself on these rugged mountains, which were on one side the boundaries of France, I beheld, and I, as it were touched the ancient Helvetia. At the first noise, on the least alarm, I could run into the neutral territory: then, having seen my enemy pass, I could mount again to my retreat, and at the same time re-enter my country.

Of my sufferings and enjoyments in this seclusion, it would be difficult to give a description. There at least I was independant: there could I indulge the best feelings of my heart, the most laudable emotions, in the midst of that solitary wood, where I spent whole days; yet even those days were by far too few. Now, stretched under the dark pines, I would sigh, when I thought of my family, left for ever: at another, calling to remembrance my wretched country, and contrasting the glory it had once expected, with the disgrace with which it was now stained; the prosperity it was like to enjoy, with the ruins with which it was now covered; its momentary freedom, and its eternal slavery; I would

* Remember Robespierre was yet alive.

would weep. There, too, calling love to my aid, love, and its inseparable companion hope, I cyphered on the tender bark of the beech-tree the name of my Lodoiska, who would be perhaps to-morrow restored to my arms. Then to calm my violent agitations, I would traverse with rapidity the rude soil, and the silent labyrinths of those retreats, and straining climb the enormous rocks, heaped up disorderly, broken into perpendicular cliffs, and loaded with great oaks: soon, suspended as it were on the loftiest edge of the precipice, at the bottom of which the innavigable torrent obstreperously rolls its antediluvian waves, I recover myself, and I give up the rein to the boldest imaginations. What mortal would come hither to me! Here, far from man, in God's presence only, in spite of all revolutions, of all tyrants, I am still myself, for I am still free.

But, O torment! if a few men but, should appear at a distance, if one of them should but eye me, suddenly I must quit these heights, bury myself in the thickest part of the wood, retreat to my private asylum, or woe's me.—Then I remember, that it was thy fate, my master, my support, O thou sublime and virtuous Rousseau! Thou, too, wert driven from society, when it owed thee much, for having been the friend of the people.—Heavens! what efforts have been made to render that title odious, which, in spite of so many crimes, will ever be honoured! Thou, too, for being a friend of the people, wast mistaken, detested, and ill-treated by them. In the neighbouring country, some twenty or thirty miles off, at Neuchâtel, thou wast pelted with stones. In such dilemmas, however, thou hast set me the example of still bearing the burden
of

of life. Yet who imposed that duty on thee? Thou hadst only a *Theresa*, a *Lodoiska* awaits me.

Alas! she came not! More than six weeks had elapsed, and I had but heard from her once. Hope began to leave my heart. Surely I had lost that only benefit, that could attach me to life, that could induce me to support it. I had lost it; how! For having sought to save my life, she had languished in prison, and perished on the scaffold! Where is the man of sensibility, who is sufficiently unhappy to partake of my agitation, my agony, my thirst for vengeance, and desire of death? With the dawn I would rise to hide myself in those forests, once the seat of simple melancholy, now gloomy, sad, and full of horrors. To those rocks, where lately I sought only to escape man, I now rushed to see the images of yawning gulphs, chaos, and destruction. How many times, with a wishful eye, have I looked down that precipice, whence leaping, I could dash from rock to rock, and mangled plunge into the rapid, impetuous streams, white with foam, and too shallow to prevent my weight; accumulated a hundred fold by the fall, from tearing my bruised limbs to pieces on the sharp edge of the native rock, that forms their bed! Yet what purpose would such an end serve? Immediately my mind turned to other thoughts: and there were none so mad, or furious, but I at first thought of embracing them with ardour. I would return to Paris, freshly disguised, penetrate to the very closet of Robespierre, and force him, with a pistol at his breast, to sign me the order, that should restore *Lodoiska* to liberty. Then, forced to confess the insuperable difficulties of carrying this plan into execution, I would begin to settle which of my

countries oppressors I should sacrifice on the tomb of my wife. At length, my mind becoming a little calmer, I determined on the following scheme.

I was to write to the dictator, that one of the representatives proscribed on the 31st of May, he whom no doubt he much detested, still lived on the frontiers of France, safe from his search, and out of his reach. Yet I would that moment present him the head of this enemy, if he should send my wife safe and sound to my retreat.—The moment she set her foot in it, I would go down to the plain, and deliver myself to the axe of his lictors.

The danger attendant on this scheme was obvious. My only hope was, that my wife, who carried in her womb the sole pledge of our loves, would consent to live, that she might bring up the son of him who loved her, and perhaps one who would avenge his country. But if the villain Robespierre so took his measures, as to be able to keep the second victim, when he had drawn the first into his clutches, at least Lodoiska would not die alone; we should go to the guillotine together; I should perish in a manner less afflicting to her, and more worthy of myself.

Five weeks passed on in the torments of this febrile paroxysm, during which time my exhausted body lost the remainder of its strength, whilst my mind habituated itself more and more to great resolutions.—One day, a day that ought to be considered as an epoch in my life, it was about noon of the 21st of May, a man, like myself, a victim of tyranny, with whom I had contracted a friendship in this solitary place, dragged me, under I know not what pretence, into a road where I had never been, a cross-way from ——— to ———. “ You suffer
suffer

suffer yourself to be weighed down with sorrow," said he: "and why? Your misfortune is by no means certain. I would even wager any sum, that you will see your wife again very soon."—"Never, citizen: every thing tells me that I shall never again see her."—He paused: he looked attentively at some object a few hundred yards off. "It is a travelling cart," added he: "I see only one woman in it, and the driver. See: perhaps it is your wife."—"Ah, citizen! for pity's sake do not bring such images to my mind!"—Indeed I could only see one woman in a travelling dress, and she had luggage with her.—"My friend, do not jest with my despair: I warn you, disappointment will put me mad." He pointed to the female traveller: with his finger, I pushed it aside, I turned away my head, and shut my eyes.

The driver cracked his whip. The light carriage pushed on towards us with all the speed the horses could make. Presently a voice, heavens, what voice! that of the divine spirits, so beautifully described by Milton, leaves not on the charmed ear a more ravishing impression! a voice cried *stop!* Its sweet accent thrilled in my ear. I flew to the cart, it was Lodoïska, who darted into my arms. What a burden! what a moment!

My happiness, however, continued only three days. Necessity compelled us once more to submit to the tortures and dangers of absence, it was incumbent on my wife to desire it; it was incumbent on me to consent it. She is gone! she is returned!—What! to Paris! to that hostile city!—Yes, she is gone thither.—I cannot at present tell why she was obliged to take this step, insuperable necessity ordained it. However, so many securities

warrant its success! I am satisfied. She has been twelve days in Paris. She got there without accidents, without alarm. I have heard from her, and the next day but one she quits it. In nine days I expect her: then we shall meet again. We shall meet, to endeavour to find a way, through new perils, to some more blessed country; but, happen what may, we shall part no more.

Forest of *Elinens*, from that day, from the day on which she arrived, you have recovered all your native beauties. Your green turf, peaceful thickets, varied prospects, romantic situations, fill me with nothing but pleasing reveries, tender emotions, hope, happiness, and joy. Under your smiling arbours I have led my wife: there she has walked, with all her graces about her, there has she rested in all her charms, on that colossal tree, lately torn up by the terrible hurricane. Now absent, here I find her again, I have remarked the place, I have taken notice of the very spot. Every day I revisit it, every day I sit just there, where I sat by her side: her seat I reserve for herself, respected and untouched. Never did couple so happy, and delightfully agitated with a tender and ardent passion, sacred and durable, appear in your retreats: unless from *Clarens*, not far from your retirement, from that *Clarens* celebrated by the sublimest of writers, Julia d'Estanges came hither decorated with all her charms, her youth, her love, and even her remorse after the happy night: unless she led with her the deserving friend of her heart, that St Preux, recalled to a thousand delights from his exile at *Meillerie*, that immortal rock on which I never stood, but I have frequently seen. If they also visited your shady retreats, Forest of *Elinens*,
you

you may boast of a real wonder : you have witnessed two pairs of real lovers in less than fifty years.

After having explored its almost boundless extent, in search of the most beautiful retreats, I have discovered between that tufted wood, which opens up like a vast amphitheatre towards the west, rises slowly with numberless windings towards the plain, overspreads it wholly, and extends, with an almost imperceptible descent quite to the valley ; between those craggy rocks, which terminate those extensive walks on the east, rise almost perpendicularly in an inaccessible rampart, and covered with never-ending forests ; near the waters, which, at some distance, narrowing their channel, pour down impetuously in torrents, but here, in a wide extended space, glide quietly along ; amidst those inimitable gardens, where the wild magnificence of nature has cast models for *Kent's* genius, objects of despair for his weak successors, it I have found of all retreats the most delightful. Oaks that for ages have stood, and pines accumulating age with them, entwine their numerous branches in various directions ; whilst all around them, protected by their shade, are young beeches, some plane trees, and a profusion of wild roses, crowding each other, but which however could not raise themselves, till they had fallen ; and, in the centre of the varied figures they put on, leave a verdant space, from which the fervid beams of the approaching summer's sun cannot drive the morning pearls, or the shades of night, coolness Venus' friend, or darkness Cupid's handmaid. There I hear the amorous wave faint on its bank, the zephyr caress the mead, and the tender timid nightingale murmur forth her love amongst these shrubs ; whilst the forest song-

ster, proud of his songs, loudly warbles his poetic notes from the top of the lofty oak; and all the birds in concert salute the morning dawn, and all the pleasures it brings with it. But I can hear no human-creatures: neither the noise of their footsteps, nor the sound of their voices, ever disturb me. Some tutelary deity watches over this happy place, and with jealous care drives every unworthy mortal from it. I have spent whole days, without any profane one coming to disturb my remembrances or my hopes, or obliging me, by his approach, to veil thy image. Has fable deceived us? Was it indeed here, that Endymion got a kiss from the lips of the chaste Diana? or, rather, I think, such was the thicket, where the tender Eloise got lessons of love from her happy master. To that thicket I will lead thee, my wife, through the numberless mazes of the labyrinth that conceals it, I will be thy conductor: thou wilt be welcomed by the tutelary deity; he delights in thy name; often has he repeated it. We have wandered a great way; I remove some branches: look! behold the winding entrance! Dost not thou see any thing yet? Approach: stoop: pass under these weighty branches, which I raise; under the triumphal arch, which my arm makes for thee.

Now, my adored Lodoiska, I am going to engrave thy name on these trees, already a thousand times engraved in these solitudes; and if, on some future day, free men and lovers, for such undoubtedly will be found in republican countries, shall have deserved to have this delightful retirement laid open to them, at seeing this ancient monument of our happy union, they will feel their hearts penetrated with a softer emotion: then
 taking

taking a sad retrospect of the events of our life, and melting at the recollection, they will bestow a few sighs on our misfortunes, which are misfortunes that few have experienced. Let them also drop a tear on the fruits of our wearied watchings, on the precious remains of our friends, on our country lost to us in the spring-time of our life, without return : a tear to these we can forgive : but quickly, consulting their own hearts, seized with that enthusiasm which only belongs to true lovers, let them with transport cry out, " still their fate was enviable, for still they possessed love !"

Thanks to thee, protecting providence, she is come back to me. I write these finishing lines under her eye. Surely there is a remunerative power. Chaumette, La Croix, Marat, all their most abominable accomplices, all my most inveterate persecutors, are now no more. What have I said ? The basest of all still breathes : he reigns, and reigns as a tyrant. Yet I doubt, whether in the height of his momentary greatness he ever may have it in his power to obtain even a shadow of real happiness : For Lodoiska I will, notwithstanding, live !

Thou dost call on me ! I intreat for one moment ! Let me add two or three words more : it is an agreeable task to me, for it is thee they concern.

The attentive reader may observe an important want in these memoirs. I have not made mention of the obstacles which my wife surmounted on her return from Finisterre to Paris, and on her way from Paris to mount Jura. This she herself will do : she will do it in that beautiful style, which embellished the letters she wrote me during the first ten years of our then unhappy love. I hope the whole of our correspondence, a valuable trust deposited in the hands of a faithful confidant in
France,

France, will be preserved, and sometime given to the public. In it will be found my whole justification. Proud of my wife, I have the vanity to suppose, that those letters, in which will appear our most secret thoughts, will not appear unworthy of their authors. It is, however, of little moment to me, whether the indifferent reader, after having glanced over the collection, question himself, if the man, who gained the heart of a woman, in whom there was so much vivacity, exquisite sensibility, great courage, had not himself some more than many others. But I cannot avoid entertaining myself with the thought, that the affectionate lover, and sympathetic philosopher, will not read over this interesting collection, without several times crying out, "since he merited her love he must have been a man of great virtue!"

My wife will likewise relate the occasion of her last journey to Paris, and by what means she made her way out of that formidable city, and got back to my rocks; but this must be at some distant period. I, too, at this time, cannot give an account of the perilous schemes we are contriving, and the distant prospects we entertain. Protecting God! do not withdraw thine arm, which sustains us; and be a leader to the friends of the people; they perhaps are not all unthankful. If, however, one of the three proscribed persons, (which I am yet again going to trust to the determination of fate,) must fall in the dangerous enterprise, let it, I beseech thee, be me! Only strengthen Lodoiska to survive me! and protect my child!

But, O God! if it be thy will, above all, save my country!

*Finished in our cavern, the 22d of July, 1794.
a few days before the death of Robespierre.*

LETTER

ADDRESSED TO THE CONVENTION.

Frimaire 20, in the year of the republic,
one and indivisible, 3 (Dec. 10, 1794)

REPRESENTATIVES,

ON the 9th of Thermidor, (July 27) at the call of the saviours of their country, the republicans come forth from their tombs:—I also require, to be again admitted to enjoy the light and air of the heavens.

Hebert let loose all the blood-hounds upon me; Pache came forward to denounce me; Henriot took up arms against you for the purpose of seizing me; Couthon moved the decree of my apprehension; St Just recapitulated my crimes; Amar framed my sentence of proscription, and Barrere declared me an outlaw.

I was the first who denounced the tyrant unto you, and set before you the crimes he had perpetrated, and the still greater crimes which he had in view. Deny me not then an opportunity to refute the calumny of that vile tyrant. Deprive me not of the advantage of these forms of procedure, by which even Carriere himself was protected? No: as you are free, you will also be just.

Amar and Barrere are yet among you: cause them for the first time look in the face of their victim; compel them to bring forth their accusations in my own presence; not before that tribunal which was nothing else than a troop of assassins:
let

let me be accused before just, impartial and unexceptionable judges ; I mean before you. Let them be ordered by your decree, to be confronted before me in a solemn manner, and I will speedily obey your call.

I wish not to mention the innumerable perils and distresses which I have encountered ; there are so many who have been exposed to still more than I. Sometimes under ground at the bottom of this grotto, sometimes wandering on the summits of towering hills, though abandoned and proscribed, yet alone and a freeman, I have often lifted my voice, declaiming against oppression. I have certainly suffered less than these worthy envoys of the people, who have been galled with fetters for their attachment to the cause of liberty, others again, kept in the presence of their oppressors, with his constantly threatening arm over their heads, have waited with patience for the moment when they should be allowed to rise and hurl him to destruction. I do not therefore thank you at this time for putting a period to my distresses ; but to thank you with the whole kingdom as the deliverers of their country. Happy is he, who, having suffered oppression in her defence, feels the reviving hope, of still again serving her with you !

(signed) JOHN-BAPTIST LOUVET,
one of the representatives proscribed in 1793.

THE HYMN TO DEATH,

As referred to in Page 115.

I have exposed the crimes
Of the base oppressors of France :
They are the conquerors, and in their vengeance
They have sworn my instant death.
Receive, O Liberty, my last homage.
Strike, Tyrants, the man who is free will envy my fate !
For all true republicans
Prefer death to slavery.

If I had but joined in their fury,
They would have lavished gold on me :
But I chose rather to serve my country,
I chose rather to die for my country,
O Liberty ! Liberty ! what soul dost not thou animate !
Strike, Tyrants, for he who is free, will envy my fate !
For all true republicans
Would rather die than be involved in guilt.

Let my example animate you :
Arm yourselves, stand up for our laws :
Collot has leagued with Kings ;
Cut down both kings and Collot.
Robespierre, and all ye whom death accompanies,
Tremble, Tyrants, for you must answer for your crimes.
For the bold Lyonnese
Prefer death to the Mountain !

And thee whom I now leave to sorrow,
Beloved, so dear to my heart,
Banish all unworthy weakness,
Show thyself more powerful than grief.
O Liberty ! do thou revive and support her !
For thy sake and mine, let her support the burden of life :
There is, perhaps, a pledge in her womb,
The only fruit of our loves.

Worthy